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PAPERS

OF THE

MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB.

PAPERS

OF THE

Manchester Literary Club.

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The Council of the Manchester Literary Club are responsible for the selection of the papers in this as in their previous publications.

Mr. J. H. Nodal, who had edited the first six volumes, having found himself unable, from the pressure of other engagements, to continue that work, the Council of the Club entrusted the care of the present volume to Mr. W. E. A. Axon, who has seen it through the press. The writers of the papers are, of course, alone responsible for the statements and opinions contained in their respective communications.

The ILLUSTRATIONS are all facsimiles of drawings by members of the Club. For the autotype of Mr. J. H. E. Partington's picture of "The Bathers" (which forms the frontispiece), the members are indebted to Mr. Thomas Kay, who has borne the cost of its reproduction. The other illustrations have been executed at the charge of the Club by Messrs. Allison's Paniconographic process.

Since the paper on "Byrom's Christmas Hymns" was printed off, the Editor has received the following communication from its author :—

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, COLLEGIATE CHURCH ORGANIST.

Since the paper on "John Byrom's Christmas Hymns" went to press, it has been discovered that the information therein given concerning the period (1767) of John Wainwright's appointment as organist to the Collegiate Church, as furnished by Mr. B. St. J. B. Joule, is somewhat inaccurate. The following advertisement (the first public announcement of Wainwright's musical publications), which appeared in Harrop's *Manchester Mercury* of October 21st, 1766, clearly proves that Wainwright was organist of the Collegiate Church at an earlier date than that given by Mr. Joule :—" *This Day is published, Price Six shillings*, A Collection of Psalm Tunes, Anthems, Hymns and Chants, for one, two, three, and four Voices; composed by Mr. John Wainwright, Organist of the Collegiate Church, at Manchester : The above Work doth contain 70 Pages, in large Quarto, neatly engraved and printed on a good Paper. Printed for the Author, and sold by him, and by Messrs Newton, Clarke, and Harrop, Booksellers, in Manchester ; Mr. J. Clarkson, and Mr. James Lucas, in Stockport ; Mr. Robert Hutchinson, in Bury ; Mr. Gore, Bookseller, in Liverpool ; and at all the Music Shops, and Booksellers in the Country."

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Papers.

THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

BY THE REV. W. A. O'CONOR, M.A.

[Read December 13, 1880.]

THE vague sense of wonder and mystery which some poetic representations produce may arise from mere bewilderment of the understanding. We should always give the poet credit for having some better end in view. We should also assume that he is sufficiently master of his art to know that man's highest intelligence is the seat of true sublimity, and that the mind reaches a loftier mood when it fully takes in and comprehends a definite object than when its vision is impeded by encompassing mist and imagination usurps the place of reason. The giant form of the Eastern legend that grew on the eye of the astonished fisherman out of the cloud was more awful to behold than the shapeless vapour that filled the space between earth and heaven. A great generalization is more sublime than the confusion of facts which it reduces to order. We may hope that our admiration for the *Prometheus Vinctus* would not be lessened if it flowed no longer from the region and the quality of the unknown. And it is also to be assumed that we may safely confine ourselves to the precise materials which the artist has provided for his special purpose. Out of an unlimited and heterogeneous mass of myth and legend he has taken a few clearly defined characters for the construction of his drama. The distinct relations in which those characters stand to each other, as he has arranged them, would be destroyed if we confused and encumbered our memories with all the fables of Greek mythology that have a nominal association with the subject. The characters of Zeus and Prometheus, as they are here presented to us, are the subject on which we are to form a judgment, and not these characters as described in the works of other writers or in other writings of Æschylus.

The tragedy commences with a spectacle that arrests and fixes our sympathies. Strength and Force, two rugged giants representing the might of Zeus, compel Vulcan, the representative of mechanical skill, to fasten Prometheus to a savage rock overhanging the ocean. Vulcan shudders over his task, and bewails the necessity under which he works; but his brutal masters threaten him with a similar fate, if he resists or shows unwillingness. A deed of merciless torture is minutely described. The limbs of the prisoner are riveted to the cliff. An iron wedge is driven through his chest. Chains are strung around his ribs till not a muscle can writhe. He endures without a murmur or a struggle. The executioners depart with mocking insults, leaving him to be scorched by the glaring sun, with no possibility of rest, or change of posture, or intermission of agony. Then he addresses himself to the powers of inanimate nature—

> Calm ether, winds whose nimble pinion quivers,
> Cool gurgling founts that swell to mighty rivers,
> And multitudinous dimple of the sea,
> And earth, of all the mother, and of me,
> And circled sun beholding all things fair,
> Behold what wrongs a god from gods I bear!

See crushed with what pains,
  Till millenniums have flown,
In dishonouring chains,
  I must struggle alone:
For a new monarch reigns
  With the blest near his throne.
Woe! woe! through an eternity of woe
The present throbs into the coming throe,
And endless night reveals no morning glow.
And yet what say I? All things yet to be
Belonging to my chosen part I see.
I calculate my sorrows ere they rise;
No unexpected loss can bring surprise.
He who foreknowing treads the path that fate
Bestrews with shivered hopes and burning hate,
Should bear in silence—though to tell the pain,
Silence and words strive equally in vain.
I succoured mortals—this my one offence,
Those chains and tortures are the consequence.
The stolen spark of fire to earth I bring,
Of arts the teacher, and of joys the spring,
This deed and these intentions I repay,
Nailed to a rock, of sun and storms the prey. (88–113.)

Strength, on the first appearance on the stage, had explained, in words that would not sound amiss from a modern cynic, that their object in punishing Prometheus was that he—

Jove's sovereign power alone to serve might learn,
And cease to show a philanthropic turn. (10, 11.)

Or, as the lines might be rendered—

Might learn that fear of God is wisdom's plan,
Not dulled or weakened by the love of man.

This attempt to improve the lot of mortals was an interference with an opposite purpose of Zeus, as we are afterwards informed. The Ocean nymphs come to Prometheus, in answer to his cry, and lament the lawlessness of Zeus. He assures them that the time will come when circumstances will be wholly altered; when Zeus will eagerly seek his aid, and when that aid will be gladly given. He further explains, at their request, the events that terminated in his present disaster. A war had broken out in heaven among the gods, some seeking to effect a revolution, and to raise Zeus to the throne of Saturn ; others striving to maintain the established order. Prometheus (who throughout the play is characteristically the advocate of counsel in antagonism to brute force) knew that the victory would be won by whichever side employed the devices of policy and prudence. He first addressed himself to the Titans, and advised them to adopt the means that alone could succeed. They scornfully rejected his proposal, and preferred to conquer by strength. Prometheus, though (being a Titan himself) he would have wished that the victory should be with his kindred, yet choosing above all else that he who used policy rather than prudence should win the victory, next made overtures to Zeus, who accepted his offer, and, by his aid, overthrew his adversaries. The new monarch, in arranging his kingdom, took no account of men, or rather was planning to extirpate the race utterly, and introduce some new creation. Prometheus alone took their part, and frustrated the intentions of Zeus, by conveying fire from heaven to them. Pitying their miserable condition and abject fears of death, he gave them the bright vision of hope to flit between them and the grave, and engaged their thoughts with projects of varied improvement.

> The ills of man you've heard : I formed his mind,
> And through the cloud of barbarous ignorance
> Diffused the beams of knowledge. I will speak,
> Not taxing them with blame, but my own gifts
> Displaying and benevolence to them.
> They saw indeed, they heard : but what availed
> Or sight or sense of hearing, all things rolling
> Like the unreal imagery of dreams
> In wild confusion mixed ? The lightsome wall
> Of finer masonry, the raftered roof
> They knew not ; but like ants still buried delved
> Deep in the earth, and scooped their sunless cover.

Unmarked the seasons changed, the biting winter,
The flower-perfumed spring, the ripening summer
Fertile of fruits. At random all their works,
Till I instructed them to mark the stars,
Thus rising, and, a harder science yet,
Their setting. The rich train of marshalled numbers
I taught them, and meet array of letters.
T' impress these precepts on their hearts I sent
Memory, the active mother of all wisdom.
I taught the patient steer to bear the yoke
In all his toils joint-labourer with man.
By me the harnessed steed was trained to whirl
The rapid car, and grace the pride of wealth.
The tall bark, lightly bounding o'er the waves,
I taught its course, and winged its flying sail.
To man I gave these arts: with all my wisdom
Yet want I now one art, that useful art,
To free myself from these afflicting chains. (450-480. Potter).

Io, the victim of the love of Zeus and the jealousy of Juno, comes on the scene and relates her miserable story. Prometheus informs her that eventually Zeus will seek to engage in an amour which will be the cause of his dethronement if persisted in, inasmuch as the object of his love was destined to bear a son who would prove greater than his father. This secret of fate was known to Prometheus only, and he declares that he will never reveal it until after he has been delivered from his bonds, which deliverance was to be accomplished against the will of Zeus by Eracles, a descendant of Io. After the departure of Io the Oceanides protest against the loves of the great with the lowly, and lament the lot of those whom Zeus compels to his embrace. Prometheus answers that the licentious desires of Zeus will yet work his ruin.

Yet Zeus, albeit most absolute of will,
Shall turn to meekness—such a marriage rite
He holds in preparation, which anon
Shall thrust him headlong from his gerent seat
Adown the abysmal void, and so the curse
His father Kronos muttered in his fall,
As he fell from his ancient throne and cursed,

Shall be accomplished wholly. No escape
From all that ruin shall the filial Zeus
Find granted to him from any of his gods,
Unless I teach him. I the refuge know,
And I the means. Now therefore let him sit
And brave the imminent doom, and fix his faith
On his supernal noises, hurtling on
With restless hand the bolt that breathes out fire:
For these things shall not help him, none of them,
Nor hinder his perdition when he falls
To shame, and lower than patience, seeks a foe
He doth himself prepare against himself.
A wonder of unconquerable hate,
An organiser of sublimer fire
Than glares in lightnings, and of grander sound
Than aught the thunder rolls, outthundering it,
With power to shatter in Poseidon's fist
The trident spear which, while it plagues the sea,
Doth shake the shores around it. Ay, and Zeus,
Precipitated thus, shall learn at length
The difference betwixt rule and servitude.
(943–963. Mrs. Browning.)

Hermes now appears bearing a command from Zeus that Prometheus should at once clearly explain what the nuptials were by means of which he was destined to lose the sovereignty of heaven, and threatening that if he refused to answer he should be cast down to Tartarus, whence after a long space of time he would be brought back to his former position to suffer as before, with the addition of a winged hound of Zeus—an eagle—perpetually rending his body and feeding on his liver. Prometheus replies with defiant scorn. The Oceanides, though they beseech him to relent and bend to necessity, yet, rather than desert him, prefer to share his fate. The play concludes with the description by Prometheus of the approaching storm of divine wrath.

Truly bursts the doom on me!
Earth is heaving like the sea,
And the thunder bellows by
And the lightnings' fiery curls
Stream in clusters from the sky;

> And the whirlwind in its whirls
> Sweeps the dust up ; and the blast
> Of every wind is hurrying fast
> With the rush of wild commotion,
> Leaping each against his brother
> Mad to trample one another ;
> And the sky is mixed with ocean
> In confusion reconciled :
> Such a blast with terror piled
> 'Gainst me wings its rapid path,
> Sent from Zeus to do his wrath.
> Oh my dread mother ! oh thou firmament
> Rolling the common light of all ! Thou seest
> What violent harms I most unjustly suffer. (1116–1129.)
> Mr. Chapman : *Blackwood's Magazine*, xl. 740.

The impression left on our minds by the perusal of this tragedy is one of intense and lofty admiration for the divine hero who persists in protecting the weak and helpless race of men from the hate of a merciless tyrant by his own suffering. It would appear that his patronage was able to baffle the might of Zeus, and that all the tortures imposed on him were chiefly intended to force him to resign his guardianship and abandon men to destruction. He maintains his ground with unflinching resolution, and presents the grandest instance of devotion to duty that the mind can conceive. It need never have occurred to us that the poet had any other aim than this. Freedom, confronting and daring tyranny, was assuredly a subject worthy of and befitting the genius of Greece. It satisfied the cotemporaries of Æschylus. It fails, however, to satisfy our more scrupulous age. The chief obstacle, it is said, to the satisfactory interpretation of the play arises from the difficulty of understanding how Prometheus was guilty and Zeus justified. No work was ever written that would not present an insuperable difficulty to its comprehension if we started with the assumption that it does not mean what it says, but something quite opposite. Why should we conclude that, notwithstanding his magnanimous innocence, Prometheus was guilty? Why should we settle in our minds that Zeus must be justified in spite of his manifest injustice and tyranny? The reason seems to be that Zeus is a god and Prometheus a man, and that a god by his nature must be right. Müller states it thus: "Tragedy," he says, "could not consist in a conflict between the free will of man and omnipotent fate." But Prometheus is not a man, nor is Zeus either omnipotent himself nor has he omnipotent fate on his side. The implied imputation of blasphemy or profanity is quite inadmissible. We can join equally in the protests and defiances of Prometheus or the delegated insults and threats of Zeus without exposing ourselves to the charge of formal impiety. Prometheus is a god as well as Zeus. We are reminded of this with a frequency that is suggestive of a purpose; while the early parts of the play in which the passages occur give them the force of a premise to an intended conclusion.

Vulcan (in lines 14, 15) says:

But I am out of heart a kindred god
To bind perforce to this storm-beaten cleft.

Again (line 29):

A god, thou didst not fear the wrath of gods.

Strength, addressing Vulcan, makes the same admission (line 37):

A god, god-hated, dost thou not abhor?

Prometheus himself founds his claim to sympathy from the powers of nature on his being a god (line 92):

Behold what things a god from gods I suffer.

Again, he says to the approaching Oceanides:

Look on me prisoned an ill-fortuned god.

The conflict, then, is not between god and man, but between a god of power and a god of love; and, in its first stage, the god of love is crushed and disgraced. But Zeus is not omnipotent, and his triumph is to be short-lived. Prometheus holds the key of destiny in his hands, and it is admitted that the doom of the dynasty of Zeus hangs on his consent or refusal to unlock the mystery. The Oceanides are said to give their verdict against Prometheus because during his conference with Hermes (line 972) they say:

> They who reverence Nemesis are wise.

The critics to whom I am now referring give as the meaning of this line that "they only are sane and righteous who bow to necessity and accept the law of their superiors." This is simply a very serious mistranslation. They are "wise," the text says, who reverence Adrasteia or Nemesis. But there is a higher and a lower wisdom as there is a higher and a lower Nemesis. Prometheus, the far-seeing one, sees the higher wisdom and the higher Nemesis, and Zeus, the blind tyrant, sees only the lower. The tender, sympathetic Ocean nymphs, shocked at the appalling threats of divine fury hurled by Hermes at their favourite, beseech him in their momentary terror to yield, and save himself. The wisdom they refer to is the wisdom of self-preservation. The meaning of this counsel was that to escape the fury of Zeus he should surrender the human race to it. This would be only escaping an immediate and temporary Nemesis—the Nemesis that attends well-doing, and incurring the remote and eternal Nemesis—the Nemesis of evil-doing, which impended over Zeus, and would finally overwhelm in endless ruin him and all who abetted him in his arbitrary rule. It is Zeus, then, and not Prometheus who acts unwisely as well as cruelly in striving against an inevitable fate. All the moral superiority is with the suffering Titan. "I know," he says in the commencement of the play, "that Zeus is harsh and makes right depend on his own will, but for all that he shall be hereafter softened in purpose when he shall be crushed as I am now: and, after quelling his ruthless rage, with eagerness, at some future day, shall he come into league and friendship with me that shall eagerly welcome his advances." (194—200.) He cannot submit to wrongful tyranny, though triumphant, but he declares his readiness to forgive the tyrant when his hour of destruction comes, though in the meantime he shall have endured all the pangs and tortures that vengeance can devise. On the other hand, Zeus, though he knows that his supremacy depends on the will of Prometheus, and that he must at last have to sue him for deliverance, cannot resort to conciliatory means, cannot bring himself to tolerate his victim, cannot refrain from savage insults and violence to the hated god who has resisted his self-asserted omnipotence. The Oceanides, though in their weak pity they would advise submission, prefer for themselves to descend to Tartarus with Prometheus rather than dwell on an earth governed by Zeus.

If the object of Æschylus were to enforce on his countrymen hatred of human tyrants by the description of a heavenly despot, an interpretation which Grote prefers to the forcible methods employed to bring the poet into harmony with modern religious ideas (vol. i., p. 37, note), and an interpretation which, though not the primary one, is certainly involved in it, it is obvious that the insistence on equality of godhead, is readily transmissible to the human sphere.

> Behold what wrongs a man from men I suffer

implies as powerful an argument as when the proposition deals with the immortals. The rack and the throne contain men. The disputes of men, sovereigns, or serfs, are not of classes, or different orders of beings, but of rights and wrongs.

The difficulty of the play, as we are now considering it, does not lie in itself, but in reconciling it with current beliefs. That is, the difficulty is not one of comprehension, but of acceptance. There is an obvious meaning, but we do not wish to admit it. Zeus is a tyrant, and it jars upon us to admit that a god can be a tyrant. Even after we have shown that Prometheus was a god also, and was therefore justifiable in his opposition, we, who are only mortal men, feel that we have no right to imitate him; and, if we cannot imitate, we dare not openly approve. Though the gods resist each other, men must look in silent reverence on a scene beyond their comprehension. But, though we cannot assume the rank of gods, and take our place in the war against Zeus, we can take the alternative method and deny — which was the real meaning of Æschylus—that Zeus was a god. Zeus was a god, and therefore could not possibly be in the wrong, is the argument of superstitious orthodoxy. The true argument is, Zeus was wrong, and therefore he could not be a god. This is the logic of Christianity. The greatest personage of the Hebrew race, and the father of all believers, laid it down as a fundamental axiom that the Being who rules the world is to be discerned by his possession of a quality which he created man capable of discerning. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. xviii. 25.) The office of universal ruler implies the indispensable presence of justice, and man is qualified to judge whether it is present or not. The being who has not justice, call him by what sacred name you may, is not ruler of all the earth. The greatest personage in the Christian Church refers to the same great rule as one of final and irreversible appeal. Replying to an imputation on God's righteousness, he says: This cannot be true, for, if it were, God would be unjust, and, then, how could He judge the world?

(Rom. iii. 6.) We must not conceive an unjust God. Whatever is unjust is not God.

All through the drama there is an older order of things alluded to on which the rule of Zeus is an encroaching and irregular usurpation. The empire of Zeus is new and marked by the insolence of novelty. Vulcan says :

> The heart of Zeus is hard to be entreated,
> And every one is harsh who newly reigns. (34, 35.)
>
> Such ignominious chains
> This new king of the blest
> Invents for me. (95.)
>
> Know thyself and conform to measures new,
> For a new tyrant reigns among the gods. (317.)
>
> With him who newly fills the sovereign throne. (397.)
>
> Who else than I among these upstart gods
> Portioned to each his fit prerogative ? (448.)

Prometheus is not a mouther of sedition. He represents the ancient system on which the arbitrary government of Zeus is explicitly said to be an unconstitutional innovation (156). According to the ancient order he is the friend and benefactor of man. The belief had become universal in the Pagan world that the gods were the enemies of mankind. If a man had a continued course of good fortune, his friends advised him to undergo some voluntary loss in order to appease the envy of the gods, who else would visit him with some terrible calamity. This idea was the parent of superstition. Men served the gods only from fear ; and as fear is selfish, seeking personal safety only, and regards power and not moral qualities as the object of its services, the gods became monsters of vice, and their worshippers served them with sincere devotion. The man who would practise virtue must be an unbeliever in the popular deities. Prometheus is the restorer of the old order. In him the divine foresight, which is really the moveable centre of omniscience, the wisdom gathered from the converging lines of the two eternities, is brought into lucid distinctness from the near-sighted prudence that sees in one direction only, and there only to the length of one's own shadow. When Strength has bound him to the rock, he addresses him with the brutal taunt:—

> There now insult and robbing the immortals
> Bestow their rights on creatures of a day.
> Can dying men lighten thy freight of pains?
> Falsely the gods miscall thee the Foreseer,
> Thy very self hast need of a Foreseer
> To loose the webs of Strength's superior art. (82–86.)

The rude minds of the instruments of despotism often catch the motives that inspire their employers and reflect them with the undisguised triumph of malevolence. The immortals despised men because they were mortal. Why should the sun shine for wretches creeping to their graves? This is the unspoken argument of the gods who dwelt on the clouds that exhaled from a suffering and struggling world. We are happy and the world of men is miserable, why should a drop from our cup of joy be lost on that arid sand?

Prometheus is the champion of wisdom against prudence, of counsel against strength, of love against hate, of justice against wrong, of religion against superstition, of the eternal against the temporal.

There are three distinct ideas of deity in the scheme of theology or divine government which Æschylus exhibits. There is the god of an arbitrary will delighting in men's agonies, ruling by force, controlling by fear, confining men to dark and joyless lives, because kindness begets happiness, and happiness rouses the buoyant spirit of independence. Zeus delights to reign over abject cowering slaves, whose souls never have a moment's respite from narrow care, whose bodily wants never leave the soul at liberty. In conformity with this policy of rule is his policy of repression. He crushes with bodily pains and strives to extinguish the soul's expansion by evaporating it in the fires of torture. Vulcan brings out the contrast:—

> High-minded son of right-advising Themis,
> I, indisposed to act as thou to suffer,
> Must nail thy body to this savage peak,
> Where never man nor voice of man shall come
> To tell thee that thou sufferest not in vain. (18–20.)

Far away in the past of history, and in the soul's region of faith, there reigns a supreme God, the Creator of the universe, who is invisible save to Prometheus. He seems overthrown and uncrowned now because he meets force not by force, but by the silent action of a constructive principle. To this God, under the name of destiny or retribution, Prometheus appeals. He does not mean the blind destiny of tyrannic authority stamping its incoherent caprice on a pliant world, but the destiny of cause and corresponding consequence, of free action and fitting result, of tilth and produce, all controlled by justice and modified by mercy.

In depicting Zeus, Æschylus did not refer to the ruler of the gods, as his character was conceived by good and wise men. He described the popular Zeus, who personified human vices on a divine scale. There were two distinct cotemporaneous ideas of the same god. One was the god of the lower air vexed by storms; the other was the god of the empyrean, the calm, eternal wisdom that surrounds the universe and contains it, and is slowly reducing it to its own ordered peace. Both those gods were called Zeus. One was the god of tyrants, the torturer of men and defiler of women; the other was the Zeus of patriots and philosophers, the wise and silent distributer of justice, slow in operation because the result is to last for ever. It is to this Zeus that Prometheus appeals against his enemy. He does not appeal to him by name, because he is himself the true Zeus, entering into the struggle for the sake of man and enduring injustice. The persecuting Zeus is a usurper upheld by usurpers and men of crime and violence. The Titans failed to dethrone him, because they fought him with strength against strength and disdained the methods of wisdom.

Our experience in later ages is the same as that of former men. Power, modified it may be in some subtle way, but still power, rules. The crashing thunderbolt is forged by modern Vulcans into a thousand delicate instruments of torture or destruction. Save to the farseeing there is no trace of the fatherhood of God upon earth. The good are oppressed, the weak suffer, the toilers are unrecompensed. The cry of fear or anguish to heaven meets no response save in the hidden soul and in the promise of a future redemption. If we were to judge of the god that rules from the results of his government we must conclude that he is the enemy of men. The best policy would be to recognize him practically in this character and worship him accordingly. To serve him by lofty deeds of virtue and love for men is the most certain way to provoke his hatred. It is best therefore to flatter and imitate him, to seek our own ease and happiness, and regard our fellow-men as he regards the whole race. To build gorgeous shrines to him, to elaborate and multiply ceremonies on the condition of receiving wealth from him to be used selfishly, and power to be employed after his model, is wise. It is, moreover, true religion ; and any one offering a different worship is profane and impious ; and he should be made to suffer under the common hate of god and man. So might we speak now, and so might a Greek tragedian describe the popular creed of his day. It is the religion of prudence and expediency, and he who looks beyond what is expedient is certain to stumble against the actual. The god we worship is a god of war, and we chant his praises as such. When nations go to war with each other they both sing *Te Deums* to the same god, and it is clearly understood that if either of them trusted to right, and acting on the principle that the battle is not to the strong, neglected to accumulate arms of destruction and to acquire skill in the use of them, god would desert the nation that trusted in righteousness and go over to the nation with strong battalions. No greater insult could be offered to this god than to seek to please him and win his favour by goodness or unselfishness. He would instantly join his true worshippers against such a man, and preside over them while they destroyed him. If, on the other hand, one were to assert that this god is a tyrant and a god of this world, and a friend of tyrants and men of this world—a god of pomp and show and the friend of men of pomp and show—a god who despises the poor, and the honest and sincere, and a friend of those who despise the poor, and the honest and sincere—a god who abhors independence and love of truth, and the favourer of all who abhor independence and love of truth;—if one were to assert this, all the worshippers of this god would rise in indignation and pronounce him an atheist and unfit to inhabit the earth. It was prudent, therefore, of Æschylus to speak not in his own person, but to direct against itself the awe in which the mere name of God is held.

On the other hand, there is a God whom the friendless, and the unfortunate, the weary and the heavy-laden, call upon; whom lovers of men, and teachers and liberators of men, invoke when they begin their labours, and look to with undimmed devotion from the darkness of their failure. He does not come to their relief; He does not open the prison door, nor stay the uplifted sword, nor extinguish the encircling flame. Yet in every age there have been men who, with strength and force and the executioner as their doom, cling to this God, and feel an unquenchable certainty that in good time He will deliver them. Would it not be an act of reverence towards this God of justice and love, if some Æschylus were to expose the false and unjust god as having no real existence, as being only a shadow projected from man's base nature on the walls of heaven and as obscuring from men's view the vision of its true Inhabitant?

It is argued that Zeus cannot be intended to appear as a tyrant by Æschylus, because in his other tragedies he depicts Zeus as the sovereign god of justice and goodness. This is only incontestable evidence that he had two distinct characters of Zeus in his mind, one true and one false.

Another mode of evading the conclusion to which this play leads is the supposition that it is one of a trilogy, and that the concluding drama justifies the conduct of Zeus and shows Prometheus to have been in error. This is pure supposition. There is no ground for supposing that this play is not perfect in itself. We feel, moreover, that if the conduct of Zeus could be reconciled with justice, it can only be by an irreparable injury to justice. But there is no room for this supposition.

From the positions laid down in this drama any consistent conclusion arrived at must be in justification of Prometheus. He knew that Zeus would engage in an intrigue with a female destined to bear a son greater than his father. This is the knowledge which Zeus seeks from him and which he refuses to render. Here is the point in the contest which the tragedy leaves undecided. But it was known from current mythology that the decision must be in favour of Prometheus, and that his character must come forth loftier and purer, while Zeus must appear baffled and humiliated. Eracles slew the vulture or eagle that preyed on Prometheus, who then, returning good for evil, warned Zeus of his danger, as he had declared he would be ready to do. The story ends in the delivery of Prometheus and Thetis, the objects of the passions of Zeus, who is thus checked in his cruelty and his lust. Prometheus comes forth the far superior god.

But it could not have been the purpose of Æschylus to conclude the history while in fact its real matter was not concluded. The time had not come for Prometheus to triumph—nor has it come yet. There is a true and a false Jehovah, as there was a true and a false Zeus.

A STORY OF A PICTURE.

BY J. H. E. PARTINGTON.

[Read February 7, 1881.]

IT may help the club a little in its Art researches if I—as an artist—try to tell a part of the story of a certain picture; give some account of how it came about that I determined to paint it; and explain certain considerations which were largely influential in settling the general character of the work. I do not propose, of course, to undertake the task of an exhaustive analysis of principles—for this, indeed, I am unfitted—but to take you to the place where it was painted; to describe to you the sort of day on which the idea occurred to me; the incident of which I wished to preserve some memory, and how and why the original idea was modified; to say something about certain influences I kept out of the conception of the work; and, finally, to place before you an outline of the general grounds on which the form, the light and shade, and the colour were based. This is the task I have proposed to myself.

I can see that I shall not do thoroughly the humble service I propose to render now. A great deal of the story will not get told; thoughts, motives, incidents innumerable connected with the growth of this picture have been already forgotten.

In the month of August last, a friend of mine asked me to go and spend some time with him down in Pembrokeshire. His brother has a place there about eight miles from

Tenby—a house and a considerable estate; and we were warmly welcome to occupy that house, and to roam over those acres. The weather had been bad up here. The rains descended and the floods came and beat upon these northern lands: painting out in the open was impossible in Lancashire, Cheshire, or Derbyshire. We heard that down there fair, cool mornings—the bridal of the earth and sky—were followed day after day by warm, sunshiny harvest noons; and that evening after evening the broad, red sun sank down in his tranquillity behind a sea, resting upon which lay the gentleness of heaven. Here the crops were threatening to rot; already there the jovial barley lay smiling on the scythe. I was influenced, also, by the young-hearted delight of my friend in talking about the loveliness of the South Pembrokeshire scenery. "Just the place for you, Partington," he said. "You can get any kind of subject you like there. Figures of all sorts—fishermen, oyster women, donkey lads, farmers a-horseback old style, farm labourers, bathers (men and women) like the statues of the old Greek gods and goddesses. Boats any quantity of them—luggers, nickies, yawls by the score. Old castles—why, there's Pembroke and Carew close by, two of the finest in Great Britain. Landscapes—well, you should see the coast of Carmarthen Bay from Pendign to Saundersfoot. You know the Salto Tiberio and Monte Salaro in Capri. I don't mean to say that Telpin Point and the Black Hall rocks are as fine; they are not one-tenth of the height, but they have it another way—they are ten times as paintable. Wouldn't you like to paint a gentle stream,

> Who, when his fair course is not hindered,
> Doth make sweet music with the enamelled stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
> As thus by many winding nooks he strays
> With willing sport to the wild ocean?

Such a stream—plenty of trout in it, by the way—flows through the grounds of Colby Lodge, under a bridge so picturesque that David Cox would have trudged through dub and mire a twenty miles to see it. Such trees—oak, ash, and fir—grow on my brother's place as are not to be found in all South Wales; and on the lawn, shading the drawing-room from the southern sun, is a tulip tree, whose equal doesn't exist in Britain. And see here. There's no society down there. We can be as free and as solitary under the shade of melancholy boughs in those deep woods as Jaques in the forest of Arden; and, by the way, that just suggests to me that we'll ask Alfred Darbyshire down there to help us to rail at Lady Fortune in good set terms, if we ever get so merry that for a relief we determine for a time to be as melancholy as gib-cats or lugged bears. Recollect, finally, that it is the country of Imogen. She breathed and sweetened the air of South Pembrokeshire; and may be, Partington, you and I might rediscover the cave of Belarius, and pick up in it a lost button from that boy's vesture of hers."

" Imogen takes me," I answered; " I'll go with you on the quest of the Holy Button. We'll paint occasionally and smoke continually. So clap on sail for Milford Haven, and the devil take the hindmost."

The delights of the voyage from Liverpool lie outside the purpose of this paper. Our felicity was complete; one or two of the passengers had been sea-sick—and we hadn't. Early next morning we steamed up the whole length of the Haven to Pembroke Dock, thence drove to Pembroke, and on by train through Tenby and Saundersfoot to Kilgetty. Here a phaeton was waiting for us, and we were driven, bag and baggage, by an up-and-down winding road to our destination. The night was fast falling, the trees became dimmer, lights flickered from the far-distant cottages on the solemn hill sides, the glow-worms had lit their little lamps and hung them on the trailing brambles, and a great silence filled the wide night, broken only by the regular plod of our horse's hoofs and the roll of carriage wheels. At long intervals a dark figure would rapidly grow towards us—a bit of the night solidifying itself into life, and as rapidly fading from life again into the great night. The darkness deepened, and it was with a feeling of awe that we prepared to make the gloomy descent of the last half mile. We plunged into the thick obscurity of a lane shrouded in a black cloud of foliage "not pierceable by power of any star." The shapeless shapes—

> The ghastly people of the realm of dream,

that but just break the gloom of some of Doré's weird illustrations of the *Inferno*—were about us; black night and utter silence, save for the jolting of the wheels and the sound coming from far below us of a stream singing in the darkness, like a blind man who knows not day from night. Suddenly we pulled up, the clanking sound of a heavy gate rolling back was heard, the carriage was drawn round a quick curve, and we saw by the light of two wax candles some farmer folks and an old servant, with shining smiling faces, bowing and curtseying a true-hearted Welsh welcome to the tired travellers. We were at Colby Lodge, which for the next ten weeks was to be my home.

> Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
> Fluttering the mountain tops with sovereign eye—

but never any more glorious than the morning on which my friend and I drove down to the shore of Carmarthen Bay, a distance of half a mile from the lodge. If the landscape artists, who do good work here, get commissions after this mortal life to paint skies, with winds for brushes true light for colours, the ample ether, and the wide air for a canvas, I should judge that Corot must have been employed by the Great Master to rub in that part of the sky which on the morning of the 2nd of September, 1880, spread over South Wales. It was like a smile on the face of a beautiful woman. Softly gleaming clouds spread thinly over the field of ether from zenith to horizon—tender, amorous, dreamy, unutterably beautiful. It was not the forms that struck you; it was the melting harmony of tone, the exquisite delicacy of colour, the simple tunefulness of the young clouds that won you to ecstasy. I once heard a lady sing the old ballad "Early one morning just as the sun was rising," and, as I looked upon that sky, I thought of her and of the melody she sang. I once saw a young girl—an Italian, with the soft, dark eyes of a gazelle—looking up into the face of her lover with the radiance of maidenly emotion encircling her face like an aureole; and, as I gazed on that sky, I thought of the look in her eyes, and of the love in her heart. But

> Sic' flights are far beyond my power.

I want to say the thing that I cannot express in words. And woe is me! I cannot express it in paint either.

Just a word or two of detail about that sky. Over the horizon line was spread out a thin mist, the colour of a tea rose, slowly "unrolling itself on the morning wind." It was shot through and through with the softly dappled radiance of tender sunlight. Here and there, low down, the mist moved with a little flicker, as if it would take shape, and if you peered sharply into it you could faintly see the forms of tiny cloudlets, like a choir of white-robed singing boys veiled by clouds of sweet smelling incense, as they move in musical procession alongside of the old ivory coloured marbles of the church of St. Mark. Higher up were lines of thinnest lace vapour, spread over a ground of light-filled ether; soft as swan's-down, "faint like one mingled in entwining love," melting at the edges into filaments of gossamer, wide stretching and still exercising the same effect on the colour of the sky ground as a veil of Indian silk illusion does on the colour of a girl's face, softening and refining it to ecstasy. Higher still, a band of blue, a coronet of opals, rested on the brow of the sky, as of a queen who lay reclining on her throne over the sea, smiling on the upturned face, filled with passionate adoration of her lover, the Earth.

> The sea
> Heaven's ever changing shadow spread below.

A cooling south wind, which had been stealing odours from the apple orchards of Devonshire, was playing with the little wavelets, kissing them into laughter and driving them, as if for fun, among the enamelled shingle stones on the beach. One or two fishing boats from out of the little harbour at Saundersfoot, three miles away, were spreading their sails out to the sunshine, while a few white winged gulls flapped or floated lazily over the rippling sea.

My friend and I walked on to the Black Hall Rocks, which form the background to the figure of the girl in my picture. I wish I knew something of geology that I might give you an intelligible description of these magnificent rocks. As I dwelt upon their forms, and followed day after day the ever-changing variety of their colours, the longing to know something of their history became almost painful. I wanted to understand how they were made, and how laid in their courses of enduring masonry. What was the nature of the convulsion that had riven them and made the tremendous chasm on the right, and how it came about that the mighty blocks which form the pediment had not fallen when the ravage occurred. I wonder if I should have loved them less if I had known more about them in this way. Perhaps the best education—that which procures for us the greatest amount of real enjoyment of life—does not include too much science. Such an education would probably not murder to dissect, nor pull a primrose to pieces to give a botanical analysis of it.

For I did fall deeply in love with those rocks from the first day I saw them. On their solid fronts I loved to watch the play of sunlight and cloud shadow, and fancied there was a cold smile on them like that on the face of the sphinx, as they looked down on the childish tremulousness of the sea below. Jagged, riven into enormous blocks, shaken to their inmost depths by some mighty shock, they yet had about them an everlasting calm, an enduring serenity, which seemed to bid defiance to time and to storms, to the cankering tooth of decay, and to the savage warfare of the besieging waves.

My wife and two of my children joined me at Colby Lodge after I had got settled there, and we spent most of our days beneath those rocks on the shore, a part of which I have tried to represent in my picture. The mighty blocks which had been hurled by some awful convulsion from the cliff, and lay tumbled about in heaps, were known to us—everyone of them. They were covered with a close network of mussels and barnacles, and decorated with brilliant green beards of dripping seaweed. The sand, varying endlessly with the washing of the changing tides, was pleasant to our bare feet, as we tramped along its glistening coolness in the warm days of September. The little pools left by the ebbing sea were as drink to my thirsty eyes. Are there many things in Nature more beautiful than such a pool? Sand, pebbles, shells, seaweed—all things steeped in the soft translucence become fairer, their colours deeper and richer, their charms in every way enriched by the exquisite veil of subtle transparence thrown round them.

On the morning when I, in company with my friend, tramped to the Black Hall Rocks we were struck with the great number of people who had come down to this out-of-the-way place to bathe. Men, women, and children by the hundred were there, "coosting their duddies to the wark," stripping themselves with a fine natural frankness which was remarkable to folks who live most of their time in the neighbourhood of Manchester. On inquiry we learned that a noticeable custom prevails in that part of Pembrokeshire. After the harvest has been gathered in, the country folks about make their way to the Black Hall Rocks to get a dip in the sea. Farmers and their labourers, mistresses and maids, lasses and lads, come trooping down in companies, bringing their provisions with them, and they make a day of it—the happiest and finest kind of holiday imaginable. From Whitland and the hills beyond, from Kilgetty, from Narberth, from Step-aside, from Carew, here they come, blithe as skylarks, happy with the feeling of work well done, honestly bent on enjoying a noble frolic well worthy of the Golden Age.

We got right amongst them, and I shall never forget the sights we saw. Splendid fellows, the types of the fine human animal—square chested, muscular, magnificently beautiful—walked in natural dignity down to the sea. With unconscious grace they moved—the Greek statues endowed with life and colour, fit inhabitants of a perfect world, ennobling, intensifying, illuminating, concentrating all the beauty of sky and sea and rocks and shore. I saw the Jason there, living and moving; I saw the Discobulus of Naucides, with right hand half uplifted, body slightly drawn back, evidently protesting that his friend had dived too far for him to follow; and one grand athlete leaned heavily upon the rocks, looking down into the sea, his mighty muscles rolling tremulously on the slightest motion of his body, a breathing Farnese Hercules sculptured in flesh by the living God.

Seated in groups on the rocks, or undressing beside the little pools I spoke of, with no company save their own reflections, were girls and women. Girls of fourteen, perfectly nude—hair loosely rippling in the loving wind—their pink-tipped breasts, like blush rose-buds, bare to the delighted sun—their white limbs lithe and unutterably lovely in curve and colour—how beautiful they were!

> There I saw one, *such a woman*, eyes so soft and lips so red ;
> On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed ;
> O'er the breasts superb abundance where a man might base his head.

Her head slightly turned upon the rounded neck, arms raised to fasten in a closer coil the wavy hair that was her crown, the full breasts lifted by the action of the arms, the drapery loosely supported by the swell of the hips,—she stood in complete and nobly innocent womanhood, looking out dreamily on the waiting sea, the most perfectly beautiful thing that God has made. In an attitude not unlike this stood that Spartan woman whose loveliness inspired the sculptor of the Venus of Milo to fix for ever the type of the highest womanhood. But here again—

> My Muse her wing maun cower.

Any attempt on my part to express the admiration which this beautiful being inspired in me would but do her despite. I must simply ask you to help me with the daring flights of your own imaginations.

Here was my subject; here was the cementing link to bind the parts together which I have attempted to describe. The presence of this woman softened the sky into a delicious dream; the incoming tide seemed to hasten forward to get a nearer look at her beauty; the savage rocks turned their faces towards her with a modest gaze; the little pool beside which she stood opened its bosom to receive the reflection of her lovely figure—all of them were made glad by her; their queen had come amongst them.

To her they all did duty
Unto her beauty.

In every work of art—in music, poetry, painting—you, of course, need an idea, a central thought, a keystone. This I had found; my subject was complete. What remained was to realize this idea, to put this perfect picture into paint, and it was with a big sigh that I thought of my incapacity as I slowly set myself down to the work.

I am afraid, gentlemen, I must plead guilty, if anyone charges me with having had no distinct and clearly stateable moral intention in the painting of this picture. The truth is, it never occurred to me to look at it in that way at all. I take it for granted that natural beauty is somehow in harmony with the highest good. Says Novalis: "There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven, when we lay our hand on a human body." God himself does not seem to be *always* occupied with moral considerations. The spirit of gladness in the air of that bright September morning made me wish to put down some remembrance of it; and in a world like this, saturated as it is with injustice, made hideous to some extent by

The oppressor's wrong,
The proud man's contumely, and the scorns
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,

there is still room for teachers, whose only gospel is "It's a beautiful world after all."

I do not think, either, that I chose to paint this picture because the subject seemed to fit in with the traditions of any particular school, classic, renaissance, or romantic. The gods of my studio idolatry left me pretty much to my own devices down in Pembrokeshire, or, at any rate, their influence paled its ineffectual fire in the presence of their Divinity and mine that morning. I forgot the very existence of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Michael Angelo and Raphael, of Millais and Watts, of Corot and Millet, as I gazed on that woman, and you may be very sure I never thought at all of Sandro Botticelli, of Luca Signorelli, or of that school of artists who in this day are trying to galvanize into life an art that is dead. The little plots of garden ground which we Manchester artists have had given us to till have not been staked out "on th' mornin' side o'th' fowd," but at any rate they belong to *us.*

> A poor thing, sir, but mine own.

And if we are only able to grow daffodils and lad's-love, and such humble things, in them, it's better work doing that than trying to grow cactuses on tombstones. It's mostly funguses that thrive in such spots. Let the dead past bury its dead, and, if we are wise, we shall not throw ourselves down in slavish adulation even before the living Kings of Art. Let us love them with noble loyalty, but let us remember that we also are artists, however humble.

Nor, I am convinced, was it because the subject afforded opportunity for the display of any one special artistic gift, or for insistence upon any one special quality of art, that I was seized with the desire to paint it. The form, the colour, the light and shade were each taken by itself, enchantingly beautiful, but it was the harmony which was the result of the mingling of all these art voices, the blending of the chords in Nature's three-part song, that awakened the music in my own soul that morning.

And here I must ask your indulgence while I make a confession. In the paper on Mr. Whistler's picture, read before you last winter, I failed to give a true account of the relative worth of such a work as his, by a want of completeness and comprehensiveness in my treatment of the subject. My position, you will perhaps remember, was that Whistler's art was good in that it realized with extraordinary skill some single quality or condition of Art work, or seized hold of some single characteristic of Nature with vivid strength and transferred it to canvas with indisputable fidelity to the fact. Well, that's true enough. There's room in the great world of Art for all kinds of workers, if they are only good of their kind; amongst others for the men who can only see one thing, and only do work of one sort. But I ought to have said also that such Art work is not of a very high class, because of the smallness of its range, of the limitedness of its aim; and that granting Whistler to be a true artist, it must also be granted that he is a very imperfect one. He will give you a piece of tone, a simple colour harmony, as satisfactorily as mortal man can do it. But we want something more than this. There is such a thing as beautiful form—as the composition of lines and masses; and any art which neglects or despises this fact proclaims its own insufficiency.

I must claim for myself that I have tried in this picture to give the whole of what I saw. I was not seduced by the loveliness of the sky into scamping the rocks; nor was I led by the charm of those rocks into sacrificing the figure for the sake of forcing the spectator's attention on to them. I tried to get the feeling of unity in other ways.

I wish here to express my conviction that an artist is bound to choose a beautiful subject, and to treat it as fully as he is able. No mastery of the brush, no charm of colour, no perfection of tone is a full justification for the painting of a picture in which the objects are mean or hideous; and no insistence upon, or realization of, one quality, say that of atmosphere, is an excuse for bad drawing or ungraceful composition, for the scamping of detail or the lack of completeness.

Well, now, comes the sorry part of my story. I had to realize my idea. That will be a glorious day for humanity when it shall no longer need interpreters of law and beauty, when the wonder and the glory and the power of this universe shall be an open secret, and when Art shall die because men can see, and when philosophy shall be needless because men can understand. Up to now though, the world has not been able to get on without mediators, prophets, priests, philosophers, poets, painters, and may be it never will.

The history of the failures of these men to realize their ideals forms the saddest and most humiliating part of the history of humanity, and the most melancholy page of it is that which recounts the failures that are the result of their own baseness where their purpose has been moral, or of their own incapacity where their purpose has been intellectual. A painter may long unutterably to show to others the vision of perfect beauty that has entranced him, but a thousand things prevent its accomplishment. Want of knowledge, want of power, want of opportunity, imperfection of materials, wrong bias of public taste—these are the chief things. But 'tis the common lot. There is something comforting after all in the philosophy of the valiant Corporal Nym, "Things must be as they may, and that is the humour of it."

Consider the difficulty with which I was met at the very outset. Suppose I had painted that woman as God made her and as I saw her, and had succeeded in getting the picture exhibited, what would have been its reception by a correct and decorous public? Some of you will remember that ten or a dozen years ago the Heywood prize was given to a French picture of a nude woman lying on a rug. A lovely picture it was too, and in my opinion well worthy of the honour; but it was too much for the unco' guid. A portion of the public were disgusted with the decision of the Council of the Royal Institution. Everybody, I believe, admitted that it was magnificently painted; but to the objectors it was a capital fault in the work that its subject was attired in what Artemus Ward calls "the skanderlus costoom of the Greek Slave." The saddest part of the affair was that some Manchester artists signed a round robin condemning it on the ground of its immoral tendency, and I am grieved to recall the fact that Fred. Shields was one of the prominent signatures. A couple of years ago, Alma Tadema's "Sculptor's Model" was exhibited at the Walker Art Gallery, and for a time the Liverpool papers were stuffed with letters from anxious fathers, indignant parsons, and outraged grandmothers protesting against this violation of public decency. Mr. P. H. Rathbone actually considered it needful to prove to the public of Liverpool that God's finest piece of handiwork, a beautiful woman, was not necessarily an incitement to immorality or public degradation. I don't think though that he succeeded in converting the outraged grandmothers. Against stupidity even the very gods fight unvictorious.

Well, I am sorry to have to admit that this prevalence of Philistinism had something to do with my determination to drape the figure. I confess to having sacrificed those white breasts curved and coloured by the hands of God, because the British public prefers to see blue serge to flesh, and the folds of drapery to the rapturous lines of the figure of a naked woman. Let me say, though, that this defection from the ideal has been only temporary. On my return to Manchester I ordered a canvas 7ft. by 3ft. 3in., and that canvas will ultimately contain life-size and entirely naked the figure of that beautiful creature, as nearly as I can realize it. I am not responsible for getting it hung on the walls of an exhibition. I am responsible to myself at any rate for getting it painted.

As I had concluded not to paint that woman as I saw her in the canvas before you I determined to choose another model. The nearest in point of grace and general agreement with the idea was one of the girls I have spoken of. A fair lassie of fourteen, tall and slim, but with a rich promise of development into the full glory of womanhood, was the one I chose. She was to the woman what the rivulet is to the river, the bud to the rose, the dawn to the morning. The little clouds over the horizon, and the tiny waves upon the shore, seemed to look upon her rather as a sister to be played with than a queen to be worshipped ; but she was beautiful, and looking upon her face you could prophesy that in the coming years the eyes of men would turn towards her with admiration and their hearts with love.

Down on the shore there, underneath the Black Hall Rocks, against the rough boulder you see in the picture, she stood while I made a sketch of the general arrangement of the lines of the composition. These mostly fitted into their places at once ; there were but few alterations to make—here and there a few blocks to be moved or rearranged amongst the heaps ; but in the main she stands in the picture in precisely the same relation to the general lines and masses, and these to one another, as I saw them on my first sitting down to make the sketch. It is Goethe who says that " Nature is so much raw material which an artist has a right to use as he likes for the purpose of expressing his idea." That is entirely true ; but I think in reading the sentence the emphasis should be on the word " artist." We will permit a Turner to uproot hills, to transplant towns, and " to play with mighty towers, as a chess player with the pieces on his board;" but I think that the less of this kind of thing that the smaller men amongst us do and the better. The spirit of worship in the presence of Nature is better than the spirit of criticism, and until an artist has by obedience learned something of her principles of composition it is premature for him to teach people that those principles are wrong, and presumptuous to substitute for them the crude outcomings of his own pride and ignorance and incapacity.

The sketch having been made, I proceeded to draw the figure as carefully as I could. Now came the consideration of the values, the weights of light and shade, with the view of giving prominence to the figure and unity to the composition. The plane of the picture lies nearly due north and south, the sun sets behind the chasm on the right; at noon he strikes upon the southern and south-eastern walls of the rocks, and thus breaks them up into square patches of light and shadow, full of charm when regarded by themselves, but entirely unfitting them to serve as a background to a figure. I wanted the sunlight to strike upon the girl. It was she on whom the eyes of the sun must be fixed, nor—for the purpose of my picture—could I allow him to turn his gaze from her on to the grey and golden rocks. I must place them in a shadow flung from a brooding cloud, and so subordinate them to the girl that thus the spectator might follow the example of the sun and look chiefly upon her. Directly I had come to this conclusion the sunlight on the cliffs became fainter and faded into shadow, the light still caressed the girl, Nature seemed to approve my judgment, and the question of the chiaro-oscuro of the picture was settled at once and for ever.

Lastly came the consideration of colour. And here also is it true that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her. Each hue and tint I saw that morning made with each other as sweet harmony to the eye as melts upon the ear when we sit

> Near shallow waters, by whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals.

The golden brown of the rocks and the blue of the sky fairly sang together, and the music was joined in by the yellow sands and the purple sea. That is a true instinct for colour which makes most of our sea-faring folks dress in blue, and it only remained for me to decide that this should be the colour of the girl's bathing dress.

I doubt if I could interest anybody but amateurs and art students in the mere technicalities of the picture, the work of the brush and the palette knife, the laying in and the repainting, the scrapings, the glazings, the scamblings, how certain effects of texture were got by heavy impasto, and other effects of atmosphere were got by transparent films of colour. I will only say that in these matters I try to find out the way in which Nature gets her effects, and to imitate her methods of work as nearly as I can. Rocks she paints solidly; skies she paints by passing veil over veil of atmosphere; seas she paints, as Hook paints them, glazing translucent greens over clear liquid purples, and so on. But by dwelling on such matters I should weary you, and serve no useful purpose.

Day after day, week after week, I spent with my wife and children underneath those rocks, for the whole of the picture was painted direct from Nature. With wood gathered from the shore, flotsam and jetsam of wreckage and tree branches, we built fires in a cave close by the chasm, and cooked our food—eggs and bacon or steaks and chops, boiled water for our tea; and I used to speculate on whether the old cave men didn't live, on the whole, a happier life than most folks do in these days of pampered appetites and dyspeptic miseries.

And my friend brought Alfred Darbyshire down to pass a week at Colby Lodge. Those grim, old rocks must have had their gravity disturbed by some of the boyish pranks that were played, the tales that were told, the jokes that were fired off after the arrival of the "melancholy Jaques." How we worked and smoked, and dreamed that the Golden Age had come again, and how the sun smiled unceasingly upon us the whole of that week. On these things I must not dwell. The week has gone, but we are living yet; and if good fortune befriend us, we'll some day charge our pipes again and light them by a bit of glowing ember from a fire in the cave under the Black Hall Rocks.

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FALSTAFF AND HIS FOLLOWERS:

A SHAKESPEAREAN INQUIRY.

BY JAS. A. PICTON, F.S.A.

[Read January 10, 1881.]

IN studying the works of our immortal dramatist we feel at a loss to determine which element more displays his genius, the tragic or the comic. The depth of pathos and grandeur in Macbeth, Lear, and Othello, the subtle workings of a diseased intellect in Hamlet, the stately march of Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, fill our minds with admiration and stir up our deepest feelings; whilst the absurdities of Dogberry and Verges, the keen wit of the Clown in the *Twelfth Night*, the quaint philosophy of Touchstone, and the madcap orgies of Falstaff and the Prince, not only linger in our memories with the pleasant flavour of keen enjoyment, but have served for ages to give point and expression to many of the lighter aspects of human life. This enjoyment seems to have been largely partaken of by the author himself, who appears to have revelled in the wonderful creations of the quaint and humorous which his fancy depicted and his imagination bodied forth. The most sustained and popular of these creations is undoubtedly that of Falstaff, carried through three of the plays and part of a fourth with a vigour and consistency which never flags. The humour is broad, and occasionally coarse, but there runs through all a subtle wit and a keen appreciation of human motives and feelings, distorted by selfishness, and brought out under ludicrous circumstances, which evinces its truth to nature, and illustrates the workings of the human heart.

The whole conception of Falstaff's character is daring in the extreme, and one which in any other hands but those of the highest genius would have been utterly repulsive. He is represented as false, dishonest, licentious, and selfish, and to a certain extent a coward ; yet the display he makes of readiness, sagacity, presence of mind, the richest wit and humour, and even his unrestrained impudence, irresistibly enlist our sympathies, and, in spite of ourselves, excite a kindly interest in the sallies of the witty vagabond. We naturally wish to obtain a general conception of his character, as we would that of a personage in real life, by following him from the beginning to the end of his career, so far as it is unfolded for us; but here arises a difficulty. Falstaff in the historical plays is the same roistering, wild scapegrace as he is represented in the *Merry Wives*, under different circumstances. We cannot for a moment doubt that the same individual is presented to us in the comedy as in the histories. We therefore naturally ask : What is the relation between the two series of plays ? How do they synchronize in point of time ? Is it possible consistently to harmonize the action depicted in each ? And, which was the earliest conception in the mind of the dramatist ?

To answer as far as is practicable these questions is the object of the present paper. The subject is not free from difficulties, but the inquiry is full of interest. Let us first examine what evidence exists as to the respective dates of the production of the plays in question. The quarto editions were issued as follows :—

Henry IV.,	Part I.	in	1598.
Do.,	Part II.	„	1600.
Henry V.		„	1600.
Merry Wives of Windsor		„	1602.

These, with the other dramas, were collected in the folio of 1623, with the text as now accepted.

The natural inference would be that the plays were composed in the order here laid down. Malone records a tradition, current in his time, that Queen Elizabeth was so amused by the character of Falstaff in the historical plays that she requested the author to exhibit the witty knight in love. This tradition, like many others, has expanded in its progress. It was originated by Sir William Davenant, from whom it came to Dryden, then to Dennis, by whom it was stated, in an introduction to an adaptation of the *Merry Wives* published in 1702, that "this comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days, and was afterwards very well pleased at the representation." Not a word is here said as to the character of Falstaff being developed from the historical plays, nor is Falstaff mentioned at all. But for the fact of the consecutive dates of issue already mentioned, it might just as well be assumed that the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* was a development of the same character as presented in the comedy. Let us then inquire how the alleged dates affect the question.

Shakespeare died in 1616. In 1623 the collected plays were published in folio (the celebrated first folio), with a preface by the editors, which states to the reader, as a reason for the issue, that "Before, you were abated with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them." This is strong language, and could only apply to cases in which the text had been largely corrupted and tampered with. The first nine plays had been previously issued in quarto between the years 1597 and 1600, with the text as it stands in the folio, with the exception of a few verbal corrections. Included in these are the two parts of *King Henry IV.* It is clear, therefore, that to these the complaint in the preface would not apply. It is to be remarked also that in seven out of these nine plays the publishers of the quarto and folio editions were the same. In relation to the *Merry Wives* we find a very different state of things. The first quarto edition was piratically published in 1602, by Arthur Johnson, whose name does not elsewhere appear. It is extremely imperfect and incomplete in the text, and has all the marks of a hasty sketch. To this, therefore, the epithet of "a maimed and deformed copy" would exactly apply.

The first sketch of the play must then have been written some time before the publication of the pirated edition of 1602; how long before we have no external evidence to guide us. There are, however, a few incidents in the play itself which may assist in coming to a conclusion. In 1592 a visit was paid to England by a Duke of Würtemberg and suite, of which a record exists in a volume printed at Tübingen in 1602. Amongst other places they visited Windsor. In the arbitrary manner of that period the German duke was furnished by Lord Howard with a pass, addressed to all justices, mayors, and bailiffs, requiring them to see him furnished with post-horses, for which he was to pay nothing. Evident allusion is made to this visit in the play. In act iv. sc. iii., Bardolph brings a message to the host of the Garter :—

"Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses ; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him." From what passes it is evident that the Germans had been living at free quarters at the inn. The host says : "They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay ; I'll sauce them."

In the subsequent scene, Bardolph brings tidings that the Germans have run off with the horses; he says: "They threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses."

Now, if the play was written at the time, or soon after this occurrence, it gives a little local colouring which is very natural; but if it was penned eight or ten years after, the circumstances would have been forgotten or not worth alluding to.

It is clear, then, that the edition of 1602 was an unauthorized and imperfect issue of a drama already in existence, but which had not been published by its author, and which was disowned by the editors of the folio of 1623.

If we assume for a moment that the original sketch of the play as it was first acted had been pirated, and that subsequently it was extended and revised by the author, it would appear natural that allusions should be made to circumstances which had occurred after the first issue. In several instances we find such to be the case. In the *Merry Wives*, act i. sc. iii., in the original sketch, Falstaff, speaking of the two ladies, says: "They shall be exchequers to me, and I'll be cheater to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies." In the revised edition another passage is introduced. Speaking of Page's wife, Falstaff says: "She bears the purse, too. She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty." Now, Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition to Guiana sailed in 1595, and returned in 1596. It seems a fair inference that this allusion to Guiana was penned after the return of the expedition. As it is not in the original sketch, the inference is equally fair that this sketch was written before the expedition, and, consequently, before 1596.

Again, in the last act, where the fairy revels take place, in the original sketch the fairies have no queen, whilst in the revised play the fairy queen is introduced three times. Now Spenser's *Fairy Queen* was published in 1596, and attracted great attention. What then so natural as that, in the revision of the comedy, Shakespeare, alive to every incident which could heighten the effect, should have introduced the allusion. If that be so, then the play in its first shape must have been written before 1596.

But again: in the revised play, in the last scene, Falstaff says, "Let the sky rain potatoes; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes." These words are not in the original sketch, and are taken from Lodge's *Devils Incarnate*, which was published in 1569. It is only reasonable to infer that the sketch was written before that date.

So far, then, as external evidence goes, the probabilities are strong that the original draft of the *Merry Wives* preceded the Historical Plays, that it was pirated by Arthur Johnson in 1602, afterwards revised and extended by the author, and first included in its complete state in the folio of 1623.

Let us now look at the internal evidence of the plays themselves. We must surely concede to the genius of Shakespeare a general and consistent conception of the characters of his own creation; that they presented to the eye of his mind that innate energy and force which impart to their actions and speech such an amount of naturalness and realism. If so, then there must be some mode of harmonizing and bringing into a consistent whole the diversified action of the *dramatis personæ* in the four plays now under consideration.

I know no better way of doing this than starting with the assumption that the characters were real personages, of whom the only knowledge we possess is contained in the record of their sayings and doings in the first and second parts of *King Henry IV.*, the play of *Henry V.*, and the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* In this way, I think, we have the most likely means of gaining as near as may be the standpoint of the author.

First, then, I think, it will scarcely be doubted that Falstaff is the same man throughout; that the only difference in his character arises from the different positions in which he is placed, and the various persons with whom he is brought into contact. From his first appearance in the historical plays, in act i. of *Henry IV.* to the description of his decease in act ii. of *Henry V.*, we never lose sight of him. All his movements are recorded with the utmost precision.

The first scene in which we meet with him is laid in a room in the king's palace, where he professes himself to the Prince as one of the "gentlemen of the shade; minions of the moon"—or, in plain English, a highwayman.

The Boar's Head Tavern afterwards becomes the rendezvous. In act iii. sc. iii., the Prince procures him a charge of foot soldiers, and he goes to the wars as captain, receiving three hundred and odd pounds for obtaining recruits with whom he is ashamed to march through Coventry. He is present at the battle of Shrewsbury, where he distinguishes himself in the well-known aspects of his character.

He then returns to London, where some time intervenes between the incidents of the first and second parts of *King Henry IV.* When the action again commences, the scene with the Lord Chief Justice takes place, and Falstaff's subsequent arrest at the suit of Mrs. Quickly. The army is in motion to suppress the rising of Northumberland and Glendower, and Falstaff is again commissioned to obtain recruits. The Chief Justice says to him, "I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland" (act i. sc. ii.); and in a subsequent scene he says, "Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go" (act ii. sc. i.).

A subsequent revel at the Boar's Head is cut short by Peto in hot haste bringing the news—

> . . . as I came along
> I met and overtook a dozen captains,
> Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
> And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.—Act ii. sc. iv.

Bardolph then rushes in. "You must away to Court, sir, presently. A dozen captains stay at door for you" (act ii. sc. iv.).

Falstaff proceeds on his expedition, and we next meet with him at Justice Shallow's, in Gloucestershire, where he selects his ragged squad of recruits, and then proceeds to join the army in Yorkshire, and is chidden for his late arrival. After the surrender of the rebels, he returns to Justice Shallow's, where he is merrily entertained, and borrows a thousand pounds from his host.

In the midst of their revels, the news arrives of the death of the King, and the accession of the hitherto madcap Prince. Falstaff, with his followers, hurries off to London, accompanied by Justice Shallow, full of great expectations, which are nipped in the bud by the cold reception and the committal of Sir John to the Fleet.

In *Henry V.* (act ii.) come the closing scenes of Falstaff's career. He is prostrated with what Mrs. Quickly calls "a burning quotidian tertian," and his friends are summoned to his bedside. In act ii. sc. iii., the hostess describes his passing away in a very touching manner.

The history of the knight, as thus summarized, is connected and continuous from first to last.

Let us now turn to the *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

I assume the identity of Falstaff and his followers throughout all the plays. The transactions, then, here recorded must have taken place either before the time of the historical plays, during some interval within that period, or at a date subsequent to the histories. Now, they could not have taken place after *Henry V.*, for Falstaff's death is there recorded. Within the period contained in the histories there is no interval for an episode at all ; the course of the story is never interrupted. There is then no other conclusion except that the events in the *Merry Wives* happened before those of the historical plays. Let us see what evidence we can find in the plays themselves. First as to Falstaff's age.

In the histories, Falstaff's advanced age is frequently alluded to. In the scene at Justice Shallow's house, in Gloucestershire,* reference is made to transactions at Clement's Inn fifty-five years before, when, it is said, Falstaff was a boy. Assuming him to have been fifteen years old at the earlier period, he must have been seventy at least when the guest of the Justice. In *Henry IV.*, Part II., act ii. sc. iv., Doll Tear-sheet asks Falstaff: "When wilt thou leave fighting and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?" Falstaff replies : " I am old, I am old." In the scene with the Lord Chief Justice, the latter says : " Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity ?"† In the last scene, when the Prince (now King) casts him off, he says—

I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !
I long have dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane.‡

Turn we now to the comedy. In the opening scene

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* *Henry IV.*, Part II., act iii. sc. ii.

† *Ibid.*, act i. sc. ii.

‡ *Ibid.*, act v. sc. v.

Justice Shallow accuses Falstaff: "Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge."* Such roistering conduct is hardly the act of a septuagenarian. The robbery at Gadshill may be referred to as a corresponding transaction; but there the fat knight is described as quite incapable from age and infirmity. He says: "If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind." . . . "Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me."† It is obvious that in the comedy Falstaff must have been a younger and more active man. Again, some time must have elapsed between the scenes of the comedy and the visit of Falstaff to Shallow's house in the histories, for the animosity had subsided, and the Justice welcomes his guest in the most cordial manner.

Doubtless in several passages in the comedy, Falstaff is referred to as an old man. In his letter to Mrs. Page, he says: "You are not young, no more am I: go to, then, there's sympathy."‡ Again: "Sayst thou so, old Jack, go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done."§ These expressions are merely comparative and do not imply absolute old age. It is true in the closing scene Sir John is described as "old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails;"‖ but this is the spiteful remark of the enraged husband, Page, and is by no means echoed by the two ladies. Indeed, in order to render the comedy at all *vraisemblable*, it is necessary that Falstaff should be represented, though declining in years, as still hale and vigorous, very different from the huge mountain of flesh depicted in the histories.

There is one passage which may seem to militate against this view. Justice Shallow says, in conversation with Sir

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* *Merry Wives*, act i. sc. i. † *Henry IV.*, Part I., act ii. sc. ii.

‡ *Merry Wives*, act ii. sc. i. § *Ibid.*, act ii. sc. ii. ‖ *Ibid.*, act v. sc. v.

Hugh Evans, "I have lived fourscore years and upwards."* Now, if we are to allow any extended period of time between the events in the comedy and those of the histories, this would make the Justice at the time of Falstaff's visit almost a nonagenarian. This may be a slip in the dramatist's consistency; but consistency would be very much more outraged by the opposite view.

It is remarkable that there is no special reference in the one set of plays to the events of the other. On the theory that the comedy preceded the histories, this is easily explicable. There was nothing in the Windsor episode which could in any way connect itself with the subsequent adventures of Falstaff; but, on the contrary theory, the utter absence of any reference in the comedy to the stirring events in the histories would be utterly unaccountable. The only allusion is in the closing scene of the fourth act, where, after the beating he has undergone in the disguise of the old woman of Brentford, Falstaff says to himself, "If it should come to the ear of the Court how I have been transformed . . . and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear." † This indicates that Falstaff had already been about the Court, but there is nothing of a special reference to any intimacy.

Another allusion occurs in a conversation between Master Page and the Host of the Garter, in reference to Fenton's courtship of Anne Page. Her father says: "The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much." ‡ Now, if Falstaff had already been the boon companion of the Prince and his hangers-on, it would be utterly incredible that Fenton, who is here charged with being one of the circle, should be in immediate intercourse with the fat knight without any indication whatever of the connection. It may be said that in the play they never meet until the last scene; but they are lodged in the same inn, and in frequent conversation with the garrulous Host and with the go-between Mrs. Quickly.

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* *Merry Wives*, act iii. sc. ii. † *Ibid.*, act iv. sc. vi. ‡ *Ibid.*, act iii. sc. ii.

So much for the fat knight himself. Let us now turn to his followers, and trace their history through the four plays. Bardolph and Mrs. Quickly appear in the whole of them. Pistol and the Page are found in three. Poins and Peto are only introduced in the two parts of *Henry IV.* Nym appears in the *Merry Wives* and in *Henry V.* The Host is only introduced personally in the comedy, but is alluded to in the other plays, and Gadshill is only found in the first part of *Henry IV.*

We will first take the Host and Mrs. Quickly who are connected together. In the *Merry Wives* the Host takes a very prominent part, and seems to be a jovial, rollicking sort of character, but at the same time looking well after the main chance. There is no evidence of his being at that time married.

When we are first introduced to Mrs. Quickly, she is housekeeper to Dr. Caius, and apparently quite familiar with the Garter Inn, where she meets with Falstaff for the first time. She is then unmarried, for when the knight accosts her, "Good morrow, good wife," she replies, "Not so, an't please your worship."* The acquaintance then formed runs through the entire series of plays. No one who reads them can for a moment doubt the identity of Mrs. Quickly throughout. She is the link which connects the whole of Falstaff's history. She is the same loose character and unprincipled intriguer from first to last. Her phraseology is also much the same, except in the fairy scene in the comedy, where she is evidently reciting a part committed to memory.

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* *Merry Wives*, act ii. sc. ii.

In the first part of *Henry IV.* we find her installed as landlady of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. She is now married, for Prince Henry asks her: "What sayest thou, Mrs. Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man."*

In the same scene, when Falstaff and the hostess quarrel, he exclaims: "Go, you thing, go." She replies: "I am no thing to thank heaven on; I am an honest man's wife." When afterwards a reconciliation takes place, the knight addresses her with, "Hostess, I forgive thee; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests."

The Host, I have already remarked, does not appear in person, except once and then only for a moment.† Since Mrs. Quickly has removed from Windsor, would it be taking too much liberty to suppose that mine Host of the Garter, disgusted with the cosenage of which he so loudly complained, had removed to London, taken the Boar's Head, and installed Mrs. Quickly as his better half? Whether this were so or not it does not affect the history. It is the same Mrs. Quickly who is the heroine in both cases.

In the second part of *Henry IV*. Mrs. Quickly appears as a widow. Her intimacy with Falstaff had commenced before her husband's decease, for she says in the scene already alluded to: "I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it."

Since her husband's death Falstaff had promised her marriage. She reminds him reproachfully, "Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber at the round table, by a seacoal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me, my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? And didst not thou . . . . . desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst."*

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* *Henry IV.*, Part I., act iii. sc. iii. † *Ibid.*, act ii. sc. iv.

Falstaff not keeping his promise, and being deeply in her debt, she has him arrested by Fang and Snare. He manages, however, by means of wheedling and promises, not only to escape from the bailiffs, but to extort further twenty nobles from her.

In a subsequent scene, in a revel at the Boar's Head, Ancient Pistol and Mrs. Quickly have a violent quarrel. When he is announced, she exclaims: "Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now." Falstaff tries to pacify her, but she persists: "Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors." Pistol, however, forces his way in, and after some fustian speeches he is finally driven out by Falstaff.†

In the closing scene of the same play Mrs. Quickly is arrested by the beadles, on the charge of keeping a disorderly house.

During the short interval between this event and the second act of *Henry V.*, she has become reconciled to Pistol, and has married him. In an interview in Eastcheap, Bardolph says: "Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife.

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* *Henry IV.*, Part II., act ii. sc. i.

† *Ibid.*, act ii. sc. iv.

How now, mine host Pistol?" Pistol resents the title:

> Base tike, call'st thou me host?
> Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
> Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.*

Falstaff is lying on his death-bed in her house, and sends for the hostess.

In a subsequent scene occurs Mrs. Quickly's quaint but melancholy description of the poor knight's end: "After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields."†

When Pistol afterwards goes to the wars, he leaves his wife in charge—

> My love, give me thy lips.
> Look to my chattels and my movables;
> Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and pay;"
> Trust none;
> For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafercakes,
> And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck.
> Therefore *caveto* be thy counsellor. ‡

After the expedition to France has terminated in Pistol's humiliation in eating the leek, news reaches him of his wife's decease.

> News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital
> And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. §

And so terminates Mrs. Quickly's eventful history.

Let us now turn to the parallel biography of ancient Pistol himself. There is no one of the comic characters in Shakespeare's plays with a more marked idiosyncrasy and more amusing development than this. The combination of impudent braggadocio, ranting fustian, arrant cowardice, with occasional redeeming features, is hit off with a masterly hand. In the midst of his absurd rhodomontade we cannot help occasionally sympathising with the workings of human nature within.

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* *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. i.

† *Ibid.*, act ii. sc. iii.

‡ *Ibid.*, act ii. sc. iii.

§ *Ibid.*, act v. sc. ii.

The identity of the man in the comedy and the histories is too marked to be for a moment mistaken. There are the same "red-lattice phrases and bold beating oaths" in both, and Pistol's relations with Falstaff and with his followers are the same throughout.

In the first scene in which Pistol is introduced Falstaff gives him a letter of assignation to carry to Mrs. Ford, but Pistol refuses, as inconsistent with his honour as a soldier:

Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all![*]

Pistol, along with his two fellows Bardolph and Nym, are then discharged by Falstaff:

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

After Falstaff has departed, Pistol indulges in strong expressions against his quondam master:

Let vultures gripe thy guts! for *gourd* and *fullam* holds,
And *high* and *low* beguile the rich and poor;[†]
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Pistol threatens to betray Falstaff's designs to Page, but really gives the information to Ford. He says—

Sir John affects thy wife.——
He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.[‡]

In the next scene he tries to borrow money from Falstaff, and on his refusal utters the memorable resolution—

Why then the world's mine oyster
Which I with sword will open.

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[*] *Merry Wives*, act i. sc. iii.

[†] "Gourd," "fullam," "high," and "low" were cant terms for false dice.

[‡] *Merry Wives*, act. ii. sc. i.

The knight upbraids him sarcastically with refusing to do his bidding—

> You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of mine honour precise. I, I, I myself, sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand . . . am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks . . . under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it,—you!

Pistol replies—

> I do relent. What would thou more of man?

He does not again appear until the last scene, where he utters a few lines in marshalling the fairies, who are to play their tricks on Falstaff in disguise.

In *King Henry IV.*, Part I., Pistol does not appear at all, but in the second part he is rather a conspicuous character.

In act ii. sc. iv., at the Boar's Head Tavern, Pistol is announced by one of the drawers or tapsters. Mrs. Quickly, the hostess, as already stated, violently opposes his entrance, but his part is taken by Falstaff. He says: "Dost thou hear, hostess, it is mine Ancient?" In reply to some provoking observations of the lady, he says: "He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater . . . call him up, drawer." When he enters, Falstaff salutes him: "Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack." The hostess, however, will not be pacified, and finally the Ancient is ejected.

He does not, like Bardolph, accompany Falstaff to the wars; but he is still a sort of agent, for it is he who, at Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire, bursts in with the news that the King is dead.

> Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
> And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
> And tidings do I bring and lucky joys,
> And golden times, and happy news of price.

Again—

> Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
> Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth;
> When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like
> The bragging Spaniard.*

In the last scene of the play, Pistol stands with Falstaff, Justice Shallow, and Bardolph, to welcome the new king. After the severe rebuff which the king administers, Pistol philosophically consoles himself with the adage he so frequently quotes:

> Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.

In the interval between the plays of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* Pistol has married the hostess and become landlord of the Boar's Head. After Falstaff's death Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym go with the army to France, and are present at the siege of Harfleur. Pistol continues to mouth out his fustian, but is described by the boy as having "a killing tongue, and a quiet sword, by the means whereof he breaks words and keeps whole weapons." At the battle of Agincourt he takes prisoner a French soldier and ransoms him for a hundred crowns. The feud with honest Fluellen and Pistol's humiliation in being compelled to eat the leek are familiar as household words. After his disgrace he thus soliloquizes on hearing of his wife's death:

> Old do I wax; and from my wearied limbs
> Honour is cudgelled. . . .
> To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
> And patches will I get unto these cudgelled scars,
> And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. †

And thus Ancient Pistol disappears from the stage.

Bardolph is introduced into all the four Falstaff plays. In the first scene of the *Merry Wives*, Slender complains to the Knight of the "coney-catching rascals, Bardolph,

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* *Henry IV.*, Part II., act v. sc. iii.

† *Henry V.*, act v. sc. i.

Nym, and Pistol," having made him drunk, and afterwards picked his pocket.

Bardolph, in the comedy and the histories, is the same man. His fiery visage and his peculiar phraseology are constantly alluded to as characteristics. Slender says, in reference to his robbery: "By this hat, he in the red face had it." Falstaff accosts Bardolph: "What say you, Scarlet and John?" Throughout the whole plays he is made a butt for his blotched and pimpled face. Falstaff says: "Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp," and so on throughout.

When Bardolph is discharged by Falstaff* he is engaged by the Host of the Garter as tapster or drawer. The Host says: "I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap . . . . Let him follow; let me see thee froth and lime." During the rest of the play he acts simply in the capacity of tapster. In the historical plays he emerges again as one of Falstaff's followers. The probability is that the Host of the Garter had transferred his establishment to London, and was the vintner of the Boar's Head. Bardolph was with Falstaff at the robbery on Gadshill, and subsequently when the sheriff made an attempt to arrest the thieves. He then goes with Falstaff to the campaign at Shrewsbury, and is sent on to Coventry, and we hear no more of him in that play.

In the second part of *Henry IV.*, Bardolph is with Falstaff when he is arrested by the bailiffs, and afterwards is exposed to the badinage of the prince and the page for his red nose and blotched countenance. In the subsequent quarrel between Pistol and the hostess, he assists in thrusting the ancient downstairs. He then accompanies Falstaff into Gloucestershire, and precedes him to Justice Shallow's. He there plays the soldier with some amount of pretence. He is then a corporal, for one of the recruits addresses him: "Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you."* He is also present with Falstaff at the battle of Bramham Moor, and then returns with him to Justice Shallow's, where he is present at the announcement of the king's death, whence they all hurry in hot haste to London. He, of course, shares in his master's disgrace.

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* *Merry Wives*, act i. sc. iii.

Corporal Nym is only introduced into the *Merry Wives* and *Henry V.* In the two parts of *Henry IV.* he does not appear at all, but his identity is unmistakable, his special phrase of the "humour of it" being brought out on all occasions. In the comedy he, like Pistol, refuses to carry the letter to Mrs. Page. He says: "I will run no base humour; here, take the humour letter; I will keep the behaviour of reputation." When he is discharged, he says: "I have operations, which be humours of revenge."† He subsequently betrays Falstaff's designs to Page in his characteristic phraseology: "This is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours. I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. My name is Corporal Nym. I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true, my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife."

Page remarks: "The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue."‡

He does not appear again in the play, but there is a reference to him and his coney-catching propensities. Simple, Master Slender's servant, is sent to find the wise woman of Brentford, to ascertain "whether one Nym that beguiled him of a chain had the chain or no."*

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* *Henry IV.*, Part II., act iii. sc. ii.

† *Merry Wives*, act i. sc. iv.

‡ *Ibid.*, act ii. sc. i.

In the opening scene of act ii. of *Henry V.*, Nym and Pistol are represented as differing about money transactions, embittered by the fact that Pistol had married Mrs. Quickly after some promise on her part to the corporal. Bardolph says: "It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her."

Nym demands from Pistol: "You'll pay me the eight shillings I won off you at betting?" Quoth Pistol: "Base is the slave that pays." Nym says: "That now I will have; that's the humour of it."† However, Bardolph manages to effect a reconciliation, and, after condoling with Mrs. Quickly on the death of Falstaff, the three worthies set out for the war in France, accompanied by the boy who had been Falstaff's page.

Pistol is commissioned as ancient or ensign, Bardolph as lieutenant, and Nym is a corporal. At the siege of Harfleur they are represented as taking part in the assault. Bardolph cries: "On, on, on to the breach, to the breach!" Nym replies: "Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot, and for mine own part I have not a case of lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it." Pistol adds—

> The plain song is most just, for humours do abound;
> Knocks go and come; God's vassals droop and die.

Fluellen enters and drives them forward. Pistol deprecates this advance—

> Abate thy rage, great duke;
> Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck.‡

The serving boy expresses his opinion very freely: "As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers; three such anticks do not amount to a man. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. . . . Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel."*

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* *Merry Wives*, act iv. sc. v.

† *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. i.

‡ *Ibid.*, act iii. sc. ii.

Their career, however, was cut short. Ancient Pistol, who, with all his fustian, does not appear to have been quite such a debased thief as his companions, tries to intercede on behalf of Bardolph.

> Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
> For he hath stolen a pix, and hanged must be;
> A damned death!
> Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
> And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate;
> But Exeter hath given the doom of death
> For pix of little price.
> Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.†

Fluellen refuses to interfere, and therefore, as we hear no more of these worthies, it may be presumed the law took its course, particularly as Pistol in his farewell reflections makes no allusion to his quondam companions in arms.

Let us now take a glance at Justice Shallow and the little group which surrounds him—Cousin Slender, Cousin Silence, and Davy the butler. There is a wonderfully lifelike character about them of rusticity, conceit, and free-and-easy living. They are no doubt reproductions of actual individuals who had come within the purview of the dramatist. It is usually supposed that Justice Shallow, though the scene is laid in Gloucestershire, represents the Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, Warwickshire, justice of the quorum, into whose awful presence the youthful poet was brought in durance vile after his deer-stealing escapade.

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* *Henry V.*, act iii. sc. ii.

† *Ibid.*, act iii. sc. vi.

Cousin Slender says of Justice Shallow, "All his ancestors that come after him may give the dozen white *luces* in their coat;" the luce or pike figuring in the armorial bearings of the Lucy family.

Reference to the same event is made in the abrupt accusation against Falstaff made by Shallow at their first meeting: "Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge." Be this as it may, the fussy self-importance of the old squire, the stolid simplicity of Cousin Slender, the chirruping prattle of Cousin Silence present an inimitable picture of the rural manners of the time. One would have given something to be present at the symposium in the garden of Shallow's house where the Justice entertains Falstaff, Silence, Bardolph, and the page, honest Davy attending on them. The potations had evidently been rather powerful. Shallow confesses, "By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper."* Silence becomes talkative and breaks into a song:

Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all,
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Falstaff expresses his surprise; he says, "I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle." Silence replies with another song, and the jollity increases until it is interrupted by Pistol bursting in with tidings of the decease of King Henry IV.

Honest Davy the butler should not be forgotten. He seems to have been his master's indispensable factotum.

> Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy, let me see; yea, marry, William cook, let him come hither. . . . . Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.†

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* *Henry IV.*, Part II., act v. sc. ii. † *Ibid.*, act v. sc. i.

The Justice Shallow of the comedy and the histories is the same man, "Robert Shallow, Esquire, in the County of Gloster, justice of peace and coram." The grievance against Falstaff must have been of such old standing that there was time for the animosity to cool, for when the knight goes down to Gloucestershire to recruit for soldiers, he is received with a hearty welcome, and reminded of their mad pranks in London more than fifty years before.

On the strength of their ancient friendship, Sir John manages to wheedle the justice out of a loan of a thousand pounds, to be repaid whence Prince Hal comes to the throne. We all know the melancholy sequel.

There is only one of the minor characters left, of whom I have not spoken in the connection of the comedy with the histories. This is Robin, the page.

He is first introduced as a small boy in the *Merry Wives*, on the refusal of Pistol and Nym, as the go-between of Falstaff and the ladies. When he delivers his message that Falstaff is at the backdoor, Mrs. Page says: "You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?" *

In the first part of *Henry IV.* the page is not introduced; but in the second part he is rather conspicuous and more advanced in his bearing, having, it is to be supposed, grown in the interval. In act i. sc. ii. he follows the knight, carrying his sword and buckler. In act ii. sc. ii. he is introduced by Prince Henry as "the boy that I gave Falstaff; he had him from me a Christian, and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him into an ape." He is sufficiently advanced to hold his own, and is rewarded by the Prince for his sharp retorts in chaffing Bardolph.

He is with Falstaff on his second visit to Justice Shallow after the battle of Bramham Moor, and returns with his master to London. In *Henry V.* he is present at the death of Falstaff.*

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* *Merry Wives*, act iii. sc. iii.

He is next found in attendance on the three confederates, Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph, during the war in France. His opinion of the character of his employers we have already seen. He further says, "I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; . . . . I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up."† It is to be supposed he did so, for he does not appear again.

Before concluding I wish to say a few words on the chronology of the plays in which Falstaff is introduced. Chronology is not treated by Shakespeare with anything like pedantic adherence. The dates of events are made quite subservient to dramatic effect, and no one wishes it to be otherwise; at the same time it is interesting to ascertain what relation the ideal world called up by the dramatist bears to the actual contemporary events as recorded in history. The three historical plays commence with the accession of King Henry IV., in September, 1399, and terminate with the battle of Agincourt, October 25, 1415, embracing thus a period of sixteen years.

The intimacy of Prince Henry with Falstaff had commenced before the accession of his father, for in the very first scene the king exclaims—

Thou mak'st me sad,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry.‡

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* *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. iii.

† *Ibid.*, act iii. sc. ii.

‡ *Henry IV.*, Part I., act i. sc. i.

In the next scene the Prince and Falstaff are represented as boon companions.

The battle of Shrewsbury, which is brought within the scope of the play of *Henry IV.*, Part I., and at which Falstaff was present, was fought on the 22nd July, 1403.

The battle of Bramham Moor, which broke the power of Archbishop Scroop and the northern lords, and at which the Prince and Falstaff are represented in the second part of *Henry IV.* as being present, occurred on the 19th of February, 1408, leaving an interval of five years between the two plays. After the battle and the capture of Sir John Coleville by Falstaff, Bardolph announces, "The army is discharged all and gone." Falstaff replies, "Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him."* Thither he accordingly repairs, and there, as we have seen, Pistol arrives post haste with the news of the king's death. It would appear, then, from the play that Henry IV. died soon after the battle in Yorkshire. In point of fact there was an interval of five years between the two events, the accession of Henry V. having occurred on the 21st March, 1413.

According to Shakespeare, then, the intimacy of the Prince and Falstaff must have continued unbroken during a period of more than fifteen years. This is quite consistent with the representations of the knight's condition at successive periods, comparing the comedy with the histories.

We do not go to Shakespeare for the history of England any more than we should go to Homer for a history of Greece. It is enough that each of them has lit up the story of his country's worthies with a glory which will never fade.

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* *Henry IV.*, Part II., act iv. sc. iv.

Connected in some measure with the chronology is the local colour and surroundings of the characters in the plays. In the dramas now under consideration this is undoubtedly of the Elizabethan age. The transactions are of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the stately blank verse of the royal and noble personages may suit any age; but in the familiar conversations, jokes, repartees, and allusions, the manners, customs, dress, and language of the glorious days of good Queen Bess are unmistakably represented. The Gloucestershire squire has no flavour of the wars of the Roses about him, although he talks so familiarly of John of Gaunt. Sir Hugh Evans is certainly no Catholic priest. Page and Ford are tradesmen of the sixteenth or even the seventeenth century. Pistol is a specimen of the swaggering ruffians who derived their manners and language from Leicester's expedition to the Low Countries. The description of the dresses, the trussing of points of the men, and the thrummed hat and muffler of the women are of the Elizabethan period. Shakespeare depicted human nature as applicable to all ages and places, but he embodied it in forms the most intelligible to those for whom he wrote.

The object of this paper has been to endeavour to show the consistent connection of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* with the historic plays; that our great dramatist did not work at random, and in the comedy attach a new piece of cloth to an old garment; that he had from the first in his mind's eye the conception of the whole of the characters in their several relations, so that in working out the result there is a harmony and completeness pervading the whole. The mistake made by the critics has been in insisting that the comedy must have been written after the histories, and that, therefore, its place in point of time must be subsequent. To me this conclusion appears entirely contrary to all the facts of the case, and the proofs of this I have set forth to the best of my power. In any event, the more we contemplate these marvellous creations the more we are struck with the subtle power of the great artist. The materials with which he had to work were of the most commonplace order—a gross, sensual, loose living old man; a wild, madcap prince; a few followers, little, if any, better than common thieves; a pair of tradesmen, with their wives in a country town; two women of indifferent character; a country justice and his friends; and in the comedy, the parson, doctor, and host. Out of these unpromising materials Shakespeare has woven a tissue of cloth of gold, which will compare with Homer's shield of Achilles for the variety and interest of the scenes depicted, but of a more homely and genial character. So long as human nature remains the same, so long as the English language is spoken, so long will the wit, the humour, the abandon, the fun of Falstaff and his companions continue to delight successive generations for ages to come.

THE SUICIDAL CHARACTER OF HUME'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY HENRY H. HOWORTH, F.S.A.

[Read February 9, 1880.]

What is Truth? said Pilate to Christ, and there was no answer.

THE deep yearning after truth, which is the undying heritage of the human race, and which nerves men in every succeeding generation to throw plummet after plummet into the deep blue of the unknown world with a perpetual confession of failure and yet with perennial hope, is a singularly suggestive fact. Those whose sympathies are with the untried possibilities of the future, and who shrink away from the fascinating pessimism which is now so fashionable, would find it hard to evolve either hope or despair from the strange sphynx-like silence with which the greatest Moral Teacher the world has seen met the burning question put by Pilate. The same question has probably been put by men of all races and creeds from the days of the world's childhood to those of its prime with one result—one persistent hollow echo as meaningless as the voice which children hear in an open shell. It is not all who have survived this paralyzing confession with equanimity. Some great and acute thinkers who have traced out the story, find that it may best be compared to the never-ending toil which was imposed upon Sisyphus; to a constant sowing, spring after spring, with the same barren harvest in each succeeding autumn. Having seen a hundred schemes worked out which seemed to their authors to have solved the paradox, and seen again within a few years the much-vaunted key to the treasure-chest shown to be worthless, and the proof-armour in which the solution was supposed to be encased riddled through and through with keenly-tempered shot,—they have boldly faced the whole crowd of anxious workers and bidden them go back and cease the quest, declaring that every tool in their hands was an imposture, and every step they took was as aimless as the flight of bats in a dark cavern. That, far from men having been endowed with eyes that can look at the sun, they were born utterly blind and were being duped at every corner by the guides who professed to show them which way the maze might be threaded, and that the wisest man was he who, like Gallio, folded his arms and confessed that he cared not for these things.

The inquirers who have taken this view were represented most typically in the ancient world by Pyrrho and in the modern by Hume. Hume's position was, that a man is the object of perpetual deception on the part of his faculties, and that universal doubt is the goal of all philosophical inquiry. Hume is a great figure in the history of Thought. He has been described as the last of the English philosophers. I suppose no one who has cared for metaphysics has not at one time or other been fascinated by his arguments and style and become, at least temporarily, his disciple; while every succeeding philosopher, from Kant to Herbert Spencer, has been more or less affected by his conclusions. The question I propose for your solution this evening is whether those conclusions are sound or no. Is the scheme he worked out unanswerable, as a great and acute thinker says, or is it pervaded throughout with sophistical inferences which entirely take away from its value as a serious foundation for opinion?

In the first place, then, his conclusions are at direct issue with the views held by the crowd. To the rabble, as he called them, not only is his philosophy *caviare*, but it is sheer madness. Reid and his followers, who professed to answer Hume, iterate this aspect of scepticism without ceasing. With them (as with Dr. Johnson, when he proved the existence of matter by kicking the table) it is a constant quotation of the universal experience of mankind against the ingenious and, so far as they go, apparently unanswerable sophistries of Hume, with a running homily on the terrible consequences that must follow the holding of views such as his; and assuredly, as Mr. Spencer says, Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind* contains no disproof of scepticism, but is little more than a protest against it (*Westminster Review*, New Series, iv. 515). This form of protest is conveniently parried by Hume's friends. He did not profess to defend the philosophic creed of the masses; and, indeed, he affected to despise the crowd as a judge of such questions at all. He did not profess that the answer, which he propounds to the great riddle of philosophy, lies at the elbow of every casual person. His own words are: "If truth be at all within the reach of human capacity, 'tis certain it must lie very deep and abstruse; and to hope we shall arrive at it without pains, must certainly be esteemed sufficiently vain and presumptuous. I pretend to no such advantage in the philosophy I am going to unfold, and would esteem it a strong presumption against it were it so very easy and obvious" (*A Treatise on Human Nature*, ed. Green, i. 306). When the crowd said to Hume: "We have no need of arguments or elaborate reasoning, our case can be proved by an immediate appeal to consciousness; we *feel* that what we are now we were formerly; we *feel* that there is an actual world outside ourselves, etc., etc.; and this direct testimony of consciousness is the basis of the conviction of mankind, which is at issue with your conclusions;"—Hume replied: "I grant all this; I grant that your consciousness tells you so, and so does mine; but I claim to prove that you are being duped and deceived by your consciousness, and to show by an elaborate process of reasoning which is neither easy nor obvious, but is conclusive that you are being so duped." His appeal is from direct consciousness to the results of a process of reasoning, and to reiterate the testimony of direct consciousness, as Reid did, is at first sight most objectionable; but if we examine the matter more closely we shall find that it is rather to Reid's mode of stating his case to which exception may be taken than to the essential element in his position which is a reasonable one and which is, in fact, the same as the protest which was made by Mr. Spencer in regard to some of the arguments of Mr. J. S. Mill. Criticizing a position taken up by Mill, he says, "Here, and throughout the whole of his argument, Mr. Mill assumes that there is something more certain in a demonstration than in anything else—some necessary truth in the steps of our reasoning which is not possessed by the axioms they start from" (*Westminster Review*, New Series, iv. 525). A demonstration differs from an immediate datum of consciousness in being an argument of many steps instead of an argument by one step. There is no substantive difference between them at all as criteria of truth. And, as Mr. Spencer says, "if reason be fallacious it is manifestly impossible to shake an argument of one step by an argument of many steps" (*id.* 537). Each successive step involves fresh possibilities of error. Each complication makes an argument manifestly open to new objections, and it is not possible that the chain should be stronger than any one of its individual links. When, therefore, Hume appeals from direct consciousness to the results of an elaborate reasoning process and finds the conclusion he arrives at by the latter at issue with the former, it is at least a reasonable view for the crowd to urge that in regard to the result the balance of probability is that they are right, for their method is simpler and more direct. This is a protest which, *pro tanto*, is, of course, good as against many other fantastic results at which philosophers have arrived. They also claim to revise the teaching of consciousness by an appeal to an elaborate argument derived from the statements of consciousness, and to put a complex against a simple answer. But we may go much further than this. Where the result of a reasoning process is at direct issue with that of an appeal to consciousness, it at once raises at least a presumption that this reasoning process is not a legitimate one but is vitiated at some point or other by sophistical arguments. As Mr. Spencer has it in a very pregnant sentence—

> "Have we not cause to think," he says, "that there exists some unestablished principle of reasoning, some principle which, though instinctively acted upon, is not entered among our logical canons? That men should have constructed so many systems of thought which we hold to be irrational yet cannot satisfactorily refute, is strong ground for suspecting this. The possibility of defending theories so utterly at variance with universal belief as Idealism and Scepticism, and the doctrines of Fichte and Hegel, implies one of two things: either that there is some fundamental flaw in the modes of argument pursued, or that reason necessarily leads to unreasonable conclusions. Can there be any doubt which of these is the more probable? It is much easier to suppose that particular thinkings are incidentally fallacious than that all thinking is essentially fallacious" (*Westminster Review*, New Series, iv. 513).

Let us, then, examine Hume's method closely. He professes to found his argument on the results obtained by Locke and Berkeley. Locke's position, to use his own words, was this: "Since," he says, "there appear not to be any ideas in the mind, before the senses have conveyed any in, I conceive that ideas in the understanding are coeval with sensation, which is such an impression made in some part of the body as produces some perception in the understanding. It is about these impressions made on our senses by outward objects that the mind seems first to employ itself in such operations as we call perception, remembering, consideration, reasoning, etc. In time the mind comes to reflect on its own operations about the ideas got by sensation, and thereby stores itself with a new set of ideas, which I call ideas of reflection. These impressions that are made on our senses by outward objects, that are extrinsical to the mind; and its own operations, proceeding from powers intrinsical and proper to itself, which, when reflected on by itself, becomes also objects of its contemplation, are, as I have said, the original of all knowledge" (*Locke, Human Understanding*, Book II., chap. i. sec. 23 and 24.) Locke, in fact, reduced knowledge to ideas generated in the mind by contact with the outside world, and to the product of the combination of these ideas. Beyond this, according to him, the mind knows nothing. He held, however, that there was an outside world which generated these ideas. His own words are, "all simple ideas, all sensible qualities carry with them a supposition of a substratum to exist in, and of a substance wherein they inhere." On the nature of this substance or matter he also had a theory. He divided the qualities of matter into two kinds, primary and secondary; and of these he says: "The primary qualities of bodies are the bulk, figure, number, situation, motion, and rest of their solid parts; these are in them whether we perceive them or no; and when they are of that size that we can discover them we have by then an idea of the thing as it is in itself. . . . Thus the ideas of primary qualities are resemblances of them, and their patterns do really exist in the bodies themselves. But the ideas produced in us by the secondary qualities have no resemblance of them at all. There is nothing like them existing in the bodies themselves. They are in the bodies; we denominate from them only a power to produce these sensations in us, and what is sweet, blue, or warm in idea is but the certain bulk, figure, and motion of the insensible parts in the bodies themselves which we call so."

The famous Bishop Berkeley, in his struggle with materialism, accepted Locke's analysis of the origin of knowledge, but he carried it much further. If our knowledge, he argued, consists but of ideas, that is of affections of our own mind; if we can know nothing of anything beyond or behind them, why postulate matter or substance at all? Why postulate it in the case of primary any more than of secondary qualities? He accordingly concluded that there is no matter nor substance underlying phenomena. That mind and its affections are the only real existences, and that matter is an unwarrantable premise. He denied, in fact, the existence of the outside world, and reduced everything to phenomena of his own mind. His famous scheme of Philosophy, which I hope to bring before you in greater detail on another occasion, is known as Idealism. Hume took up the question at this point, and carried it to its logical issue. Applying Berkeley's method (by which he endeavoured to show the non-existence of matter) to mind, he called in question the existence of mind apart from the ephemeral phenomena of thought, and contended that it was an unwarrantable postulate, and by denying personal identity, that continuous consciousness we call self, he drove his spear into the inmost recesses of the philosophical creed of the crowd.

The following passage is a famous one, and has been often quoted. It occurs in the fourth part of his *Treatise on the Human Understanding*, where having argued that he could not perceive anything simple and continued, which he called himself, apart altogether from his perceptions, and which he says some metaphysicians claimed to perceive, he goes on to say:—

> But setting aside some metaphysicians of this kind, I may venture to affirm of the rest of mankind that they are nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement. Our eyes cannot turn in their sockets without varying our perceptions; our thought is still more variable than our sight; and all our other senses and faculties contribute to this change. Nor is there any single power of the soul which remains unalterably the same, perhaps, for one moment. The mind is a kind of theatre, where several perceptions successively make their appearance; pass, repass, glide away, mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations. There is properly no simplicity in it at one time, nor identity in different, whatever natural propension we may have to imagine that simplicity and identity. The comparison of the theatre must not mislead us. They are the successive perceptions only that constitute the mind; nor have we the most distant notion of the place where these scenes are represented, or of the materials of which it is composed.

He then proceeds elaborately to argue that our notions of personal identity proceed entirely from the smooth and uninterrupted progress of the thought along a train of connected ideas (Green, *op. cit.* 541), and to contend that the connecting bond underlying all the succession of ideas is a fiction of the mind. In the appendix he adds the following sentence: "When I turn my reflection on *myself* I can never perceive this *self* without some one or more perceptions, nor can I ever perceive anything but the perceptions. 'Tis the composition of these, therefore, that forms the self" (*id.* 588).

This was carrying the sceptical method in philosophy to its ultimate conclusion; and John Stuart Mill, in a famous chapter of his Answer to Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, carries the argument no further; when postulating Hume's conclusion he endeavours to show, by a curiously circular argument, how consciousness arrived at a notion of an underlying substance to mind, which he defines as "a permanent possibility of sensation."

The question I wish to raise this evening is, whether Hume's argument as here condensed is logically sound or not. If it be not logically sound, then assuredly while we continue to admire his limpid style and attractive method we shall cease to be inspired by what we have shewn to be sophistical.

The first observation which suggests itself on reading the very ingenious chapter, from which the greater part of the above extracts are taken, is the difficulty which human language has, to find terms in which Hume's problem can even be stated intelligibly, so contrary is it to the everyday creed of the world. Assuredly, to speak of *a consciousness* of *a succession*, which is not *continuous* with *the succession; a consciousness* of *change* or *variation*, which is not *concurrent* both with the vanishing and coming phenomenon as well as with the transition from one to the other is—to use language that is unintelligible, that cannot be translated into a definite notion; is to present to the mind a contradiction in terms which it can only view as an impossibility. Again, the image of the theatre is misleading in a much more important respect than that referred to by Hume. It is not an outside spectator viewing a passing panorama on a stage to which the mind can in any way be compared; but it is the panorama itself, conscious of the various scenes along its whole length, conscious of a series of pictures with which it is itself continuous, and of the change from one picture to the next one, and that it is itself the same throughout the various differences. This is the testimony of consciousness as to what the mind is, and if this testimony is misleading it is this particular deceptino which has to be met and not the misleading conception of a mind wholly detached from its successive thoughts.

Let us now turn from the difficulties of expression which are patent in Hume's exposition of his theory to the actual thesis itself, and see if we can fare any better in getting a clear grasp of any tangible problem. Hume's argument is that, since we cannot discriminate and separate any continuous *self* distinct from the passing panorama of thought, that such a self is a useless and unwarranted postulate, and that it should be discarded altogether, thereby reducing existence to a mere bundle of perceptions which succeed one another, a series of discrete ideas, a train of unconnected phenomena. The question we would ask is, Is it possible to realize in any way that consciousness is cognizant of a series without being continuous with and privy to the whole series? If it be not so continuous, but be itself broken up into discrete and substantive fragments, each co-extensive with each of its several thoughts or ideas, and having no continuity at all, it seems impossible to understand how it can be conscious of the series at all. The eye sees a row of balls because its field of vision is continuous with them all. If its field of vision could only take in one ball at a time, it could not see a series at all, and so with the other senses. It is no more possible for my mind at least, to grasp the notion of a discontinuous consciousness, cognizant of continuity among its ideas, than to realize how a linen band broken into a number of detached fragments can hold together the several pictures in a panorama. The fact is that the only logical conclusion of Hume's argument, if the argument be valid, is to use his own words applied elsewhere to another problem altogether: " The mind should not go beyond what is *immediately* present to the senses, either to discover the real existence or the relation of objects" (*op. cit.*, 241). The instant, present, actually existent thought is the only one we ought to admit unless we postulate that we have a consciousness which can be co-extensive with and underlie two entirely different aud successive thoughts or, as Hume calls them, perceptions. It is most clear that if Hume's professed conclusion be sustainable he has no business to speak of a series at all, and he should not move out of his actually existing and contemporaneous thought to find materials for an argument, for directly he does so he at once ceases to treat consciousness as discrete, and accepts it as continuous; but this is assuredly a conclusion which ties him up hand and foot. As we have seen, he does not profess that his conclusion is an immediate testimony of consciouness. Consciousness, as interpreted by the creed of the vulgar rabble whom he despised, is entirely against him. His conclusion is the result of an elaborate process of reasoning; but how can a process of reasoning or argument be constructed at all if the only permissible datum is the actually present thought? It is clear that no argument can in fact be constructed with only this element given. Here, then, is a crucial dilemma from which Hume's position cannot escape, and it is in every way a fatal one.

But let us continue our analysis somewhat further. Hume, as we know, does build up a long and ingenious argument. How, then, does he evade the dilemma? Assuredly by a huge *petitio principii* of the most sophistical character. Let us see. He rightly says that it is memory alone which acquaints us with the continuance and extent of the succession of perceptions, which he says are the source (the vulgar rabble calls them the evidence) of personal identity. "Had we no memory," he says, "we never should have any notion of causation, nor consequently of that chain of causes and effects which constitutes (again the rabble would say which evidences) ourself or person" (*id.* 542). He accordingly goes on to utilize memory and its records, and to draw weapons for his battle from its recesses; but what has he to do with memory? Memory is the record of the mind's past acts and feelings, but to him that past belongs not to himself at all. If the acts and feelings which profess to be recorded there are discontinuous and have no bond of union among them, how can the record be appealed to when the question of continuity is the one at issue? I, whose sole possession in the shape of real knowledge is the thought actually present, cannot travel away to thoughts which belonged not to the same being as the one now arguing. With Hume every act of consciousness is a distinct and separate being; and as there is, according to his conclusion, no privity between these several acts of consciousness, he cannot hypothecate as a premise a connection between the records of those acts. For the record is in the very mind, whose continuity he disputes; is the direct evidence upon which consciousness rests its conclusion that a continuous self does exist. To appeal to memory, the record of experience, for data, from which you deduce the conclusion that memory, as the record of experience, does not, in fact, exist, is assuredly logical juggling. If you admit the validity of the testimony of memory at all, you can only do so by postulating memory as continuous with its records, that is, in fact, by postulating the very self which you profess to disprove. The appeal to memory by one holding Hume's conclusions, therefore, is most illegitimate; and this being so, we cannot permit him to appeal to it in his argument, for that argument becomes in doing so suicidal, but without this appeal he is helpless, he cannot move at all. Whence the only conclusion possible is that his argument, plausible as it may at first seem, is sophistical, and sins against the cardinal law of logic, that you must not question in your conclusion what you hypothecate in your premises. When we approach Hume in this fashion, we shall see that not in one point only, but, as a whole, the fabric of his reasoning is honeycombed with the same logical inconsequence.

His position he avowedly bases on the conclusions of Locke and Berkeley. These conclusions are the fundamental postulates of his argument, but they necessitate the granting of personal identity at every turn. How could Locke show that knowledge was originally derived from experience without an appeal to the growth of the mind and to its history as calendared by memory. Berkeley's argument implies the same postulate everywhere, and yet this most necessary postulate it is the main boast of Hume to destroy the validity of. I need not enlarge on this aspect of the case, which I argued out long ago for myself, and which has recently been admirably illustrated in Mr. Green's edition of Hume's works, and will content myself with quoting two or three passages from his pages. Speaking of some of Hume's conclusions, Mr. Green says:

> Such a doctrine—a doctrine founded on the testimony of the senses which ends by showing that the senses testify to nothing—cannot be criticised step by step according to the order in which its author puts it, for its characteristic is that, in order to state itself, it has to take for granted popular notions which it afterwards shows to be unmeaning. Its power over ordinary thinkers lies just in this, that it arrives at its destructive result by means of propositions which everyone believes, but to the validity of which its result is really fatal. An account of our primitive consciousness, which derives its plausibility from availing itself of the conceptions of cause and substance is the basis of the argument which reduces these conceptions to words misunderstood. It cannot, therefore, be treated by itself as it stands in the first part of the *Treatise on the Understanding*, but must be taken in connection with Part IV., especially with the section on "Scepticism with regard to the Senses;" not upon the plan of discrediting a principle by reference to the "dangerous" nature of its consequences, but because the final doctrine brings out the inconsistencies lurking in that assumed to begin with" (*op. cit.*, 132, 133).

Again, he says, "If the fourth book of the *Treatise of Human Nature*, with its elimination of the idea of body, had come before the second would not the plausibility of the origin of mathematical ideas contained in the latter have disappeared? And, conversely, if these ideas had been reduced to that which upon elimination of the idea of body they properly become would not that 'propensity to feign,' which is to take the place of the excluded idea, be itself unaccountable?" (*Id.* 192.) Again, speaking of Hume's doctrine of space, he says, "The passage, in fact, is merely one sample of the continued shuffle by which Hume on the one hand ascribes to feeling that intelligible content which it only derives from relation to objects of thought, and on the other disposes of these objects because they are not feelings (*id.* 197). Again, in regard to his doctrine of causation, "After this manner, however, he will go about with his reader. The supposed 'objective basis' of knowledge is to be made to disappear, but in such a way that no one shall miss it. So dexterously, indeed, is this done, that perhaps to this day the ordinary student of Hume is scarcely conscious of the disappearance. Hume merely announces to begin with that he will 'postpone the direct survey of this question concerning the nature of necessary connection,' and deal first with these other two questions, viz., (1) 'For what reason we pronounce it *necessary* that everything whose existence has a beginning should also have a cause?' and (2) 'Why we conclude that such particular causes must *necessarily* have such particular effects; and what is the nature of that *inference* we draw from the one to the other, and of the *belief* we repose in it?' That is to say, he will consider the inference from cause or effect, before he considers cause and effect as a relation between objects on which the inference is supposed to depend. Meanwhile necessary connection as a relation between objects is naturally supposed in some sense or other to survive. In *what* sense the reader expects to find when these two preliminary questions have been answered. But when they have been answered, necessary connection as a relation between objects turns out to have vanished" (*id.* 243-4).

I have quoted these various passages in relation to other issues raised by Hume to show how consistent he is in his method. How, by starting with some hypothesis as the basis of his argument, he presently treats this basis as merely provisional, and we are hardly aware that in the process we have been disintegrating the foundations of the building we are rearing. Hume was much too subtle and acute a writer to allow this suicidal method to appear on the surface of his work. It is in fact buried under a most misleading arrangement of his materials. If the *Treatise on Human Nature* had been arranged in strict logical sequence it would have been too transparent a fallacy not to have been immediately detected to postulate Locke's theory of the origin of ideas, and to conclude thence that there is no personal identity; but the sophistry of the argument is in fact concealed by the bewildering manner in which he has arranged his chapters. It is only after patient reading that we discover how an ingenious writer can consign to the crucible and dissolve away in a later chapter the fundamental groundwork which he was compelled to rear in an earlier one. Like some traveller who after describing the course of a river from its origin for a long distance, till the water has changed its colour and the banks their form, should then deny that the river has any springs at all, and urge that it comes from nowhere and goes nowhither, and exists only as the rapid water just before the observer's eyes. This is the very kind of legerdemain which I referred to in my former paper.

In conclusion, let us even grant that the argument is sound and that no logical faults betray it at every turn, what is Hume's professed reason for disbelieving the evidence of consciousness as to personal identity? Let us turn to his words :

> From what impression, he asks, could the idea of self be derived? It must be some one impression that gives rise to every real idea. But self or person is not any impression, but that to which our several ideas or impressions are supposed to have a reference. If any impression gives rise to the idea of self, that impression must continue invariably the same through the whole course of our lives, since self is supposed to exist after that manner. But there is no impression constant or invariable. Pain and pleasure, grief and joy, passions and sensations succeed each other, and never all exist at the same time. It cannot therefore be from any of these impressions or from any other that the idea of self is derived, and consequently there is no such idea. Again: When I enter most intimately into what I call myself, I always stumble on some particular perception, and never can observe anything but the perception. When my perceptions are removed for any time, as by sound sleep, so long am I insensible of myself, and may be truly said not to exist (*id.* 533-4).

Here, then, are Hume's reasons : (1) We cannot detect a self independent of any particular thought. (2) As all thought is transient, we cannot therefore in thought find warrant for believing in a continuous self. In regard to the former position, he puts it more strongly in another passage, where he says, "I desire those philosophers who pretend that we have an idea of the substance of our minds, to point out the impression that produces it, and tell distinctly after what manner that impression operates and from what object it is derived. Is it an impression of sensation or of reflection. Is it pleasant, or painful, or indifferent? Does it attend us at all times, or does it only return to us at intervals? If at all intervals, at what times principally does it return, and by what causes is it produced?" (*Id.* 517.)

These questions sound at first sight tolerably plausible, and they would be so if he were arguing with those who professed to know what self, apart from all thought, was. But where is such a person to be found ? Thought is absolutely necessary to consciousness. We cannot know anything at all in the absence of thought ; we cannot be conscious of anything when we are not thinking, and all our knowledge consists of thought. Therefore, when someone asks us to describe to him self, apart from thought, we may retort that we can describe nothing apart from thought, much less the thinker. I have no independent standpoint from which I can view the problem, for the question and the answer, as I put them to myself, are merely two different forms or thought or conditions of the same thinker. The same thought, which in its ignorance puts the question, is expected in its wisdom to furnish the answer. So long as thought is necessary to consciousness it is impossible to detach it from a conscious self. To ask self to project itself for its own thought to analyze it is to ask the eye to see itself in the act of looking. As Mr. Herbert Spencer says : " That which thinks can never be the object of direct contemplation, seeing that to be so it must become that which is thought of, not that which thinks. It is impossible to be at the same time that which regards and that which is regarded " (*Westminster Review*, lx. 536). *Ex necessitate* the problem requires that thought and thinker should be united whenever the thinker is conscious. To separate them, and be conscious of the separation, is not only inconceivable, but a contradiction in terms. To divest the mind of thought is to convert it as a conscious instrument into a *tabula rasa*, and to ask a *tabula rasa* to define itself is clearly asking the echo for an answer. We can only say that consciousness gives, as one of the factors of thought, the notion that each thought is but the ephemeral and temporary aspect of the thinker, who is continuous while thought is changeable; and the burden rests on the sceptic, who, while admitting that consciousness does say so, denies its validity as a witness. It is he who is bound to produce some evidence to controvert it other than a sophistical argument. "We feel its existence," to adopt Hume's own ironical words, "and its continuance in existence, and are certain both of its identity and simplicity. The strongest sensation, the most violent passion, instead of distracting us from this view only fixes it the more intensely, and makes us consider their influence on *self* either by their pain or pleasure." Of nothing apparently are we so intimately conscious, we profess to produce no other evidence than this, which is the very best of all evidence, and we throw down the gauntlet and ask anyone who will not accept it, by any legitimate process of reasoning to disprove it.

When we are asked to define self, apart from thought, asked how and why self can remain the same while its thought varies, and how consciousness is able to testify to this, we cannot answer, any more than we can answer the question how we see. Our neighbour can tell us partially because he can examine our eyes, but he himself cannot see his own eyes in the act of looking, nor can he get beyond the mere machinery of vision. How the physical image on the retina becomes the mental image in the sensorium is altogether beyond analysis. When Hume says, in his appendix (where he confesses that in regard to this question he felt himself involved in a labyrinth), that, on turning his reflection on himself, he never could perceive anything but the perceptions and that he had no notion of self; he assuredly must mean by *notion* what he means by an impression in an earlier quoted passage, namely some sensual image or picture. In this sense it is most clear that "we have no notion of self, distinct from the particular perceptions." What we do, however, feel conscious of is that something continuous connects and links together all these particular perceptions, something we can only define by saying it has continuity and personality. Hume confesses in a curious sentence of his appendix, that *taking* his premises, the paradox involved in the fact that all our distinct perceptions are distinct existences, and that the mind never perceives any real connection among distinct existences, was to him inseparable, and too hard for his understanding. *Without accepting* his premises we may say that the mode in which consciousness works when it testifies to a continuous self is entirely beyond our reach, beyond the reach, as we believe, of any analysis. We have no organon for reaching the answer to such a riddle, and we do not care to imitate Dr. Lawrence, who applied a microscope to the brain and declared he saw no separate thought there.

The fact is, when we have analyzed Hume's case to its foundation, we find that it resolves itself into a position very nearly akin to those favoured by the scholastic philosophers of the middle ages, and preserved in such *a priori dicta* as "entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatum," etc. It amounts to no more than this, that granted a fact is attested by consciousness and that the evidence of consciousness cannot be overturned by reasoning; yet that we are not warranted in believing it, because we cannot reduce it to a mental image, and comprehend how and why it is. Because mind is not to be projected and analyzed apart from thought, any more than force or electricity or magnetism are, apart from the phenomenal circumstances associated with those powers, therefore, we must not believe in mind or in anything whose nature is occult and is known to us only by its associated factors or by its transient phenomena, even when universally attested by our only ultimate witness consciousness.

We claim, then, to have shown:—

1. That Hume cannot state his case in language which is not contradictory.
2. That his case, however stated, involves a contradiction in itself, which makes it incomprehensible.
3. That the arguments he uses to vitiate the testimony of consciousness are suicidal, and involve the questioning in his conclusion of the premises he postulates.
4. That his arguments, if they were valid, amount to this only, that consciousness is not to be believed when it affirms personal identity because it attests something of which we cannot form a distinct mental picture, and which, so long as thought is the only vehicle of mental analysis, is *ex necessitate* incapable of presentation apart from thought.

At every point, therefore, we claim that the sceptical philosophy shows itself to be suicidal, and more especially does it do so in its perfectly consistent method of refuting the axioms upon which it is itself built. This sophistry may be easily tested by erasing personal identity from the premises of the sceptical argument, when the impossibility of advancing a step will become obvious. If we cannot move a step without affirming this postulate it is clear that our reasoning process is at fault if its conclusion involves the denial of this same postulate.

CONCERNING ONE OF WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

[Read November 29, 1880.]

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God, I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

"POETRY," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "interprets in two ways : it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world ; and it interprets by expressing with inspired conviction the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*. In both ways it illuminates man ; it gives him a satisfying sense of reality, and it reconciles him with himself and the universe."

Whatever difference of opinion there may be regarding Wordsworth's place among the poets, we take it that to his poetry—having regard to its scope and purpose—such a definition as this may be fairly applied. He had little or no dramatic power, no passion, no humour; but he was essentially a poet of nature. With a keen perceptive eye he noted the beauty of flower and leaf, cloud and mountain, stream and sea, but regarded them always reflectively and in their relation to what is moral or spiritual in the lives of men. His influence is distinctly personal, and his hold upon his admirers is explained in a great measure by that fact. Unlike the greater poets, he never loses his individuality in his work. As you read him you are always conscious of the presence of the man Wordsworth. His interpretative faculty took the form of teaching, and he essayed to read a new lesson from the book of nature. Long ago men had delighted to believe that there were Naiads in the streams and nymphs in the groves, and when in later days Pan had been declared dead and all the gods had been abandoned, they had still rejoiced in the old myths and the sensuous beauty of outward things; but now there was to be a new gospel and a divine message, of which this was to be the key-note :—

On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight,
Pure, or with no complaining sadness mixed;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the mind intent to weigh
The good and evil of our moral state.
To these emotions whensoe'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance
Or from the soul—an impulse to herself—
I would give utterance in numerous verse,
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope.

And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolation in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonality spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all.

After describing a child on the sea-shore, listening to the murmur of a shell, he says:

Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you knew it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.

Many poets since Chaucer's time had sang of the beauty of flowers, but it was a new thing and an indication of a new relationship with nature for a poet to say that the meanest flower of the field could give him thoughts that often lay too deep for tears. It was new also to be told that the sight of a landscape or the memory of it could produce

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into the purer mind,
With tranquil restoration,

that it could also produce

that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened.

To Chaucer it was a source of purely sensuous delight to lie among the soft sweet grass and feast his eyes on daisies. *A Legend of Good Women* might spring therefrom, but it is the later poet, couched in like manner, who gets from the daisy thoughts like these:

> If stately passions in me burn
> And one chance look to thee should turn,
> I drink out of an humbler urn
>   A lowlier pleasure;
> The homely sympathy that heeds
> The common life, our nature breeds;
> A wisdom fitted to the needs
>   Of hearts at leisure.
>
> . . . . .
>
> And all day long I number yet
> All seasons through another debt
> Which I, wherever thou art met,
>   To thee am owing;
> An instinct call it, a blind sense;
> A happy genial influence,
> Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
>   Nor whither going.

New also was it to be told by a poet that, as he listened to the voices of nature, he could often hear

> The still, sad music of humanity,

and that he felt a presence that disturbed him

> With the joy
> Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

This changed attitude of the poet to nature marked a new era and reflected a new movement of mind, the chief feature of which consisted in an "obstinate questioning of sense and outward things." Landscapes had been fair and flowers sweet in a material sense, and poets had sung their praises objectively, but now nature was to be treated subjectively, the yellow primrose was to be something more than a yellow primrose, the discovery having been made that the individual mind was exquisitely fitted to the external world, and the external world no less exquisitely fitted to the individual mind, and that the action and reaction of these in their blended might could bring about a new creation. This new creation in its highest development became a religion of nature. The sense of beauty was not only to be "felt in the blood, but felt along the heart." Nature was capable of producing influences not only sensuous, but intellectual, moral, and emotional. It was not only the language of the sense, but

> The anchor of the purest thought, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of the heart and soul
> Of all the moral being.

This new religion had all the wonderment and worship of paganism in it without the awe and the dread. The basis of it was confiding love, and the poet believed that

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her.

Remembering all these things, it is somewhat startling to find Wordsworth, in one of his finest sonnets, more than half confessing the failure of his faith, and sending forth a cry like that "of a strong swimmer in his agony." It may have been rather the expression of a passing mood than a settled sense of despair, but certainly there can be no greater contrast than the cheerful trust and hopefulness expressed in those lines suggested by the child listening to the murmur of the shell, and the forlorn cry of the poet, as he stands looking upon the moonlit sea, and yearning for "the tender grace of a day that is dead." Had nature after all betrayed the heart that loved her?

For it must be remembered that, though Wordsworth says "the world is too much with us," and that "we have given our hearts away, a sordid boon," and therefore nature moves us not, he is speaking of himself. He has invoked that "spirit which impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things," and it has proved no more real than the gods of Hellas. It may be that there had crept into the poet's mind a consciousness of separation and a sense of the awful indifference of nature to the joys and sorrows, the hopes, and aspirations of men. Isis, in spite of all solicitations, remained veiled, and the poet had failed to look face to face with the "all that has been and shall be." Looking out upon those moonlit waters, like the ancient mariner, his soul was

> Alone on a wide wide sea :
> So lonely 'twas, that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be.

He confesses that he would rather be a pagan and believe in the personal existence of the gods if he could but feel the sympathetic thrill between the life of nature and his own. This yearning for the pagan spirit would seem to imply a consciousness that nature had been removed further from us sympathetically with the loss of the old gods, and that in the changed relationship the modern spirit of nature, which had been invoked, had proved after all only a pathetic fallacy. This failure to find a god in nature implied no disbelief in a god outside it. It was the result of an endeavour to feel influences which were only consistent with pagan conditions. The something more of the yellow primrose proved but a vague illusory impersonal thing, lacking the glow and thrill of the pagan idea. Without attaching undue importance to this sonnet or unduly straining its meaning, it does seem like a temporary breakdown of the poet's faith. The time is a materialistic one, satisfied with the physical facts of nature and knowing no other or higher communion. The poet himself feels that influence upon him, and for the time being is out of tune with nature. Whither has it fled, that "presence which disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts"—where is now the glory and the freshness of that dream? The presence would be welcome if it would take the form of Proteus or old Triton. The consciousness of the loss of an old influence and the pining for what is not, which Wordsworth expresses in this sonnet, are evidences of a changed relationship to nature, which Ruskin has well described in a passage in *Modern Painters*, illustrative of this contrast of the modern with the Greek mind. He says:—

> With us, observe, the idea of the Divinity is apt to get separated from the life nature; and imagining our God upon a cloudy throne, far above the earth, and not in the flowers or waters, we approach those visible things with a theory that they are dead, governed by physical laws and so forth. But coming to them we find the theory fail; that they are not dead; that, say what we choose about them, the instinctive sense of their being alive is too strong for us; and in scorn of all physical law, the wilful fountain sings, and the kindly flowers rejoice. And their puzzled, and yet happy; pleased, and yet ashamed of being so; accepting sympathy from nature, which we do not believe it gives, and giving sympathy to nature, which we do not believe it receives—mixing, besides, all manner of purposeful play and conceit with these involuntary fellowships—we fall necessarily into the curious web of hesitating sentiment, pathetic fallacy, and wandering fancy, which form a great part of our modern view of nature. But the Greek never removed his god out of nature at all; never attempted for a moment to contradict his instinctive sense that God was everywhere. "The tree *is* glad," said he, "I know it is; I can cut it down: no matter there was a nymph in it. The water *does* sing," said he; "I can dry it up; but no matter there was a naiad in it." But in thus clearly defining his belief, observe he threw it entirely into a human form, and gave his faith to nothing but the image of his own humanity. What sympathy and fellowship he had were always for the spirit *in* the stream, not for the stream; always for the dryad *in* the wood, not for the wood.

This spectacle of the Christian poet standing upon the sea-shore and avowing his readiness to be "a pagan suckled in a creed outworn," if he could but get glimpses that would make him less forlorn, reminds us that other poets of our time have made these laments upon the decay of the old gods, and of the separation of the world from its early loves. Mr. Swinburne, in his way, is very much of a pagan, and in his *Hymn to Proserpine*, after the proclamation in Rome of the Christian faith, thus describes—one is inclined to think not unsympathetically—the effects of the downfall of paganism :

> Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean ; the world has grown grey from thy breath ;
> We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death.
>
> . . . .
>
> O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of racks and rods !
> O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted gods !
> Though all men abase them before you in spirits and all knees bend,
> I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing loose to the end,
> All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
> Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past :
>
> . . . .
>
> Of the maiden thy mother men sing as a goddess with grace clad around ;
> Thou art throned where another was king; where another was queen she is crowned.
> Yea once we had sight of another ; but now she is queen, say these.
> Not as thine, not as thine, was our mother, a blossom of flowering seas,
> Clothed round with the world's desire as with raiment and fair as the foam,
> And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess and mother of Rome.
> For thine came pale and a maiden and sister to sorrow ; but ours,
> Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and colour of flowers,
> White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour, a flame,
> Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her name.
> For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves and rejected, but she
> Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea.

No poet of modern times has identified himself so closely with nature as Keats. He was a pagan, not in the Greek sense, but of the later time. His attitude to nature was that of purely sensuous enjoyment. Compare Wordsworth's sonnet with this one, the sea being the subject of both :—

> It keeps eternal whisperings around
> Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
> Glads twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
> Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound,
> Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
> That scarcely will the very smallest shell
> Be moved for days from whence it some time fell;
> When last the winds of heaven were unbound,
> Oh ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
> Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea,
> Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
> Or fed too much with cloying melody,
> Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
> Until ye start as if the sea-nymphs quired!

There is nothing here but "sensations sweet felt in the blood." Keats never went beyond that. You have none of these "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things." When Shelley, in his *Adonais*, speaks of him as being "made one with nature," he but makes the poet's death a consummation of his efforts in life. His lament for the dead Pan is one expressive only of regret for the departure of lost delights, nothing deeper than that. He says:—

> Glory and Loveliness have pass'd away;
> For if we wander out in early morn,
> No wreathed incense do we see upborne
> Into the east to meet the smiling day,
> No crowd of nymphs, soft-voiced and young and gay,
> In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
> Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
> The shrine of Flora in her early May.

With him—

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In one of his letters he says, "As to the poetical character itself (I mean that sort of which if I am anything I am a member, that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian, or egotistical sublime, which is a thing *per se* and stands alone), it is not itself, it has no self, it is everything and nothing, it has no character, it enjoys light and shade, it lives in gusto be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated, it has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights the cameleon poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste for the bright one, because both end in speculation. A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in for and filling some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are creatures of impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity. . . . . It is a wretched thing to confess, but it is a very fact that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it, when I have no nature?" Like Uranus, in his own *Hyperion*, he would say—

> I am but a voice;
> My life is but the life of winds and tides,—
> No more than winds and tides can I avail.

Space will not permit us to deal longer with this subject; let us say, however, that Coleridge, a landscape poet like Wordsworth, and equally subjective, assumes the true attitude, and strikes the correct note, we believe, when he says in his ode on *Dejection*—

> All this long eve, so balmy and serene
> Have I been gazing on the western sky
> And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
> And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
> And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
> That give away their motion to the stars;
> Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
> Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen;
> Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew
> In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue,—
> I see them all so excellently fair;—
> I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail,
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life; whose fountains are within,
O, lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment—ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element

The pagan element is a conspicuous feature in modern poetry, indicating, it would seem, if not a revolt, at any rate a new departure, from the Wordsworthian school. In its sensuous form it is marked by a disposition to dwell almost exclusively with "sensations felt in the blood," and mostly in a very fleshly way. In some cases the Greek mythology has been dealt with for its æsthetic beauty mainly, as in *The Earthly Paradise* by one who aims no higher than to give his hearers songs by an "idle singer of an empty day." In others, however, we have more intense feeling and a more serious purpose, "the blending of Christian thought with pagan feeling," as in *The Epic of Hades*, whose author, though dealing with old myths, is not insensible to the truth that "the poetry of earth is never dead," and who closes his epic with the assurance that—

Still the heavens lie open as of old
To the entrancèd gaze, ay, nearer far
And brighter than of yore; and Might is there,
And Infinite Purity is there, and high
Eternal Wisdom, and the calm clear face

Of Duty, and a higher, stronger Love
And Light in one, and a new reverenc'd Name,
Greater than any and combining all ;
And over all, veiled with a veil of cloud,
God set far off, too bright for mortal eyes.

. . . . . .

For while a youth is lost in soaring thought,
And while a maid grows sweet and beautiful,
And while a spring-tide coming lights the earth,
And while a child, and while a flower is born,
And while one wrong cries for redress and finds
A soul to answer.—still the world is young.

GEORGE ELIOT: A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

BY CHARLES W. SUTTON.

[Read January 24, 1881.]

AS a preface to our talk this evening about George Eliot I have, at the president's request, drawn up a rough catalogue of the writings of the great novelist and moralist, which will serve as an explanation of the various copies of her works which I have laid upon the table.

> The Life of Jesus, critically examined by Dr. David Friedrich Strauss. Translated from the fourth German edition. London: Chapman Brothers. 1846. 3 vols. 8vo.

This translation was begun by the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Charles Hennell, and completed, at Mr. Hennell's request, by her friend and bridesmaid, Mary Ann Evans. Some dozen gentlemen manifested their interest in the work by promising to defray the expense, but all, save two, failed with their money contributions when the translation was finished; and the main expense fell upon Mr. Joseph Parkes. Twenty pounds was all Miss Evans received for this important translation!

A translation of Spinoza's *Ethics* was executed by Miss Evans before 1849, while residing near Coventry. This has never been published.*

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* "The translation of Strauss and the translation of Spinoza's *Ethics* were undertaken, not by her own choice, but at the call of friendship; in the first

Her second published work was—

The Essence of Christianity. By Ludwig Feuerbach. Translated from the second German edition by Marian Evans. London: John Chapman. 1854. 8vo.

Three years previous to the publication of Feuerbach, Miss Evans removed to London, and took up her residence at Dr. Chapman's house, in the Strand, in order to assist him in editing the *Westminster Review.* Her main work on that periodical is understood to have been the supervision of the *précis* of "contemporary literature," which has long been a distinguishing feature of the *Review.* The following articles have been identified as from her pen, and some striking resemblances in style and thought between these earlier and her later writings have been traced:—The Lady Novelists: A review of works by George Sand, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Austen, and others (July, 1852)—Women in France: Madame de Sablé (October, 1854)—George Forster, the German Naturalist (October, 1856)—Worldliness and other Worldliness: A Study on the Poets Young and Cowper (Jan., 1857)—Weimar and its Celebrities (April, 1859)—Silly Novels by Lady Novelists (October, 1856)—Evangelical Teaching: Dr. Cumming (October, 1855)—Natural History of German Life (July, 1856)—German Wit: Heinrich Heine (January, 1856).

place to complete what some one else was unable to continue, and, in the second, to make the philosopher she admired accessible to a friendly phrenologist who did not read Latin. At all times she regarded translation as a work that should be undertaken as a duty, to make accessible any book that required to be read, and though undoubtedly she was satisfied that the *Leben Jesu* required to be read in England, it would be difficult to imagine a temper more naturally antipathetic to her than that of its author; and critics who talk about the 'Strauss and Feuerbach period' should be careful to explain that the phrase covers no implication that she was at any time an admirer or a disciple of Strauss."—EDITH SIMCOX, in *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1881, p. 780.

Miss Evans was an occasional contributor to the *Leader*, an "advanced" newspaper, edited by Mr. Lewes. To the first number of the *Fortnightly Review* (May 15, 1865) she contributed a review of Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism in Europe," under the title of "The Influence of Rationalism."

In 1856 the late Mr. George Henry Lewes submitted to Mr. John Blackwood, editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the manuscript of the first of the "Scenes of Clerical Life." The editor showed his fitness for that post by writing a most encouraging letter to the anonymous author, or rather to Mr. Lewes, and by accepting the tales.* "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton" was published in *Blackwood* for January and February, 1857. "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" came out in the numbers for March, April, May, and June, 1857; and "Janet's Repentance" in those for July to December in the same year. The Tales were re-issued in December, 1857, under the title:

> Scenes of Clerical Life. By George Eliot. In two volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 8vo.

It was in this work that the well-known *nom de plume* of George Eliot was first used.

Fourteen months later, in February, 1859, her first great novel was published:

> Adam Bede. By George Eliot. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. In three volumes.

Considerable curiosity was manifested as to the real author, for it was suspected that "George Eliot" was but a mask. There was, of course, no scarcity of people who not only knew who he was, but were personally acquainted with him, or with a friend who was. One said the author of "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede" was a gentleman of high-church tendencies; another declared in the *Times* that the author was Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton, Warwickshire. Notwithstanding a denial on the part of "George Eliot" that Mr. Liggins ever saw a line of those works until they were printed, the claim of that gentleman was still asserted for some time afterwards, and Mr. Liggins actually complained of ill-treatment on the part of Messrs. Blackwood; and being, it was said, in great distress, claimed public charity on the ground of having written a successful tale. In a letter to Mr. Blackwood, George Eliot said: "If those benevolent persons who persist in attributing the authorship of the works in question to Mr. Liggins will induce Mr. Liggins to write one chapter of a story, that chapter may possibly do what my denial has failed to do." It is needless to say that Mr. Liggins never published any such chapter, nor was the claim renewed when the "Mill on the Floss" appeared. Charles Dickens shrewdly guessed that George Eliot was a woman; "if not," he said, "I shall begin to think I myself am a woman." Some months afterwards, in reply to the inquiry of a friend, he wrote that the author was either Bradbury or Evans, but he thought it was *not* Bradbury.

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* "We owe to Mr. Lewes the complete works of George Eliot, not one of which would have been written, or even planned without the inspiriting influence of his constant encouragement, his obvious, unfeigned, unforced delight in her powers and success."—E. SIMCOX, in *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1881, p. 782.

The short tale entitled "The Lifted Veil" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July, 1859. "Brother Jacob" was written in 1860. Both tales are printed in the recent "Cabinet Edition" of George Eliot's works, along with "Silas Marner." A French translation of "The Lifted Veil" was given in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September, 1880. It was signed "George Eliot," but the absence of any other acknowledgment of its source misled many people who were unaware of its original appearance.

A translation of the French rendering was made by Mr. Marcus Clarke, an Australian novelist, and printed in the Melbourne *Leader* of January 15, 1881, under the title of "George Eliot's Latest and Last Story;" and the editor innocently remarked that "apart from its intrinsic merits, the fact of its being composed in a foreign language renders it an object of literary curiosity."

In April, 1860, was published:

The Mill on the Floss. In three volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

The same publishers issued in March, 1861:

Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe. In one volume. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

"Romola" was first given to the public in the numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* from July, 1862, to July, 1863, and immediately on its completion was reprinted in three volumes by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. It has also been issued by them in four other forms, and by Blackwoods in their "Cabinet Edition." The unsatisfactory illustrations by Sir Frederick Leighton, which accompanied the novel in the pages of *Cornhill*, are reproduced in the "Edition de Luxe."

Three years after the publication of "Romola" she published, in June, 1866:

Felix Holt, the Radical. Three volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

In *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of an "Address to Workmen, by Felix Holt," George Eliot gave some wholesome advice to the operative classes who had been recently enfranchised by the Reform Bill. Her next work was:

The Spanish Gypsy: a Poem. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1868.

It was originally written, the writer tells us, in the winter of 1864-5, and rewritten and amplified after a visit to Spain in 1867. It was published in June, 1868. Her second volume of poetry was:

The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1874. 12mo.

The contents of this volume are as follows: The Legend of Jubal (reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1870). Agatha (reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1869). Armgart (reprinted from *Macmillan*, July, 1871). How Lisa Loved the King (reprinted from *Blackwood*, May, 1869, being her last contribution to that magazine). A Minor Prophet. Brother and Sister. Stradivarius. Two Lovers. Arion. O, May I Join the Choir Invisible. In the second edition of the "Legend of Jubal" (cabinet edition, 1879), there are four new poems: A College Breakfast Party (written in April, 1874, printed in *Macmillan*, July, 1878). Self and Life. Sweet Evenings Come and Go, Love; and the Death of Moses. "How Lisa Loved the King" was published in a separate volume in 1869, by Osgoods, of Boston, United States.

Middlemarch: a Story of Provincial Life. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

This was originally issued in monthly volumes, beginning in December, 1871. In a similar form was published her last novel:

Daniel Deronda. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

Of this there were eight monthly parts, beginning in February, 1876.

The Impressions of Theophrastus Such. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

This appeared in June, 1879. The "Impressions" are a series of essays, or examples of popular moral errors. The titles are as follows: Looking Inward. Looking Backward. How we encourage Research. A Man surprised at his Originality. A Too Deferential Man. Only Temper. A Political Molecule. The Watch-dog of Knowledge. A Half Breed. Debasing the Moral Currency. The Wasp Credited with the Honeycomb. "So Young." How we come to give ourselves False Testimonials, and believe in them. The Too Ready Writer. Diseases of Small Authorship. Moral Swindlers. Shadows of the Coming Race. The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!

The following volumes of selections have been published:—

Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings in Prose and Verse, selected from the Works of George Eliot. By Alexander Main. . . . Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1872. 12mo.

See what the *Westminster Review* says of this compilation (vol. xli. p. 571). It thinks that "Mr. Main has done George Eliot a great wrong."

The George Eliot Birthday Book. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 12mo.

George Eliot, Fragments et Pensees, extraits et traduits des ses Œuvres, par Ch. Ritter. Geneve: Georges. 1879. 18mo.

Most of the novels have been translated into the French, German, and Dutch languages, as the following list will show:—

French.—Adam Bede, by A. Durade; Mill on the Floss, by A. Durade; Silas Marner, by Durade; Romola, by Durade; Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, by E. Pasquet; Dorlcote Mill, by E. D. Forgues in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 15, 1860; The Lifted Veil, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, September, 1880.

Dutch.—Felix Holt, by Merv. van Westrheeve, 1867, and by P. Bruyn, 1873; Middlemarch, by Merv. van Westrheeve, 1873; Adam Bede, by P. Bruyn, 1870; Mill on the Floss, by P. Bruyn, 1870; Romola, by P. Bruyn, 1870; and by J. C. van Deventer, 1864; Novelletes, by P. Bruyn, 1870.

German.—Adam Bede, by J. Frese; Silas Marner, by J. Frese, 1861; Mill on the Floss, by J. Frese, 1861; Romola, by A. v. Metzsch, 1864; Middlemarch, by E. Lehmann, 1872-3; Daniel Deronda, by Strodtmann, 1876; Felix Holt (no translator's name given), 1867. Der gelüftche Schleier, Bruder Jakob, by Lehmann.

The *Library Journal* (New York) for January, 1881, gives a list, compiled by Mr. W. E. Foster, of the principal articles on George Eliot which appeared before her death. This list, in which many additions have now been incorporated, is given below:—

Of successive general estimates may be mentioned: *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1859, where the writer of "Adam Bede" is reviewed as "Mr. Eliot."—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1860, where the tendency of her novels is estimated as mischievous.—John Morley, in *Macmillan's*, August, 1866. (Printed also in his "Critical Miscellanies," 1st series.)—Henry James, jr., on "The Novels of George Eliot," *Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1866.—R. H. Hutton, in his "Essays, Theological and Literary," vol. 2. 1871.—Justin M'Carthy, in his "Modern Leaders." 1872.—Professor Edward Dowden, in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. 20 (1872), and vol. 30 (1877). Reprinted in his "Studies of Literature." 1878.—Professor W. C. Wilkinson, on "The Literary and Ethical Quality of George Eliot's Novels," *Scribner's*, 1874, vol. 8. (Printed also in his volume, "A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters.)—Mr. G. P. Lathrop's paper on "The Growth of the Novel," in the *Atlantic*, June, 1874.—Bayard Taylor's "Diversions of the Echo Club," p. 125-26 (first printed in the *Atlantic*, June, 1872), where the characteristics of her poetry are touched on by a company of satirists.—The *London Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1874, has an article on "George Eliot and Comtism."—Mr. G. B. Smith, in *London Society*, April, May, and July, 1875, discusses certain local traits under the title of "George Eliot in Derbyshire." This has been reprinted under the title, "George Eliot in Derbyshire: a Volume of Gossip about Passages and People in the Novels of George Eliot. By Guy Roslyn (pseudonym of Joshua Hatton). Reprinted from *London Society*, with alterations and additions, and an introduction by George Barnett Smith." Ward, Lock, and Tyler. 1876.—A Note on Charlotte Brontë, by

Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus. 1877. This is largely occupied by a comparison between the work and genius of George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, the latter being considered the greater.—*Westminster Review*, July, 1878, on "George Eliot as a Novelist."—The Ethics of George Eliot's Works. By the late John Crombie Brown. Blackwoods. 1879.—Francis Maguire, junr., in *International Review*, July, 1879.—Richard Simpson in *Home and Foreign Review* (pointing out, from the Roman Catholic standpoint, her extreme unorthodoxy).—T. E. Kebbel, in *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1881, on the "Village Life of George Eliot."—*Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1881.—George Sarson, in *Modern Review*, April, 1881, on "George Eliot and Thomas Carlyle."—Professor Bayne, in the *Literary World*, January, 1881.—The *Dublin Review*, April, 1881, has an article on the "Genius of George Eliot."—*Contemporary Review*, February, 1881, on "The Moral Influence of George Eliot." By One who knew Her.—Edmond Scherer, in the *Temps* (December 26th, 1880); Andre Theuriet, in the *Parlement;* and Leo Quesnel, in *La Revue Politique et Litteraire* (Jan. 1, 1881), have given appreciate estimates of her work.—The Rev. A. B. Camm, Unitarian minister, of Blackpool, has published a lecture on "The Teachings of George Eliot: viewed in Relation to her Early Religious Belief and Later Mental Development."—A paper read before the Toronto Athenæum Club is printed in the *Canadian Spectator*, April 2, 1880. The author holds it to be "beyond a doubt" that the nineteenth century will learn to blush for the fame it has accorded to George Eliot. The appearance of this essay led to some letters of emphatic protest against this judgment.

On her poetry, see two articles, by Henry James, junr., in the *North American Review*, October, 1868, and October, 1874; also Mr. Hutton's criticism mentioned above.—H. Buxton Forman, in his work, "Our Living Poets." 1871.—G. A. Simcox, in the *Academy*, May 10th, 1874.—See also the article, by W. B. Rands ("Matthew Browne"), in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. 8. 1868.—Discriminating reviews of "The Spanish Gypsy" and "The Legend of Jubal" are found in the *Nation*, vols. 7 and 19. The former poem is the subject of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1868.

Her latest work, "Theophrastus Such," is reviewed in the *Nation*, June 19th, 1879.—The *Athenæum*, *Academy*, *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, and other journals may also be consulted.

Of her novels, there are many noteworthy critiques: On "Adam Bede," in the *Westminster Review*, April, 1859, and *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1859.—On this story see: "Seth Bede, the Methody: his Life and Labours," chiefly written by Himself. London: Tallant and Co. 1859. The same matter is discussed in "George Eliot in Derbyshire" See also George Eliot's own account of the origin of "Adam Bede," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 6, 1881.—On "The Mill on the Floss," in *Blackwood's*, May, 1860; *Westminster Review*, July, 1860.—On "Silas Marner," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, September, 1861, by C. Clarigny.—On "Romola," in the *Westminster Review*, October, 1863, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December, 1863, by P. E. D. Forques.—On "Felix Holt," in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1866; in the *North American Review*, October, 1866, by Arthur G. Sedgwick; in *Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1866; *Westminster Review*, July, 1866.—On "Middlemarch," an admirably critical article, by Friedrich Spielhagen, in *Die Gegenwart*, Nos. 10, 11, and 12, 1874. Also, in the *Catholic World*, September, 1873, and, by T. S. Perry, in the *North American Review*, April, 1873; *London Quarterly Review*, April, 1873; *Quarterly Review* (with summary of her previous works), April, 1873; *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1873; *British Quarterly Review*, April, 1873. There were also two suggestive reviews in the *Nation*, January 23rd and 30th, 1873.—On "Daniel Deronda," see the *Westminster Review*, October, 1876; *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1876; also the *Nation's* two articles, October 12th and October 19th, 1876; also, R. R. Bowker's article in the *International Review*, 1876, vol. 4; also, articles by Sidney Colvin, in the *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1876; E. P. Whipple, in the *North American Review*, January, 1877; and Henry James, junr., in the *Atlantic*, December, 1876. Mr. Wirt Sikes, in *Appletons' Journal*, September, 1877, discusses the associations of the name, "Gwendoline;" and there is also a careful study of the novel, by Wilhelm Scherer, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, February 7th, 1877.—George Eliot and Judaism. An attempt to appreciate "Daniel Deronda." By Professor David Kaufmann, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, Buda-Pesth. Translated from the German by J. W. Ferrier. Blackwoods. 1877.

Among the biographical articles which have been printed since her death are the following:—*The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily News*, and the *Standard*, December 24, 1880.—*Pall Mall Gazette* (Early Life), December 30, 1880.—*Athenæum*, January 1, 1881.—*The Academy*, January 8, 1881.—*Blackwood's Magazine* (a valuable record of the connection of George Eliot with Messrs. Blackwood), February, 1881.—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (by C. Kegan Paul), May, 1881.—*Nineteenth Century* (by Edith Simcox), May, 1881.—*Le Livre* (George Eliot à Genève, par L. Wuarin), April, 1881. The *Daily News* of December 30, 1880, gives an account of her funeral, with a report of Dr. Sadler's sermon. This is copied in the *Inquirer*, January 1, 1881.

Mr. Kegan Paul's article in *Harper's* is illustrated by the only portrait yet engraved of George Eliot. Another portrait, a photograph, has been published. There is an oil portrait by Mr. Burton in the possession of the family, and one in crayons, by Mr. Samuel Lawrence, belonging to the Messrs. Blackwood. A third is said to exist at Geneva. It was taken, according to M. Louis Wuarin (*Le Livre*, April, 1881), in the winter of 1849-50, while she was staying at the house of M. d'Albert Durade, who afterwards translated many of her novels into French. Those who knew George Eliot speak of the hopelessness of giving to posterity the aspect of her face, as known to them. Our conceptions of what she was will be greatly helped by the pen-portraits offered by Miss Simcox in the *Nineteenth Century* (May, 1881, page 800), and Mr. Kegan Paul in *Harper's* (May, 1881, page 921).

GEORGE ELIOT AS POET.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

[Read January 24, 1881.]

RECENT criticism gives us the following as its verdict on George Eliot :—" The greatest writer among Englishwomen of this or any other age." " The greatest writer" is probably a just estimate ;—the greatest writer ; but certainly not the greatest poet among Englishwomen. To have achieved a fame so massive as hers in one province of literature, however, is quite enough. For the rest she may be well content to take a lower place. It would be curious to inquire why one who had unquestionably the imaginative faculty in a supreme degree should have produced only inferior work in metrical form. Was it because she intentionally threw her whole strength into the prose novel ; or because the medium and movement of verse presented some obstacle, not easily superable, to the full exercise of her peculiar power ? Whatever may be the reason, her poetry can only be regarded as subsidiary and supplementary—a fringe, delicately woven in parts, but yet only the fringe to that great body of masculine work upon which her fame must ultimately rest. In reading her poems one naturally feels that they are the productions of one who being by nature and by choice a writer of novels had said to herself, " Now let us try our hand at poetry."

The *Legend of Jubal and Other Poems* was published in

1874. It is a small book, and is all the better for that. The fault which is expressed in Coleridge's phrase of "too muchness" is a thing to be especially avoided in verse. "Linked sweetness" is all very well; but it may be drawn out too long, at least for modern readers. On the whole poetry is, or ought to be, an essence, not a gross bulk; and we are sure that those of our writers in verse who do not know when to withhold decrease the number of their present readers, and at the same time lessen their chances of future fame. The world will not willingly let your good things die; but then you must not trouble the world—which is very busy just now, and has many things upon its mind—to hunt for your precious amaranth through too large a mass of common herbage. Ben Jonson's happy conceit on the subject of the stature of men is not inapplicable to verse:—

> In small proportions we just beauties see;
> And in short measures *books* may perfect be.

Some two hundred small pages are not more than can be endured, and the longest poem in the book would be comfortably disposed of—read, and, without undue haste, inwardly digested—in a short afternoon. A little more than half of the volume had been published before in *Macmillan*, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in *Blackwood;* the rest was new, and it is in that new portion that the gems of the whole are to be found. I do not care much for the *Legend of Jubal.* It is an exercise, and a worthy one; but it is not an inspiration. The measure, too, is against it. The rhymed heroic is not the proper medium for narrative. It is all you need for didactic and satirical poems, in which point and polish and balanced antithesis are the first requisites; but for the purpose of conveying a story it is much inferior to our English blank verse, or to the true romance measure, the octosyllabic. Take the opening lines of *Jubal:*—

> When Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
> He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
> Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
> Save pure field fruits, as aromatic things,
> To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
> That lived on fragrance for their food and wine.

In true lyric poetry the rhymes become, so to speak, interfused, but in such a passage as this it is evident that they have been a clog upon the free motion of the writer; and to the reader they give no pleasure, but seem only gratuitous excrescences. Now and then we get a good sonorous couplet, as upon the next page—

> His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
> And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

But then such couplets are infrequent, and, if they were numerous, they would be wearisome. Notwithstanding the peculiar use made of this measure by Chaucer, by his disciple Mr. Morris, and by others, it is not, I repeat, suitable for narrative; and when used at all it should be written with that precision and regularity which distinguish the frigid school of Pope. While speaking of measure we may note a curious tendency in the author to spoil her lines by treating as dissyllables words which should only be pronounced as of one syllable. I wonder how the reader is expected to scan the following—

> And still his lyre gave companionship.

Or this one, which occurs a few pages further on—

> Knew that true heaven, the recovered past.

"Lyre" in prose or verse is but one syllable, and "heaven," for metrical purposes—except perhaps at the close of a line and as a double rhyme—should always be used as a monosyllable. While alluding to minor defects such as these, we must not be supposed to overlook the many beautiful passages to be found scattered over a poem which, as we have indicated, is unsatisfactory as a whole. Here is a fine touch on the subject of evening:—

> When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
> When imminence of change makes sense more fine
> And light seems holier in its grand decline.

And the following on the calm restfulness of the early world is delicately put:—

> Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
> There was no need for haste to finish aught:
> But sweet beginnings were repeated still
> Like infant babblings that no task fulfil;
> For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will.

Few of the poems in this volume are without a purpose; in most of them, indeed, there is a strong didactic undercurrent. In *Jubal* the problem is the artist in his relation to death; in *Armgart* it is the artist in relation to marriage; and in *Agatha*—a sweet and natural poem, evidently done from the life—the author gives us a study of a devout and utterly unselfish soul dwelling in peace among the mountains, and exhibiting the contact of mediæval piety with some of the forms of modern life. From *Armgart* I extract a passage, the appositeness of which those who are familiar with the present condition of the lyric stage will well understand:—

> Quit your *Orpheus* then,
> And sing in farces grown to operas,
> Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
> Is tickled with melodic impudence:
> Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
> Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
> And set the splendid compass of your voice
> To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
> To be an artist—lift your audience
> To see your vision, not trick forth a show
> To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

I have said that the most precious part of this book is in its later pages. I alluded to the eleven sonnets which bear the title *Brother and Sister*, and are dated 1869. These are to be read consecutively, and form a complete poem, the sonnet-form being used as a stanza. A deep feeling moves through them all, and the emotion is personal, the story being that of the writer and her elder brother. This little series is alone sufficient to float the volume; and there are few readers who would not find themselves charmed by its freshness and simplicity. I give the first sonnet in full:—

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.
He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.
I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.
If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath;
Wherever he said "Come!" I stepped in faith.

The following from the second sonnet has quite a flavour of Shakspere:—

The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,
The bunchèd cowslip's pale transparency
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories,
And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.

And this, the first quatrain in the third sonnet, will be remembered and quoted for its sweet tenderness along with certain lines in Cowper's poem "On the receipt of my mother's picture," and those in the sonnet on "Catechising," in which Wordsworth alludes to the loss of his mother:—

Our mother bade us keep the trodden ways,
Stroked down my tippet, set my brother's frill,
Then with the benediction of her gaze
Clung to us lessening, and pursued us still.

The last sonnet of this series is also worth giving in full. Its autobiographical allusions come straight from the heart; and the conceit in the final couplet is both delicate and touching :—

School parted us ; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits mingled
Like scents from varying roses that remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.
Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue :
We had been natives of one happy clime,
And its clear accent to our utterance clung.
Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range,
Two elements which sever their life's course.
But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

George Eliot's other volume of verse, *The Spanish Gypsy*, was published in 1868, and was less successful than the later one. *The Spanish Gypsy* is a blank-verse romance in five books. It is an attempt to transfer to poetry the manner of the prose novel, the writer alternating description with dialogue, just as in an ordinary piece of fiction. As a whole it is heavy and unsatisfactory, and gives you the impression of a fine conception imperfectly handled and only half fused into harmony by the power of the poet's imagination. This does not prevent us, however, from getting many noble passages in the course of the poem distinguished either for their strong thought or their beautiful metaphor. An instance of each kind may be given :—

The time is great.
What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.
Book i. p. 5.

Sighs of delight, applausive murmurs low,
And stirrings gentle as of earèd corn
Or seed-bent grasses, when the ocean's breath
Spreads landward. Book i. p. 61.

In the *Spanish Gypsy* there occurs the following passage :—

Solemn as a voice
Sent by *the invisible choir of all the dead*,
Tolls the great passing bell that calls to prayer
For souls departed.

This anticipates the idea of that fine poem—" O may I join the choir invisible "—which closes the later volume. These lines are in every way noble, and as they are probably now the best known of George Eliot's poems so, venture to think, they are those by which as a poet she will be longest remembered.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues . . . . .
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

The immortality which is here prayed for with a great yearning and pathos is what every good man would desire for himself. But is it enough? Can the soul really find rest in such a shadowy anticipation? Considered as something which accompanies the immortality of the good, it is a source of consolation and strength which should neither be despised nor disregarded ; considered as immortality itself it is unreal, inadequate, unsatisfying. Without desiring to depreciate the idea contained in George Eliot's noble lines, one may be permitted to express, in conclusion, a preference for the teaching of the Laureate and of Thomas Carlyle on the same subject :—

> That each, who seems a separate whole,
>   Should move his rounds, and fusing all
>   The skirts of self again, should fall
> Remerging in the general soul,
> Is faith as vague as all unsweet :
>   Eternal form shall still divide
>   The eternal soul from all beside
> And I shall know him when we meet.
>
> *In Memoriam*, xlvi.

> Perhaps my father, all that essentially was my father, is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps, if it so please God, we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another. As it is written, We shall be for ever with God. The possibility, nay (in some way) the certainty of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me.—*Carlyle's Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 65.

It is interesting to note the parallelism in these two independent passages, no less than to compare them with the aspiration and the belief so touchingly expressed by George Eliot.

GEORGE ELIOT AS NOVELIST.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

[Read January 24, 1881.]

"THE most exasperating of all criticism," says George Eliot in *Middlemarch*, "is that which sees vaguely a great many fine ends and has not the least notion what it costs to reach them." The recollection of that remark, and the danger it suggests of hasty judgments founded upon incomplete knowledge, "must give us pause" at the threshold of any attempt to estimate the results of the work of the great novelist who made it, and who is now beyond the reach of all criticism, exasperating or appreciative. We purpose, then, to do no more than briefly consider the impression left on our mind after a reconsideration of her work.

Looking upon the novels she has left us, and endeavouring to shape from them the George Eliot who gave them life, we recognize a woman of surpassing genius and wide culture, the basis of whose nature was devotional, but from which there grew a form of scepticism which Goethe regarded as the noblest, inasmuch as it is always trying to destroy itself and reach some certain ground of faith. She had a large imagination and a mind of masculine strength in its powers of insight and perception, with a most unfeminine bias towards logic, metaphysics, philosophy, and science; a mind strongly dramatic in its expression, full of genuine humour of the most delicate kind, and strongly disposed to satire. She selected the novel as the medium through which to accomplish the most valuable efforts of her genius, and made it the embodiment of her philosophy of life. Save in one notable instance, she has dealt with contemporary history on its social side, and the scenery and human life she has depicted are mainly those of the English Midlands. She chose to be English in striving for a moral result, and risked her reputation in the eyes of some as a pure artist by becoming didactic. In selecting the form of expression in her art, she is said to have been largely influenced by Thackeray, and unquestionably throughout her work she displays the same disposition to take her reader into her confidence and discuss the issues of life. Few writers have succeeded in introducing so much profound reflection and epigrammatic and proverbial philosophy into the novel. The reflective pauses occur like the chorus in the Greek play, often, however, with the effect of checking the movement of the story. Regarding this disposition to preach she says:—

> A great historian, as he insisted on calling himself, who had the happiness to be dead a hundred and twenty years ago, and so to take his place among the colossi whose huge legs our living pettiness is observed to walk under, glories in his copious remarks and digressions as the least imitable part of his work, and especially in those initial chapters to the successive books of his history, where he seems to bring his armchair to the proscenium and chat with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English. But Fielding lived when the days were longer (for time like money is measured by our needs), when summer afternoons were spacious, and the clock ticked slowly in the winter evenings. We belated historians must not linger after his example, and if we did so it is possible that our chat would be then as eager as if delivered from a camp stool in a parrot house. I, at least, have so much to do in unravelling certain human lots, and seeing how much they were woven and interwoven, that all the light I can command must be concentrated on this particular web and not be dispersed over that tempting range of relevancies called the universe.

Her descriptive powers are of the rarest and choicest kind, and are in most cases used with the true artist's sense of proportion. She describes as one who feels as well as sees a landscape; so in her pictures, the foregrounds of which are full of human life, there are backgrounds of delicious landscape full of feeling, colour, and fine atmosphere. How natural objects influenced her mind may be seen from the following sentence: "Scenes which make vital changes in our neighbour's lot are but the background of our own, yet like a particular aspect of fields and trees, they become associated for us with the epochs of our own history, and make a part of that unity which lies in the selection of our keenest consciousness." Her heart was in the Midlands, and though sometimes she wandered abroad she always came back to the early love. Take this from *Middlemarch* as an illustration of her regard for the scenes she knew so well:—

> The ride to Stone Court, which Fred and Rosamond took the next morning, lay through a pretty bit of Midland landscape almost all meadows and pastures, with hedgerows still allowed to grow in bushy beauty and to spread out coral fruit for the birds. Little details give each field a particular physiognomy dear to the eyes that have looked on them from childhood, the pool in the corner where the grasses were dank and trees leaned whisperingly, the great oak shadowing a bare place in mid pasture; the high bank where the ash trees grew, the sudden slope of the old marl-pit making a red background for the burdock, the huddled roofs and ricks of the homesteads without a traceable way of approach; the grey gate and fences against the depths of the bordering wood; and the stray hovel, the old, old thatch full of mossy hills and valleys with the wondrous modulations of light and shadow such as we travel far to see in later life, and see larger but not more beautiful. These are the things that make the gamut of joy in landscape to Midland-bred souls—the things they toddled among, or perhaps learned by heart standing between their father's knees while he drove leisurely.

What a hold the sweet pastoral beauty of these English Midlands had upon her mind as being linked to the early associations of childhood is displayed in the following passage from *The Mill on the Floss*:—

> We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth, where the same flowers come up again every spring, that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on

> the grass—the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows—the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth the sweet monotony, where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?
>
> The wood I walk in on this mild May day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky; the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibres within me as this home scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird notes; this sky, with its fitful brightness; these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows—such things as these are the mother-tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations, the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.

The truthfulness and naturalness of her description of rural life and scenery must come home with telling effect upon many of her readers. Dorlcote Mill, with the shining Floss flowing through the green meadows, have a charm of their own for the present writer, recalling memories of early days and scenes and incidents not much dissimilar. We always associate them with a grey old mill that has stood for centuries, weather stained, with mosses, ferns, and long-bearded grasses growing out of its dusty stone walls; where on summer mornings we tasted the sweet delight of waking to the early pipe of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the sound of the mill wheel that sent its soothing soft vibration like a pleasant thrill through the farthest timbers of the old house. Sometimes in the flood time we waked to find the river out and the meadows flooded, and the red-tiled farm-houses standing islanded in a waste of waters. No pleasure of maturer life can be greater than that of sunny days, when from early morn to dewy eve we lay on the corn sacks of the miller's cart, and slowly wandered through green lanes and along broad grass-margined roads; by many a hamlet, village, and town; while the blithe miller's man sang songs and ballads, the strains of which linger yet, and have become part of that old time. Like Maggie Tulliver, we loved to roam over the old mill filled with "the fine, white mist, and listen to the resolute din, the unresting motion of the great stones; the meal for ever pouring, pouring; the fine, white powder softening all surfaces, and making the very spider-nets look like a fairy lace work." Like Maggie, too, we loved most the top story, where was the corn hutch and the piles of grain, for out of the open doors we could look on the mill race below and over the orchard and the meadows to the distant hills. But this is a digression and scarcely pardonable.

Against these backgrounds of homely English landscape her figures are grouped, and her stories worked out, and the whole painting is in the Dutch style, as being most realistic, and the manner best suited to the realization of the time in which she wrote. In this regard she is a true artist, and has found many followers. Her loftiest idealisms are worked out through the medium of the incidents and persons of every-day life. In *Adam Bede* she lays down the principles on which she works, and her own words will best illustrate them.

> I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real breathing men and women, who can be chilled by your indifference or injured by your prejudice; who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken brave justice. . . . It is for this rare precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions. I turn without shrinking from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors to an old woman bending over a low flower pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noon-

day light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap and just touches the rim of her spinning wheel, and her stone jug and all those cheap common things which are the precious necessaries of life to her; or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart pots in their hands, but with an unmistakeable contentment and goodwill. "Foh," says my idealistic friend, "what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life! What clumsy, ugly people!"

But, bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope! I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly, and, even among those "lords of their kind," the British, squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions are not startling exceptions. Yet there is a great deal of family love amongst us. I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on the summit of their brows would be decidedly trying; yet, to my certain knowledge, tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an excellent matron, who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love-letters in a private drawer and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes! thank God; human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.

All honour and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love that other beauty too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet often a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose upon us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common coarse people who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore, let art always remind us of them; therefore, let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representation of common-place things—men who see beauty in these common-place things, and

> delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them. There are few prophets in this world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities: I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy.

In one notable instance, as we have said, she departed from this style and produced *Romola*, by some regarded as her finest and most lasting work. As Thackeray in order to produce *Esmond* saturated his mind with the literature and life of Queen Anne with the marvellous results with which we are so familiar, so George Eliot to produce *Romola* saturated her mind with the history and social life of Florence at the close of the fifteenth century. The result is a wonderful picture of the events succeeding the downfall of Lorenzo de Medici; the strife of parties and the conflict of the pagan culture, as represented in the scholar Bardo, with the Christian idea of the Catholic church. In Romola herself we see how this lingering love of paganism and the old philosophy is overcome by the influence of Savonarola. In the surroundings of the story we have graphic pictures of the every-day life of the Florentines, of their festivals and processions, their work-day speech and actions. Interwoven with the historical narrative and the pourtrayal of Savonarola's struggles and martyrdom, we have the more clearly defined story of the loves of Tito and Romola; and through the medium of a wonderful psychological study learn how a noble woman, who is true to the highest impulses of her nature, is made perfect through suffering, and rises by self-abnegation to saint-like purity; while the man to whom she is allied, outwardly noble, from love of ease and self-indulgence, declines until by a gradual process he reaches the lowest depth of moral degradation, and is spurned from society to a tragic and ignoble end.

From the English Midlands to Italy, from the nineteenth century to the fifteenth, was a far cry; but fine as *Romola* is, it is in the home scenes and incidents of contemporary life that George Eliot has the strongest hold upon the majority of her readers. In *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss* a limited area of rural and village life is sufficient to furnish all the materials of comedy and tragedy. In *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* the area is more extended, and the incidents are taken from a higher stratum of society, but the treatment is the same. In *Adam Bede* the object is avowedly to give us clear images

> Of nature's unambitious underwood
> And flowers that prosper in the shade.

The narrative is one of the joys and sorrows and spiritual strivings of humble people. In *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* we are lifted into the higher region of the intellectual life. In all of these, however, the characters from the most prominent to the least important are careful and conscientious studies, and have each a distinct and marked individuality. She had the rare faculty of being able to develop life from within; of projecting her mind into that of the person she endeavoured to describe, and evolving thought, feeling, and action by natural processes. This capacity to thread the labyrinthine mazes of individual minds with the familiar ease of one who dwells there, and to crystallize the results of thought and emotion in speech and action, constitutes the highest form of dramatic and creative power. Most of her characters are as clearly cut as cameos. Especially strong is she in the pourtrayal of women, leading one to infer from her success in this direction, and the failure of many distinguished male authors, that it requires a woman to give a truthful representation of a woman's character. Glancing along the list of women she has depicted, we have in distinct outline the forms of

Dinah Morris, Hetty Sorrel, Mary Garth, Maggie Tulliver, Romola, Dorothea, Rosamond, and Gwendolen; and beside these on the humorous side, Mrs. Poyser, Mrs. Cadwallader, Mrs. Pullet, and Mrs. Glegg. Perhaps in Rosamond Vincey she has given us one of the subtlest portraits of a woman ever drawn, a passive, gentle, sylph-like embodiment of selfishness, who, by the circumstances she creates, succeeds in dragging down the stronger mind of Lydgate from its lofty purposes, and casts a withering blight over a life that was full of the fairest promise.

George Eliot's satire becomes almost cynical when she so arranges the circumstances that it would seem to be an ironical fate, and not a merciful divinity that shapes our ends. Romola, who would have mated well in earnestness of spirit with Savonarola, wastes her life with Titoo. Dorothea, whose nature assimilated most closely to that of Lydgate, is linked first to that shrivelled, old bookworm, Casaubon, and next to that inferior person Ladislaw. Gwendolen should surely have found her affinity in Deronda instead of that *blasè*, "bit of washed-out cambric," Grandcourt. The sense of the difficulties and failures that beset the intellectual life when it takes the form of idealism is painfully manifest in *Middlemarch*. We are constantly reminded how the carping cares and petty annoyances of daily life may dwarf the noblest natures. She tells us that there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it, and that "only those who know the supremacy of the intellectual life, the life which has a seed of ennobling purpose within it, can understand the grief of one who falls from that serene activity into the soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances." Lydgate, who had clear morning visions of scientific investigations and discovery by the force of circumstances, is compelled to abandon his purpose and work on lower levels, and is made more than once to feel that on his enthusiasm "there was constantly pressing not a simple weight of sorrow, but the biting presence of a paltry degrading care such as casts the blight of irony over all higher effort." Dorothea is made to say to him regarding this effort of each to work out a higher life: "There is no sorrow I have thought more about than this—to love what is great and try to reach it and yet to fail." In view of the sorrows with which these idealists were afflicted, it would seem as if the simple, unobtrusive, uninquiring natures have the best of it. Celia, the simple-minded, affectionate, sweet-tempered creature, was, on the whole, happier than her sister Dorothea. The contrast of the two natures is hit off in a delicately humorous way in this passage:—

> For the first time it entered into Celia's mind that there might be something more between Mr. Casaubon and her sister than his delight in bookish talk, and her delight in listening. Hitherto she had classed the admiration for this ugly and learned acquaintance with the admiration for Monsieur Liret at Lausanne, also ugly and learned. Dorothea had never been tired of listening to old Monsieur Liret when Celia's feet were as cold as possible, and when it had really become dreadful to see the skin on his bald head moving about. Why, then, should her enthusiasm not extend to Mr. Casaubon, simply in the same way as to Monsieur Liret? And it seemed probable that all learned men had a sort of schoolmaster's view of young people.

The drawback to the pleasure of reading George Eliot is her intense subjectiveness and introspectiveness. The influence of this is so great that we know people to whom the reading of her works is decidedly painful. She had a power of insight which enabled her to deal with her characters pretty much as a surgeon does with the body he dissects; she had a wonderful faculty of disentangling the complex web of thought and feeling, of tracing mental processes, and delineating the idiosyncrasies of egoism. But it seems to us that in this subtle analytical way of dealing with phenomena she often transgressed the bounds of her art. One may admire the beauty of a hero or heroine without desiring them to be so transparent that we may discern all their nerves and tissues, or be able to watch the processes of digestion. Nature veils her forces when they should be veiled, and gives us for our everyday life their synthetic expression. Art is in danger of trespassing upon the grounds of science when it becomes too analytical.

Dutch painting, too, is more charming when it is used for idyllic purposes than in describing minutely the mental phenomena associated with tragedy. The latter in its effects is often as cheerful as the description of symptoms of disease to an unprofessional mind which has just that amount of morbid sensitiveness to induce the imagination to detect the seeds of the described malady within itself. Psychological or metaphysical study in a novel when it is not painful is more abstruse than edifying when it takes this form:—"We are all of us born in moral stupidity taking the world as an udder to feed our supreme selves. Dorothea had early begun to emerge from that stupidity, but yet it had been easier to her to imagine how she would devote herself to Mr. Casaubon, and become wise and strong in his strength and wisdom, than to conceive with that distinctness which is no longer reflection but feeling, an idea wrought back to the direction of sense like the solidity of objects that he had an equivalent centre of self, whence the lights and shadows must always fall with a certain difference."

To us George Eliot is most attractive on the humorous and idyllic side. The general effect of her severer writing is to sadden one. The controlling force of circumstances, the irony of fate, and the incompleteness of our lives are subjects that do not beget cheerfulness in a novel. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that she faithfully reflected some aspects of human life, and that the responsibility of opposing forces and existing phenomena is not with her. There are more unrealized ideals in life than accomplished plans. Yet "though much is taken much abides," and our sympathy goes with her when in concluding *Middlemarch* she says of Dorothea, when the idealistic vision had disappeared: "Her finely-touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive, for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is partly owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

Much is being said and written about George Eliot, but the final judgment cannot be pronounced yet. One thing, however, may be truly said, and it is, that nowhere in English literature is there to be found more honest work of its kind. From the scraps of biography that crop up from day to day we learn that she has given us a portrait of her father in Caleb Garth, the honest workman, who had a religious regard for all good work, and who was intolerant of all that was slipshod and makeshift; who "had a reverential soul, with a strong, practical intelligence, and whose virtual divinities were good, practical schemes, accurate work, and the faithful completion of undertakings, and whose prince of darkness was a bad workman." If the resemblance be correct, she has undoubtedly inherited the good qualities of her father, and infused his spirit into her literary labours. It is but repeating what is generally acknowledged to say that no Englishwoman has displayed so comprehensive a mind allied to such power of expression. A French critic has been pleased to say that she can without rashness be spoken of in the same breath with Shakespeare, a remarkable opinion as coming from such a source, inasmuch as the lines along which she worked were not of the French school. Whatever other points of resemblance there may have been, the expression of her genius being personal, and to a distinct moral purpose, differs from that of Shakespeare. Her place in Art must be decided by posterity, for as Mrs. Browning says :—

> The best of books
> Is but a word in Art, which soon grows cramped,
> Stiff, dubious-statured with the weight of years,
> And drops an accent or digamma down
> Some cranny of unfathomable time,
> Beyond the critic's reaching.

GEORGE ELIOT'S USE OF DIALECT.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

[Read January 24, 1881.]

A LITERARY form may be given to the dialectal words and expressions that constitute the folk-speech of a district either from a scientific or from an artistic motive. When Prince Lucien Bonaparte caused the Song of Solomon to be translated into various dialects, his purpose was purely scientific. When Shakspere, Scott, or George Eliot use dialect to give local colour or rustic flavour, the intention is purely artistic. The scientific method aims at the illustration of the dialect itself, with its historical associations and philological affinities. The artistic uses it for the elucidation of character, and by the aid of its minute touches increases the individuality of the portrait. Most dialect writers aim as a first object at the display of the dialect itself, and this not infrequently leads them into exaggeration. Thus Tim Bobbin noted all the uncommon and quaint-sounding phrases that he heard anywhere, and pressed them into his "Lancashire Dialogue." The effect is that his work cannot be taken as a faithful representation of the common speech of the county at any particular time or place. George Eliot's use of dialect was distinctly artistic. She used just so much of it as was necessary to give point and finish to the personages of rural life who live and breathe in her pages. Thus, in *Adam Bede*, the very opening chapter shows her skill and discretion; for the men, all engaged in the free and unconstrained talk of the workshop, not only vary in the degree in which they use dialectal expressions, but there is a certain individuality in their way of employing it which marks them off from each other. That George Eliot fully appreciated the value of dialect is shown in the complacent speech of Mr. Carson, the host of the "Donnithorne Arms:"

> I'm not this countryman you may tell by my tongue, sir; they're cur'ous talkers i' this country, sir; the gentry's hard work to hunderstand 'em. I was brought hup among the gentry, sir, an' got the turn o' their tongue when I was a bye. Why, what do you think the folks here says for "hev'nt you?"—the gentry you know says "hev'nt you:" well, the people about here says "hanna yey." Its what they call the dileck as is spoke hereabout, sir. That's what I've heard Squire Donnithorne say many a time; "its the dileck," says he.

This delightful passage is suggestive in many ways. The ignorance of Carson is perhaps less due to self-complacency than to want of intellectual grasp, especially in so unaccustomed a field of mental inquiry. The difference between his speech and that of his neighbours has struck him as an interesting phenomenon, but his effort to ascertain the causes of the variance only results in his accepting as a solution what is only a restatement of the problem in a to him scholastic and authoritative form. When Squire Donnithorne says that the country people speak a dialect, he merely tells Carson in an unaccustomed phrase a fact which the former butler's perceptive powers have already ascertained. Carson, however, contentedly accepts the mere word as the key of the mystery. In this he probably resembles many other arrested inquirers who deceive themselves by juggling with mere words, and who fancy they have found effectual answers, when in point of fact they have merely restated momentous problems in unfamiliar words. Carson's perceptive faculty, although equal to noting the broader discrepancies between his own fashion of speaking and that of the rustics around him, is incapable of discriminating between his own style and that of the gentry amongst whom " he was brought up." The departure from conventional English is in this case a note of *caste.* The English gentry as a body have a flavour of public school education and university culture, and yet their household dependants speak in another tongue. The drawing-room and the servants' hall have each their own vocabulary and grammar, and a philological gulf is fixed between the two, though one might at least suppose that the yawning chasm would easily be bridged over by a little educational effort on either side.

With the reticence of genius George Eliot obtains her effects with the slightest possible expenditure of material. She contrives to give the impression of provincial speech without importing any great number of unfamiliar words into the text. Thus old Joshua Rann stands before us a pronounced Mercian, although not a dozen of his words are unknown to the dictionary :—

> "Humbly begging your honour's pardon," said Joshua, bowing low, "there was one thing I had to say to his reverence as other things had drove out o' my head."
>
> "Out with it, Joshua, quickly," said Mr. Irwine.
>
> "Belike, sir, you havena heared as Thias Bede's dead — drowned this morning, or more like overnight, i' the Willow Brook, again' the bridge, right i' front o' the house."
>
> "Ah !" exclaimed both the gentlemen at once, as if they were a good deal interested in the information.
>
> "An' Seth Bede's been to me this morning to say he wished me to tell your reverence as his brother Adam begged of you particular t' allow his father's grave to be dug by the White Thorn, because his mother's set her heart on it on account of a dream as she had ; an they'd ha' come theirselves to ask you, but they've so much to see after with the crowner, an' that ; an' their mother's took on so, an' wants 'em to make sure o' the spot for fear somebody else should take it. An' if your reverence sees well an' good, I'll send my boy to tell 'em as soon as I get home ; an' that's why I make bold to trouble you wi' it, his honour being present."
>
> "To be sure, Joshua, to be sure, they shall have it. I'll ride round to Adam myself, and see him. Send your boy, however, to say that they shall have the grave, lest anything should happen to detain me. And now, good morning, Joshua ; go into the kitchen and have some ale."

The same method may be seen in the fine portrait of Mrs. Poyser. That emphatic housekeeper thus objurgates the faithful "Molly":—

> "Spinning, indeed! It isn't spinning as you'd be at, I'll be bound, and let you have your own way. I never knew your equals for gallowsness. To think of a gell o' your age wanting to go and sit with half-a-dozen men! I'd ha' been ashamed to let the words pass over my lips if I'd been you. And you, as have been here ever since last Michaelmas, and I hired you at Treddles'on stattets, without a bit o' character—as I say, you might be grateful to be hired in that way to a respectable place; and you knew no more o' what belongs to work when you come here than the mawkin o' the field. As poor a two-fisted thing as ever I saw, you know you was. Who taught you to scrub a floor, I should like to know? Why, you'd leave the dirt in heaps i' the corners—anybody 'ud think you'd never been brought up among Christians. And as for spinning, why you've wasted as much as your wage i' the flax you've spoiled learning to spin. And you've a right to feel that, and not to go about as gaping and as thoughtless as if you was beholding to nobody. Comb the wool for the whittaws, indeed! That's what you'd like to be doing is it? That's the way with you—that's the road you'd all like to go, headlong to ruin. You're never easy till you've got some sweetheart as is as big a fool as yourself; you think you'll be finely off when you're married, I daresay, and have got a three-legged stool to sit on, and never a blanket to cover you, and a bit o' oatcake for your dinner as three children are a-snatching at."

Yet George Eliot does use words that have not found the sanctuary of the dictionary, although the horns of its altar have been grasped by greater lingual offenders. Amongst these we name, at random, the following:—Curchey, chapellin, overrun (run away), dawnin' (morning), nattering, plash, coxy, queechy, franzy, megrim, fettle. It is needless to attempt a complete list, as George Eliot's dialect words appear to be all included in the *Leicestershire Glossary* * of Dr. Evans, who states that "None of the Leicestershire writers are so rich in illustrations of the Leicestershire dialect as Shakspere and Drayton; while in our own time by far its best literary exponent is the Warwickshire author of *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch*." A writer in the *Quarterly Review* (October, 1860), amongst some unjust criticism, bears testimony to the excellence of her presentation of folk-speech.

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* Leicestershire Words, Phrases, and Proverbs, by the late A. B. Evans, D.D. Edited by Sebastian Evans, LL.D. (English Dialect Society, 1881.)

> Thus the most serious characters make the most solemn and most pathetic speeches in provincial dialect and ungrammatical constructions, although it must be allowed that the authoress has not ventured so far in this way as to play with the use and abuse of the aspirate. And her dialect appears to be very carefully studied, although we may doubt whether the Staffordshire provincialisms of *Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* are sufficiently varied when the scene is shifted in the latest book to the Lincolnshire side of the Humber. But where a greater variation than that between one midland dialect and another is required, George Eliot's conscientiousness is very curiously shown. There is in *Mr. Gilfil's Story* a gardener of the name of Bates, who is described as a Yorkshireman; and in *Adam Bede* there is another gardener, Mr. Craig, whose name would naturally indicate a Scotchman. Each of these horticulturists is introduced into the dialogue, and of course the reader would naturally think one to talk Yorkshire and the other to talk some Scotch. But the authoress apparently did not feel herself mistress of either Scotch or Yorkshire to such a degree as would have warranted her in attempting them; and, therefore, before her characters are allowed to open their mouths, she, in each case, is careful to tell us that we must moderate our expectations: "Mr. Bates's lips were of a peculiar cut, and I fancy this had something to do with the peculiarity of his dialect, which, as we shall see, was individual rather than provincial." "I think it was Mr. Craig's pedigree only that had the advantage of being Scotch, and not his 'bringing up,' for except that he had a stronger burr in his accent, his speech differed little from that of the Loamshire people around him."

The reviewer's *dicta* are open to some objection alike as to fact and deduction. Mr. Casson, for instance, both uses and abuses the aspirate in his utterances, and the amount of literary material both in "Scotch" and "Yorkshire" would easily have enabled her to become familiar with the general character and structure of those forms of speech. Surely this would have been a small matter compared to her resurrection of a dead age of Italian history.

Whatever uncertainty may have existed as to the varieties of our English folk-speech uttered by the characters of George Eliot must be set at rest by a letter to Professor Skeat, in which George Eliot has expounded her own theories as to the artistic use of dialect.* She says:

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* English Dialect Society: Bibliographical List, Part I., 1873, p. viii.

"It must be borne in mind that my inclination to be as close as I could to the rendering of dialect, both in words and spelling, was constantly checked by the artistic duty of being generally intelligible." This, it will be seen, is the chief distinction between the scientific method which addresses either philological experts or a public—however small—thoroughly familiar with the dialect itself. "But for that check," continues George Eliot, "I should have given a stronger colour to the dialogue in *Adam Bede*, which is modelled on the talk of North Staffordshire and the neighbouring part of Derbyshire. The spelling, being determined by my own ear alone, was necessarily a matter of anxiety, for it would be as possible to quarrel about it as about the spelling of Oriental names. The district imagined as the scene of *Silas Marner* is in North Warwickshire; but here, and in all my other presentations of life except *Adam Bede*, it has been my intention to give the general physiognomy rather than a close portraiture of the provincial speech as I have heard it in the Midland or Mercian region. It is a just demand that art should keep clear of such specialities as would make it a puzzle for the larger part of its public; still one is not bound to respect the lazy obtuseness or snobbish ignorance of people who do not care to know more of their native tongue than the vocabulary of the drawing-room and the newspaper." This last sentence may be commended alike to those who write in any dialect and to those superfine critics who have not skill to discern the difference between provincial words and mere vulgarisms.

It may be asked why Dinah Morris, the saintly Methodist woman preacher, although on the same social and educational plane as the dialect-speaking characters of *Adam Bede*, is rarely represented as employing any provincial words or phrases. The reason is that such intensely religious natures nurturing mind and soul upon the pure English of the Bible have their entire diction permeated by the influence of its words, which have always a certain dignity and sometimes the truest grandeur and poetic force. Elizabeth Evans, the original of Dinah Bede, has left an autobiography extending over several pages, and this narrative though highly charged with religious fervour contains only one word that can be regarded as unfamiliar to conventional English.* There is another reason why George Eliot would have been justified in not putting dialect words into the mouth of her fair saint. When we see any one possessed of and possessed by a spirit of intense religious earnestness and seeking for the good of others, we do not notice the strange or uncouth fashion in which their message may be delivered. The accidents of speech and manner are burned up like dross in the fire of their zeal, and only the real gold is left behind. Their mannerisms, whether of action or of speech, do not affect us and are unnoticed. We are not conscious of this or that imperfect form of words, but hear only that higher language in which soul calls to soul.

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* How far Elizabeth Evans was the original of Dinah Morris may be seen from George Eliot's letter to Miss Hennell. (*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 6, 1881.)

The likeness between the two had been pointed out by "Guy Roslyn," who gives an abstract of her autobiography. It is remarkable that the incident of the "Face crowned thorns" is not mentioned in it, although it forms so important a part both in the story of Dinah Morris and in George Eliot's own account of her aunt. The provincialism alluded to above is in the sentence: "Earth was a *scale* to heaven." The word is not glossed by Dr. Evans. There is a portrait of Elizabeth Evans in *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1881.

GEORGE ELIOT: IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. S. DAWSON.

[Read January 24, 1881.]

I.

FAREWELL great heart, that liest now so still,
That beat for me, for all of human mould;
How starts the world to hear the tidings tolled
By time's deep horologe with solemn thrill:
For each one feels in thine his own life chill,
His warmest hopes, his cherished aims turn cold,
Till fond remembrance brings thy words of old
And fills us with thy purpose and thy will:
For these were god-like, joyous, gentle, strong:
And breathed o'er sorrow a perpetual spring,
And o'er the clangour of loud creeds a song—
Undying music—ever echoing
From soul to soul, from age to age along—
Eternal concord, borne on heaven-white wing.

II.

How rolls the great and everlasting deep;
Its mighty pulses throb in every land;
Along each alien shore, each hostile strand,
Its affluent waters bountifully sweep:
So thy warm heart, with many a joyous leap,

Beat through the world. Who could thy power withstand?
High thoughts that stir us like a stern command—
Hot tears which to behold is but to weep.
Thou glorious fragment, type of all in one,
Through earth's forms mirroring our joys and woes;
Or girt with reason's light as with a sun
Dispelling, mistlike, our immortal throes;—
Toiler in thought's vast fields, thy work is done—
The universal Soul expands and grows.

A VISIT TO HONISTER CRAG.

BY WARD HEYS.

[Read March 28, 1881.]

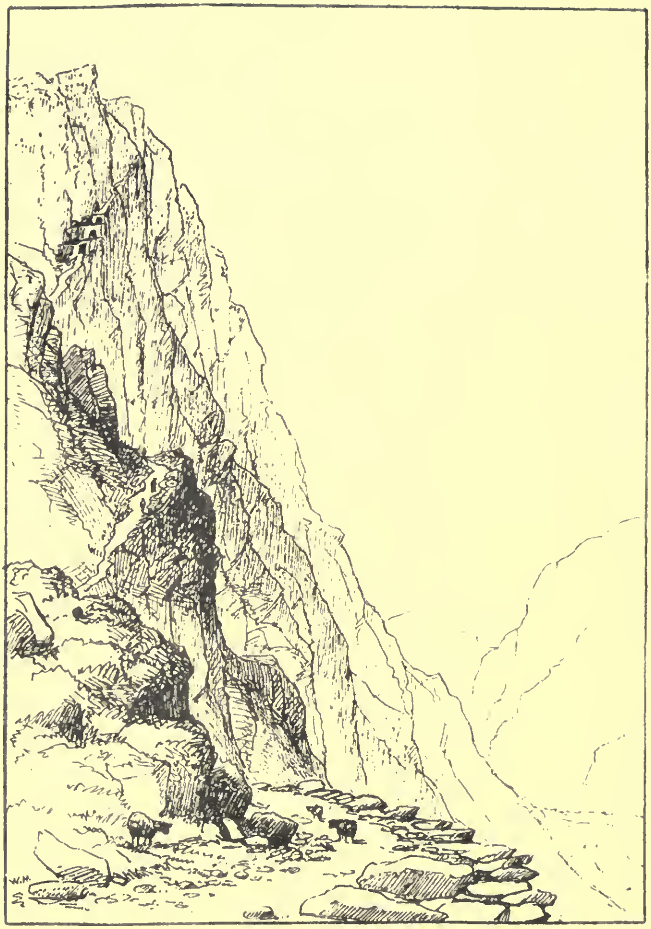
DURING the Whit-week of 1879 a contingent of the Scramblers' Club, augmented by two friendly recruits, were, for the fourth time in as many years, assembled at Seatoller in Borrowdale, a most picturesquely situated little hamlet and the best centre for scrambling purposes in all the Lake district, being within easy distance of nearly all the great mountain ranges in Cumberland. The only notable exception is the Helvellyn range. The major part of our company resolved, as a short excursion, to undertake the exploration of the then disused slate workings on the face of Honister Crag. The duties of a guide were admirably fulfilled by one of our members, who had qualified himself by previous visits to the place, and whose information and experience of the ramifications of these famous workings materially reduced the labour and danger we might otherwise have had to encounter.

After a somewhat early and prodigious breakfast—for mountain air makes keen appetites—and after much vociferous urging of the dilatory ones, we trooped noisily forth, each armed with a good alpenstock—a useful accompaniment to such a journey, as it might on emergency prevent the breaking of a limb, or even, in case of desperate need, be the saving of a life.

The first half mile or so of our journey led us up the romantic Haws Ghyll, so often traversed and so seldom seen, with its world of indescribable charms, amid which the poet might linger in rapture for days, and the artist dwell contentedly for months, with the certainty of finding unlimited themes for pen and pencil. Even to our accustomed eyes the scenes that met our wandering gaze continually educed new exclamations of delight. As we traversed the steep and rugged road that winds among the over-reaching trees, we caught many a transient glimpse of sun-flecked ferny dells, flanked by grey, lichen-jewelled rocks, or thickly strewn with gold and russet-mantled stones, o'er which the foaming stream was hurrying to a short-lived rest within the shadowy pools that lay in many a deep recess; whilst ever on our way we hear the eternal music of this singing stream, that falls in varied cadence on our willing ears, lending completeness to these retrospective pictures, to which time may give a hallowed dimness, but can never quite obliterate.

Reluctantly we left the sheltering Ghyll to enter upon a wild, secluded valley, through which we saw the winding road and stream ascend till both were merged and lost upon the mountain side. On reaching the open ground, the foremost of our party stayed awhile waiting the advent of the inevitable laggards, and, as we filled the social pipe, looked back towards the way we had come. Immediately in front was the ravine from which we had just emerged; its crowded tree growth, sparsely clad with the glowing but tender-toned verdure of spring, with now and then a leafless ash, and here and there a clustering group of sombre and stately firs. Whilst spreading out below were the golden meads and scattered homesteads of the smiling vale, from whose encircling hills the sturdy dalesman's resonant shout, and the answering yelp of his almost ubiquitous collie, came faintly to the ear. In the far distance we could plainly see the majestic and massive Helvellyn, its rugged sternness all subdued by the pearl-tinted vestment of morning, and high overhead the silvered clouds that break in the freshening breeze; but pearly distance, silvered clouds, and golden meadows are dimmed by the sparkling brilliants at our feet, for every wayward footstep on the emerald turf scatters a myriad liquid gems that trembling cling to every curving blade, or clustering hang about the tufted tops of feathery herbage, as they fling back, with more than diamond sheen, the glistering lustre of the morning sun. But soon the glory of the morning was submerged in threatening gloom, and we had ominous evidence that the fine day we anticipated was about to change its character; not in a dismal or a treacherous mode, by crawling mists and creeping dulness, but in a grandly defiant way, for now the clear azure was blotted by gigantic masses and swirling wreaths of broken cloud that swept, in hurrying confusion, across the troubled sky. This aspect of affairs so alarmed one of our recruits that he began to show evident signs of retreat, a disgrace which, however, was spared him; for, on being recalled to a sense of duty, and on considering the inducements held out to him, of numerous caves to shelter in further on, with splendid scenes that were to amply reward him for all eventualities, he wavered, and finally abandoning his backward tendencies, much to his after delight, went on with us.

The expected rain did not at once arrive, and with uninterrupted enjoyment we traversed the wild and all but barren vale that brought us to the point from which an unimpeded view is gained of the sublime grandeur of Honister Pass—a scene too well known, and too often described by graphic penmen, for me to attempt an in-



THE MINERS' PATH, HONISTER CRAG.

Drawn by Ward Heys, from Sketch by J. Renshaw.

adequate delineation of its imposing proportions. After mentally imbibing the delicious influences of the scene to the point of saturation, we turned from the main road, which we had hitherto followed, struck off to the left, and rapidly approached the chief object of our present excursion. Our first advance to the crag was by an unmistakable track ; but presently the road got less perceptible, and soon seemed to lose itself altogether. Here the advantage of a guide became manifest, and it was not without cause that we began to wonder if that almost invisible streak, straggling up a steep and seemingly inaccessible face of rock, was really the track, for it seemed to disappear at an ugly looking corner, overhanging a somewhat terrorizing precipice, the sight of which was quite enough to shake the nerves of all but the practised scramblers. On a nearer approach we found that this must be the way, for there was no other.

The accustomed climbers, with ever-ready alpenstock and heavy boots studded with strong sharp nails that claw the rock, were over the difficulty before the recruits, with wavering minds, had done surveying it. We all breathed more freely on passing safely our first difficulty. Another short, sharp tussle brought us to a good miners' road, built up with infinite toil against the face of precipitous rocks and across deep chasms. A smart shower hastened our steps up a stiff ascent to our first resting place, one of the number of extensive workings to be found about the crag. We crept into a well-preserved and substantially-built, but long-deserted, miner's hut, which gave us welcome shelter from the driving rain. There were many evidences of its having been the habitual abode of some of those toiling Calibans, whose daily bread was hewn, by slavish labour, from the stubborn rock. On a shelf by the rude ingle-nook we discovered a few pages of a tattered hymn book—a find that in some hands would be highly incentive to a train of moralizing reflections, which neither my inclination or my present purpose will allow me to pursue. When the shower had passed we continued our explorations, and almost immediately found ourselves on the verge of a seemingly impossible descent, terminating far below on an absolutely perpendicular precipice. Our leaders gave no time for consideration, but down we sluthered among the loose and jagged pieces of slate rock, mixed with shining spar, that slipping from under our feet at every footstep seemed ever ready to carry us all on the back of a stony avalanche, over the narrow shelf below, into the gaping abyss. The fates willed it otherwise, and we arrived safely at the bottom of this stone shoot, with no greater damage than a few slight bruises and some frayed unmentionables. As we sat for a time on the larger pieces of slate, after our hasty and clattering descent, the stillness was wonderful. The infinite sublimity of silence seemed to be the pervading spirit of the scene, intensified rather than broken by the almost startling clearness of an occasional tinkling among the slaty fragments not yet settled after our rude disturbance. Our resting-place was the top of a very high wall built across a great rift in the mountain, whence as we looked down between the huge and gloomy confines of crannied rock we saw the threadlike winding road so far beneath us that an almost invisible speck upon it was with difficulty resolved into a two-horsed conveyance on its way to Buttermere. The views from our ledge of the piled-up rock-masses and scenes of stony desolation were indescribably grand and impressive.

From this point we had the most difficult and nerve-shaking bit of crag work of the whole day. The sight of our way out almost overcame our two bold but unexperienced friends, who fervently wished themselves elsewhere. Indeed, any townsman might well be excused for feeling tremulous here, for our track, part of which had slipped away, went over a corner of the before-mentioned chasm, leaving no more than two feet of clear room to pass on to a rough and sloping mass of rock that had to be surmounted, and which afforded but scant hand-and-foot hold for the purpose. On one side, a barrier of unscalable cliff; on the other, two hundred feet of empty space. A moment's inattention or giddiness, or want of firmness of hand or foot for the next thirty or forty yards, would have entailed the most awful probable consequences. The self-controlled confidence of the leaders gave nerve to all, and a few minutes' earnest, concentrated effort landed us in a place of safety; and we found ourselves on a large, built-up platform of slate rock, at the entrance to a long cavernous working, which we attempted to explore by the aid of a few candles, brought for the purpose. Our intended illumination of the cavern was a perfect failure, for the radiating properties of our dips did not extend to more than an effective square yard; and the cave being filled half as high as the roof with slate refuse, that made locomotion irksome, we were glad to get out into the welcome light of day. From our platform we could see the straight run down the mountain side by which the workmen used to convey the slates, in sledges propelled by their own weight, to the distant road below; each man running in front of his sledge, and regulating its momentum by the pressure of his back and the varying force with which he dug his heels into the yielding track—a most arduous and perilous work, for if the man stumbled or missed his footing, his load would almost certainly go over him. When the sledges were emptied, the men carried them back up the mountain on their shoulders. I heard of a man who died of exhaustion from this infinitely worse than horse work.

Truly, one-half the world knows not, and seems to care not, how its fellow 'heritors of earth's fulness must struggle for daily bread.

In continuing our journey from the mouth of the cave, a short and uneventful scramble brought us to where a large hut, or miner's workshop, blocked the way, except at a corner of the building, which came to within a few inches of the edge of a little precipice, where a passage could be only effected by clinging to the corner-stones and swinging round to the other side. Only one of us went this risky way; the rest, preferring to scramble over the house to going round the corner, made an easy descent on the other side by a rude ladder reared against the wall. Here we found another worked-out cavern half filled with débris as before; the arched entrance partly closed by huge blocks fallen from the top, many of the masses containing stone enough to build a cottage-house. Some other lumps equally large seemed ready to drop with the slightest assistance; so shaky did they seem that even our most impishly mischievous member, whose soul delighteth in disaster, did not permit himself to give one of them an assisting poke with his staff, which after all would doubtless have had no perceptibly disturbing influence on masses so ponderous, however shaky their appearance. Howbeit their loosened and impending disposition was so suggestive of more than possible danger that we left the spot with an unexpressed feeling of relief. From this point our road out of the workings on to the top of the crag was rough and steep, and brought such scenes of rugged grandeur and wild beauty into view as amply compensated the toil of the ascent; but which I cannot, fortunately for your patience, attempt to describe within the limits, already I fear overstepped, of a short communication. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that the exclamations of our recruits

HONISTER CRAG.

Drawn by WARD HEYS.

were loud and fervent, as emerging from the shelter of the cliff we gained the breezy top, and made our way with unimpeded strides to a stone man, erected a few years ago by two members of our party, on a favourite point, where, after again replenishing our constant companions with the soothing weed, we gave ourselves up to a well-earned half-hour's ravishing enjoyment of luxurious rest in rapturous contemplation of the scenes around. Who can describe the exultant and triumphant feelings that rush in on one, who standing on a mountain's peak, surrounded by illimitable ranges, breathes in at every pore by every sense the inexpressible delight of boundless freedom? What form of current words can convey to others an inkling of an idea of the majesty of mountains? It may be felt, but cannot be conveyed. And so, despairing, I give up the task.

WILLIAM LITHGOW: THE ECCENTRIC SCOTTISH TRAVELLER.

BY R. A. DOUGLAS LITHGOW, LL.D., ETC.

[Read November 15, 1880.]

FEW more remarkable characters figured during the reigns of James I. and his ill-fated son, Charles, than the eccentric Scottish traveller, William Lithgow. The force of his narrative is to some extent neutralized by a pedantic verbosity and ambiguity of style, yet the infinite variety of theme and circumstance to be found in his pages will well repay perusal.

Places, as a rule, were named before families, and the surname Lithgow affords a fair example, being derived from the Scottish county or ancient and royal burgh of that name.

There is a doubt as to the exact period of Lithgow's birth, but from collateral evidence it may be fairly presumed that it took place about 1583-5. He was a native of Lanark, as stated by himself, and the son of James Lithgow, a burgess of that town, his mother being Alison Grahame, who in all probability was a descendant of the illustrious first Marquis of Montrose.

Although descended from a good old family, there is no direct evidence of his ancestry, nor is it clear as to which branch of the Lithgow family he belonged. "There was," says Mr. Maidment, "a small estate in the ancient parish of Lanark, which for a very considerable period owned the Lithgows as proprietors. It was held in feu of the Carmichael family, and was called Boathaugh. This property was alienated to the Bonnington family about the middle of the last century, by the grandfather of William Lithgow of Stanmore, who still possesses (1863) the burial place of the family, and the tradition is that William was of the Lithgows of Boathaugh." There can be no doubt, however, but that the traveller's father was a burgess of Lanark, as is proved by the retours, dated 29th May, 1623, "Wilhelmus Lythgow, heres Jacobi Lythgow, Burgensis de Lanark." Fortunately his mother's will is preserved,* and from this singularly interesting document, which was executed on the 16th of April, 1603, we are enabled to form some definite idea of the position of the traveller's parents. The "frie Geir" is stated as £1,079. 16s. 8d. (over £5,000 of our money), and she nominates and constitutes her husband, James Lithgow, as her only executor. She leaves 40s. to be distributed among the poor; and to Marion Grahame, her sister, 40s. To her son William (the traveller) she leaves 200 marks, and to her youngest son, James, 300 marks, with four sows and lambs. To her daughter, Marion, she bequeaths 500 marks, "with what funds her father thinks expedient to expend upon her when she gets an honest marriage." To Marion, also, she bequeaths domestic sundries, the whole of her household linen and wearing apparel, "the young cow, and four old sheep;" and, furthermore, ordains her husband to invest William into the house, yard, and two half acres of land. With regard to the last item, Mr. Maidment says: "It is hardly necessary to observe that, as the house, &c., belonged to the husband in fee-simple, the wife had no legal right whatever to control him in any way as to its ultimate destination. She does not merely express a wish that the elder son should succeed, but she '*ordaines*' the father to put his son in possession, subject to his own liferent. Perhaps the hot blood of the gallant Grahames, which flowed in Mrs. Lithgow's veins, warranted her in issuing the imperative requisition !"

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* *Edinburgh Commissary Record*, vol. xxxix.

Of William's brother and sister, James and Marion, mentioned in the will, nothing seems to be known. The attractions of the latter—pecuniary and probably personal—were almost certain to ensure her a husband amongst the Chancellors, Johnstons, Lockharts, or even lordly Carmichaels of her native place; and in all likelihood her brother James became the progenitor of one or other of the races of Lithgows who flourished subsequently in various parts of Scotland.

Little, if anything, is known of Lithgow's youth; but that it was spent with his parents in Lanark there can be little doubt. He had received an excellent education, being an accomplished scholar, well-versed in classical literature; and as there was at this time a superior school at Lanark, it is reasonable to suppose that he was educated in his native town. Lithgow early manifested a strong natural desire for travelling in foreign lands; and the money which he inherited from his mother not only confirmed the bent of his inclination, but supplied him with the means of gratifying his extraordinary propensity. There were other circumstances, however, equally potential in inducing him to fly from his native shore; and as he has himself alluded to these, however vaguely and mysteriously, in the opening chapter of his *Travels*, it will be best to quote his own words. As to the causes which induced him to go abroad, he says :—

> To satisfie the world in my behalfe as touching my travells, I sincerely protest, that neither ambition, too much curiosity, nor any reputation I ever

sought from the bubling breath of breathlesse man (whose defective censure inclineth, as instigation or partiality, moveth his weake and variable opinion), did expose me to such long peregrinations and dangerous adventures past; but the proceeding whereof, thousands conjecture the cause, as many the manner; ten thousand thousands the effect. The condition reserved, I partly forbeare to penetrate in that undeserved Dalida wrong; and reconciled times pleading desistance, moderate discretion inserteth silent patience.

Elsewhere he writes:—

And thus have I in the late days of my younger years beene grievously afflicted! Ah, yea, and will more, than disastrous injuries over-clowded, O heavy underproped wrongs. But hath not the like accident befalne to man before? Yea, but never the like condition of murther: Nay, but then preponderate seriously this consequence. May not the scelerate hands of foure blood-shedding wolves fairly devoure and shake in pieces one silly, stragling lamb! Yea, and most certaine, that unawares the harmless, innocent, unexpecting evill may suddenly be surprized by the ambushment of life-betraying foes: All this I acknowledge, but whereupon grew this thy voluntary wandering and unconstrained code? I answere, that being young and within minority in that occurrent time, I was not only inveigled, but by sedusements inforced, even by the greatest powers then living in my country to submit myselfe to arbitrement satisfaction and reconciliation. But afterwards growing in yeares, and understanding better the nature of such unallowable redresses and the heinousnesse of the offence, I chosed rather *voti causa* to seclude myselfe from the soyle and exclude my relenting sorrows to be entertained with strangers than to have a *quotidian* ocular inspection in any obvious object of disastrous misfortune; or perhaps any vindicable action might from an unsettled rancour bee conceived. O! a plaine demonstrate cause and good resolution: for true it is, that flying—the flying from evill, is a flying to grace; and a godly patience is a victorious freedome, and an undaunted conqueror over all our wrongs. Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, and I will repay it. To this I answere, mine eyes have seen the revenging hand of God upon mine adversaries, and these night-gaping foes are trampled under foot; while I, from strength to strength, doe safely goe through the firey tryall of calamities.

This passage is, unfortunately, very obscure, but explicit enough to controvert the statement of a writer in the *Retrospective Review*,* that "political reasons induced him (Lithgow) to fly from evils at home to seek grace abroad." However we may deplore the absence of intelligible details in his narrative, there can be no doubt but that Lithgow had, when in his teens, involved himself, either honourably or otherwise, with some "ladye fair," and having thus incurred the displeasure of "foure blood-shedding wolves," presumably her relatives, and been found in her company by them, they inflicted some grievous bodily harm upon him, and most probably in the shape of dismemberment. Tradition mentions the daughter of the Laird of Bonnington as the lady in the case; and it is further stated that her brothers, having discovered the lovers in a house in Lanark, wantonly cut off Lithgow's ears, so that he was afterwards ridiculed by the *soubriquet* of "Cut-lugged Willie." That Lithgow, at least some time afterwards, believed he had been betrayed by his mistress may be presumed from his alluding to her as "Dalida"—evidently intended for Delilah—"a term used to designate a deceitful wanton."

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* Vol. xi., p. 343.

In addition, therefore, to his natural *penchant* for travelling, we have here, as the result of the cowardly assault upon his person, a motive sufficiently strong to induce Lithgow to leave his native country in order that in foreign lands he might avoid the ridicule of, and strive to forget the barbarity inflicted on him by, his fellow-countrymen. It may be gathered from his obscure account of the disaster that the influential position of his assailants caused the matter to be "hushed up."

Be this as it may, Lithgow tells us that he "made two voyages to the Orcadian and Zetlandian Isles, in the stripling age of my adolescence, and thereafter surveyed all Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries, from end to end." He remained at Paris ten months, and then set out for Italy on the 7th of March, 1609. He was accompanied on his journey for about four leagues by his countrymen, "Young Aiton, young Hutonhall, and Monsieur Hay, Esquire, of his Majesty's (the French King's) body-guards, with divers other gentlemen," to whom, after "farewel on both sides," he "bequeathed his proceedings to God, his body to turmoiling pains, his hands to the burden, and his feet to the hard, bruising way." We find few allusions to the occurrences of his journey until he arrived at Rome, which he describes in considerable detail. Here, however, he soon found himself in danger, owing to his having incurred the suspicion of some Scottish Jesuits. He lay in concealment for three days in Lord Tyrone's palace, managing to escape "at the fourth midnight" by leaping the city walls. From Rome Lithgow proceeded to Naples, and thence to Loretto, near which latter place he overtook a coach containing two ladies and gentlemen, and he was pressed to accompany them, but declined, having strangely and strongly determined never to avail himself of any mode of conveyance other than his feet on his journeys by land. From Loretto he journeyed to Ancona, thence by sea to Venice, "where, after witnessing the horrid spectacle of a man burnt at the stake," he took shipping to the Grecian Islands. Here he experienced many and strange adventures and vicissitudes. On leaving one of the islands he was threatened with a heavy misfortune. The little merchant vessel in which he sailed was pursued by a Turkish galley, and the captain and crew of his little craft had determined to surrender rather than fight, being confident their friends would pay their ransom, and so relieve them. "But I, the wandering pilgrim, pondering, in my pensive breast, my solitary estate, the distance of my country and friends, could conceive no hope of deliverance." Being aroused by this fear, "he addressed the crew and passengers, and by his bold and inspiriting language encouraged them to a resistance, which, with the aid of a tempest, proved successful." In this encounter six of the crew were killed, and eleven wounded, Lithgow himself having been shot in the arm. His wound, however, was not serious, and was attended to by a Greek surgeon upon our hero's arrival in Zante. When he had proceeded as far as Argos, he says:—

> I had the ground to be a pillow, and the world's wide fields to be a chamber, the whirling, windy skies to be a roof to my winter-blasted lodging, and the humid vapours of cold Nocturna to accompany the unwished-for bed of my repose.

On his way to "Canea," in Crete, he was advised to put his money in exchange, and "had scarcely advanced twelve miles when he was beset on the skirt of a rocky mountain with three Greek murthering renegadoes and an Italian banditto, who, laying hands on him, beat him most cruelly, robbed him of all his clothes, stripped him naked, and threatened him with many grievous speeches." On their finding that he was the bearer of letters of recommendation from divers princes in Christendom, and especially the Doge of Venice, they restored his letters and "pilgrim's cloaths," but retained his blue gown and bagantines; at the same time giving him a stamped piece of clay to frank him through any of their companions whom he might afterwards encounter. On the same night, having come into an inhospitable village where he could neither obtain food, drink, or lodging, he was only saved from a fresh attack by "a secret sign from a compassionate woman," who induced him to fly to a cave by the sea, where he remained until morning with a "fearful heart, a crasèd body, a thirsty stomach, and a hungry belly."

After many eventful episodes and "hairbreadth 'scapes" Lithgow left Greece, and ultimately arrived in Constantinople, where another misfortune soon befell him.

> "For bidding farewell," as he says, "to the Turks, who had kindly used me three days, in our passage from the castles, the master of the boat saying, 'Adio, Christiano,' there were four French runnagates standing on the Key, who, hearing these words, fell desperately upon me, and, throwing me to the ground, beat me most cruelly; and if it had not been for my friendly Turks, who leaped out of their boat and relieved me, I had doubtless there perished."

After this dastardly attack Lithgow was entertained at the house of Sir Thomas Glover, the English Ambassador, with whom he remained three months, and who treated him with the utmost courtesy and generosity. Before he left Constantinople, Sir Thomas Glover was relieved of his office by Sir Paul Pindar, who was also very kind to our traveller; and Lithgow, having bidden them an affectionate farewell, sailed for the Holy Land, where his peregrinations were, if possible, still more eventful. Here, however, he was more fortunate in one respect, for having accompanied some Germans across the Desert to Cairo amid terrible sufferings, the Germans, six in number, eventually all succumbed, and left Lithgow, to whom they had become much attached, sole heir to all they possessed. The Venetian Consul laid claim to the property, but by the aid of the Pacha of Cairo he succeeded in retaining 942 zechins of gold, and many other valuables.

From Cairo Lithgow proceeded to Alexandria, passing on thence to Sicily, Italy, &c., by way of Malta, ultimately arriving in Paris, whence he had first set out, and "whence," as he says, "shortly thereafter visiting England's Court, I humbly presented to King James and Queen Anne, of ever-blessed memories, and to his present Majesty King Charles, certain rare gifts and notable relicks brought from Jordan and Jerusalem."

From this very meagre and imperfect outline of Lithgow's first tour—summarizing some 273 octavo pages of his *Travels*—the reader can form no adequate idea of the difficulties and dangers experienced by this eccentric but most extraordinary man. Dangers, difficulties, and hardships rendered all the more numerous and aggravated by his persistence in travelling on foot wherever practicable, and at a time when "manners were violent and rude, laws inefficient and insecure, and imminent danger attendant upon every step of even the best-appointed traveller."

Notwithstanding his repellent style of composition, the narrative of his travels bristles with incident, and teems with vivid descriptions of men and places. The individuality of the narrator is impressed upon every page; and however we may smile at his eccentricities, we cannot but admire his enthusiasm, his resolute determination, and his intrepidity. His zeal in doing good for others was almost Quixotic in its fervency, and we might easily cite instances of his having frequently endangered his own life in order to liberate a captive, to succour some oppressed brother, or to aid some fellow-creature in distress. His many and marvellous escapes appear to have been often the result of a conciliatory power which he seems to have possessed in no ordinary degree; and, indeed, it is extraordinary how, in almost every crisis of his misfortunes, the requisite help was forthcoming when he most required it. Upon our worthy's return to England in 1613 or 1614, he prepared the first part of his *Travels* for publication, and the work appeared in London during the latter year. This small quarto edition is very rare, and as Mr. Maidment has pointed out, "the only copy that has been traced is the one formerly in the library of the late George Chalmers (No. 695), which was purchased by Mr. Thorpe for the late William Henry Miller, of Craigintinney. In the sale catalogue the following note was appended to the entry:—'This edition is not mentioned by Lowndes. Ben Jonson assisted Lithgow with money for his travels; and S. Grahame, author of *The Anatomie of Humors*, prefixed verses to his book.'"

Within a year of Lithgow's return, and most probably in the early part of 1615, he started for London on a second tour; and leaving, as he says, "the court, country, and Dover," he coasted Calais, and so to Graveling, Dunkirk, and Ostend. He walked through the whole of the Nether-lands in two months, and, ascending to Cleve, came to Grave-Maurice's camp at Rhiese, as Spineola had taken Weisle. Here he had intercourse between the two armies for five weeks, "being kindly respected by both generals, and occupying Spineola's second tent for nine nights;" and here he associated with the Prince of Orange, the Marquis of Brandenburg, the Duke of Newenberg, Don Pietro di Toledo, "certain nobles and foreign ambassadors." Leaving these armies in company with David Bruce, a son of Lord Clackmannan's, they were soon robbed of their "cloaks and pocket-monies." Journeying on, however, through "Culloine," they ascended the Rhine until they reached Heidelberg, where Lithgow saluted the Princess Palatine, and presented her with some relics from Palestine. He then went on by himself to Nuremberg, and, on his return, rejoined his young friend, and set forward for Switzerland. When at Geneva he wrote the following alliterative distich :—

Glance, glorious Geneva, gospel-guiding gem :
Great God, govern good Geneva's ghostly gem.

Previous to his ending his journey through the greater part of Europe, during which he as usual met with many adventures, an incident occurred which shows that our hero was not over-scrupulous in availing himself of a "good find" when it presented itself; and, as he has with the utmost candour described this very questionable transaction, we need have no hesitation in quoting from his record, especially as his many good and noble actions far more than compensate for this solitary moral delinquency. Whilst traversing Sicily he determined to visit "Trapendie" [Trapani], seeking transportation for Africa, but could get none. He says :—

> Returning thence overthwart the island, I call to memory being lodged in the "Bourge of Saramutza" belonging to a young Baron ; and being bound

the way of Castello Franco, eight miles distant, and appertaining to another young noble, I rose, and marched by the break of day, where it was my luck, half way from either town, to find these beardless Barons lying dead, and new killed in the fields, and their horses standing tied to a bush beside them; whereat being greatly moved, I approached them, and perceiving the bodies to be richly clad with silken stuffs, easily conjectured what they might be, my host having told me the former night that these two Barons were at great discord about the love of a young noble woman; and so it was, for they had fought the combat for her sake, and for their own pride lay slain here. For as fire is to gunpowder, so is ambition to the heart of man, which, if it be but touched with self-love, mounteth aloft, and never bendeth downward till it be turned into ashes.

And here it proved for that lady's sake that *troppo amore* turned to *presto dolore*. Upon which sight, to speak the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found there two silken purses full loaden with Spanish pistoles, whereat my heart sprung for joy; and taking five rings off their fair hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground, half a mile beyond this place; and returning again, leaped to one of their horses, and came galloping back to Saramutza; where, calling up my host, I told him the accident, who, when he saw the horse, gave a shout for sorrow, and running to the castle, told the lady, the Baron's mother; where, in a moment, she, her children, and the whole town, run all with me to the place; some clad, some naked, some on foot, and some on horse; where, when come, grievous was it to behold their woeful and sad lamentations. I, thus seeing them all mad and distracted of their wits with sorrow, left them without good-night; and coming to my treasure made speedy way to Castello Franco, where bearing the like news brought them all to the same distraction and flight of feet.

Our hero *naïvely* adds:—

"Well, in the mutability of time there is ay some fortune falleth by accident, whether lawful or not I will not question. It was now mine that was last theirs; and to save the thing that was not lost I travelled that day thirty miles further to Terra Nova." The money in the purses consisted of three hundred and odd double pistoles, and the rings being set with diamonds, and valued at one hundred chezqueens of malth (8s. each), he despatched for less. "But the gold was my best second, which, like Homer's *Illiades* under Alexander's pillow, was my continual *vade mecum*."

Lithgow afterwards perambulated Barbary (where he was in September, 1615), Morocco, and most of the other African States; and thence proceeded to Malta, Italy, Austria, Poland, Prussia, and Denmark, from which latter place he took ship for England, and thus ended his second peregrination.

In 1616 the "second impression" of Lithgow's *Travels* was published, prefixed by a number of poetical commendations of the author. In 1618, Andro Hart, of Edinburgh, issued *The Pilgrimes Farewell to his Natiue Countrey of Scotland*, on the title-page of which Lithgow denominates himself as "The Bonaventure of Europe, Asia, and Africa, &c." To this effusion in verse we shall allude hereafter when referring to the poetic compositions of our author; but it is worthy of mention that the woodcut of Lithgow on the back of the title of this tract is the earliest portrait of him extant, and was evidently unknown to Granger.

In introducing his third and most eventful tour, our restless traveller says:—

> After I had by the great Providence of God, escaped infinite dangers by sea, suffering thrice shipwreck; by land, in woods, and on mountains often invaded; by ravenous beasts, crawling and venomous worms, daily encumbered; by home-bred robbers and remote savages five times stripped to the skin; excessive fatigue, unspeakable adversities, parching heat, scorching drought, intolerable distresses of hunger, imprisonments, and cold; yet all these almost incredible sufferings past, could never abate the flame of my austere affection conceived; but ambitious curiosity exposing me to a third voyage, I may say as Æneas did in his penitential mood—
>
> "O socii, (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
> O passi graviora: dabit Deus his quoque finem."

In entering upon these third adventures, and "having, from a royal favour, obtained his Majesty's letters, and seals of safe conduct, and royal recommendation to all kings, princes, dukes, &c.," he "bid farewell to this sequestrate and most auspicious monarchy," and, arriving in Dublin, August 22nd, 1619, visited Lord Grandison, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He remained in Ireland until the end of February, 1620, when he embarked at Youghall in "a little French pink" bound for St. Malo, in Bretagne, whence he set forward without delay to Paris. Thence he passed over the greater part of Spain and Portugal, and arrived at Malaga, where he was arrested by the governor as a spy. After lying forty-seven days in a frightful dungeon, under treatment which reduced him to a miserable state of debility, he was placed on the rack. The horrible cruelties attendant on this process are described by the poor sufferer most minutely, but the details are unfit for repetition. Suffice it to say, that the victim came out of the hands of his tormentors with his limbs fractured, their sinews burst asunder, the lids of his knees crushed, the flesh on many parts cut to the bone, and his whole body, in short (as he describes it), "broken, bloody, cold, and trembling."

In this condition, and loaded with irons, he was thrown in his damp dungeon. Finding that Lithgow would not confess, and could not be proved a spy, the Governor, upon the ground of some reflections in the traveller's papers, handed over the mangled victim to a new power—the Inquisition! Fresh tortures followed. Among other torments they forced great quantities of water down his throat, hung him up by the heels, and beat the fluid out of him! Lithgow maintained, through all, his firmness, and held fast by his faith. Relief came at length. In spite of the care taken to conceal it the English of Malaga heard of his situation, and forced him out of the Spaniards' hands. Being put on board a vessel Lithgow received every attention and was conveyed to England. This happened in 1621. The day after his arrival in Deptford he was carried to Theobald's, in Hertfordshire, "on a feather-bed, and brought to the privy gallery, for the King's coming from park."

> "Witness," he says, "all the Court of England, even from the King to the kitchen, what a martyred anatomy I was at their first sight of me, and what small hope was either expected of my life or recovery. Where, when immediately having made my most humble and grievous complaints unto his Sacred Majesty, his gracious consideration was such, for the recovery of my health, that I was sent twice to Bath at the charges of his royal love, during

the space of twenty-seven weeks ; where, by the divine providence and his princely clemency, I have recovered for the time in a large measure the health and strength of my body, although my left arm and crushed bones be incurable."

During the first week of his arrival in England, he was sent by the King to Don Diego Surmento Gondomar, the wily Spanish Ambassador, who undertook, before "the then Lord Marquisses Hamilton and Buckingham " (confirming his promise, the day following, to the King at Greenwich), to restore his " gold, eight patents, booke of armes, his Majesty's letters and seals," in addition to making him a recompense of £1,000 (£5,000). These promises were made June 6th, 1621, and were to be performed by the following Michaelmas. Gondomar evidently never had any intention of redeeming these promises, and shortly before his leaving England, he was upbraided by Lithgow in the presence chamber, and with scathing reproaches. From words they proceeded to blows, and Gondomar being afflicted with a fistula (and obliged to use a perforated chair, as shown in one of his prints), Lithgow playfully says that the ambassador " had his fistula contrabanded by a fist ! " For this " indiscretion " our traveller was committed as a prisoner to the Marshalsea for nine months, and bound over in a bond of £200 " for good behaviour and appearance before the Council when required, &c." In this bond Lithgow is termed " Generosum."

In 1623 he appears to have returned to Scotland, having been served heir to his father in this year, and in 1625 he published another poetic effusion, entitled " Scotland's Teares, in his Countreyes behalf." In the meantime he was occupied in arranging and collecting into one volume his three voyages, during which " his painfull feet have traced over, besides passages of seas and rivers, thirty-six thousand and odd miles, which draweth near to twice the circumference of the whole earth." However incredible this statement may seem, it should be borne in mind that Lithgow had been almost constantly travelling for a period of at least twenty years; and as he has given a minute record of his peregrinations, his assertion cannot reasonably be discredited.

All Lithgow's efforts for the recovery of his property seems to have been unsuccessful; even an appeal to the House of Lords in 1626 was in vain. In 1627 he journeyed through Scotland "prosecuting the tenor of a royal commissioner," and arrived at Arran in 1628, where for some time he remained the guest of "Lord James, Marquis of Hamilton, Earl of Arran, Cambridge, &c." Having completed his travels through North Britain, and "made an end of what business he had in these parts, he thought of returning to England, to give the Court there an account of his undertakings, which he soon put into execution:" and here we leave him until 1632, when the first collected edition of his *Travels* was given to the world as "The rare adventures and painful Peregrinations of long nineteen years Travayles from Scotland to the most famous kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa." Of this work there have been twelve editions, all of which are now very rare. The first reprint appeared in 1640; an edition was printed on London Bridge in 1682, another in Scotland in 1770, and the twelfth, not very accurate, was published at Leith in 1814. In 1633 appeared a very curious and interesting poem by Lithgow, entitled, "Scotland's Welcome to her Native Sonne and Soveraigne Lord King Charles," to which we shall allude hereafter. Lithgow's "inveterate and bitterly-expressed hatred of Popery naturally exposed him to the hostility of the Papists," so that his adventures were not likely to be very popular in Roman Catholic countries; but they attracted much notice in Protestant Holland, where "they were translated into Dutch, and published in Amsterdam by Jacob Benjamin, in the year 1652, in small quarto. The engraved frontispiece preceding the title is by Christian de Pas, and represents, it is presumed, Lithgow on horseback, receiving the stirrup-cup from one hand of a fair lady, and clasping the other in the act of bidding farewell, whilst Fame, flying above his head, is proclaiming his wonderful acts with the aid of no less than two trumpets, displaying at same time a scrolled banner, containing a map of his travels." This edition is of great rarity, and contains some admirable engravings, one of which consists of a striking representation of the torturing of Lithgow at Malaga.

That Lithgow was a most eccentric individual all must readily admit who have followed him through his adventures, and that the constitution of his mind was peculiar is evidenced in the whimsical character of his ideas, as well as in his bombastic and inflated mode of expression. One of his cherished notions consisted in his believing himself to be highly gifted as a poet; and his *Travels* overflow with high-sounding odes, and stilted rhymes upon manifold subjects; nay, more, he was actually the author of several pretentious tractates in verse, which have been recently collected in a volume,* and to which we shall presently have occasion to allude.

Purposing to visit Russia, Lithgow, as he tells us, left, on the 16th of May, 1637, "the truly noble and magnanimous Lord Alexander, Earle of Galloway," mounted upon a "Gallowedian nagge," and passing into Cumberland visited "Docter Potter, that Painfull Preacher and religious prelate the Lord Bishop of Carleisle." He next paid court to Dr. Morton, Lord Bishop of Durham, and, entering Yorkshire, "made homage unto Docter Niell, my singular good Lord and friend the Archbishop of York, where leaving his grace in the fulnesse of his deserved dignity I arrived in London, and so to Court." "Divers weeks being spent," he continues, "in beholding the changes and vicissitudes of time and fortune whereof I was both a testator and probator, I left the new-begun Progresse, and stepped down to Gravesend; where staying for my Russian voyage, and shipping fayling, the Summer being also gone I resolved to goe see Breda." Having returned, he published the results of his travels in a work the title of which was as follows:—"A True and Experimentall Discourse, upon the beginning, proceeding, and Victorious event of this last siege of Breda, with the Antiquity and Annexing of it to the House of Nassau, and the many alterations it hath suffered by Armes and Armies within these threescore yeares. Together with the prudent Plots, Projects, and Policies of Warre: The Assailants and Defendants matchlesse man-hood, in managing Martiall Affaires: The Misery and manner of Souldiers living, their pinching, want and fatall accidents: Strange Weapons and Instruments used by both parties in Seuerall Conflicts. Lastly, their Concluded Articles, with the Circumstances and ordering of the Siege and Victory. Being pleasant to peruse and profitable to observe. Written by him who was an Eyewitnesse of the siege—William Lithgow. London: Printed by J. Okes for J. Rothwel, and are to be Sold at his Shop in Paul's Church Yard at the Signe of the Sunne. 1637." His next production was a description in verse of "That lamentable and dreadfull disaster at Dunglasse. Anno 1640, the penult of August," and was occasioned by the sad accident that occurred in the blowing up of the Castle of Dunglasse by eighteen hundred-weight of powder. Only two or three copies of this tract are in existence.

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* *The Poetical Remains of William Lithgow*, edited by the late Mr. Maidment. Edinburgh: Stevenson, 1863.

To this succeeded in the same year a most voluminous but depressing effusion entitled: *The Gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow*, containing 456 six-line stanzas. This was dedicated to "The most noble and illustrious James, Earle of Montrose," and not more than six copies are supposed to exist. On the 24th August, 1643, our restless worthy embarked at Prestonpans for London, and in this year published "The Present Surveigh of London, and England's Estate; containing a Topographical Description of all the particular Forts, Redoubts, Breast-works, and Trenches, newly erected round about the Citie, on both sides of the River, with the several Fortifications thereof; and a perfect relation of some fatall Accidents, and other Disasters, which fell out in the City and Country, during the Author's abode there; Intermingled also with certaine severall Observations, worthy of Light and Memorie. By William Lithgow. London, Printed by J. O[kes], 1643." This amusing work is perhaps the best specimen of Lithgow's prose composition, not even excepting the "Siege of Breda," which almost equals it in point of merit.

Lithgow's last work was entitled "An Experimental and Exact Relation upon that famous and renowned Siege of Newcastle, the divers conflicts and occurrences fell out there during the time of ten weeks and odde days; and of that mightie and marveilous storming thereof, with power, policie, and prudent plots of warre: Together with a succinct Commentarie upon the battle of Bowden Hill, and that victorious battel of York, or Marston Moor, never to be forgotten. By him who was an Eye-witnesse to the Siege of Newcastle, William Lithgow. Edinburgh: Printed by Robert Bryson, 1645." Copies of this tract are in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, and in the Abbotsford Library; and it was from the latter that Mr. Brockett, of Newcastle, published his reprint in 1820.

When this pamphlet was published, Lithgow must have been almost seventy years of age; and it is only reasonable to suppose that at this time his natural activity had become weakened, and his wonted energy impaired. Indeed, when we think of his eventful life, the vicissitudes through which he passed, and the unexampled sufferings which he endured, it seems almost marvellous that he should have survived so long, and remained active and vigorous up to such an advanced age. The facts thus far are, however, indisputable; but from this period—1645—we find no further reliable record of our eccentric traveller. It has been stated that he survived the Restoration, but the evidence on which this statement is founded is anything but satisfactory, and arose from a "Parænesis" to Charles II. having been attributed to his authorship. There seems but little doubt, however, and from internal as well as external evidences, that the poem in question was really the production of another rhymester, by name William Douglas.

That he was mistaken in forming a high estimate of his poetic powers there can be no doubt, the euphuistic faults of his prose composition being equally discernible in his poetry; but it must be admitted that some of his rhymes are characterised by considerable power of imagination, and felicitous expression. His most pretentious effort, entitled *The Gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow*, is painfully prosaic and depressing, and on the whole must be regarded as his most unsatisfactory production; but in the *Pilgrimes Farewell* the author is undoubtedly seen at his best. Perhaps his most interesting effusion is his *Scotland's Welcome to her Native Sonne and Soveraigne Lord, King Charles*, in which, although deficient in either poetic vigour or beauty, he gives a valuable picture of the condition of Scotland in 1633; and "We cannot," as the editor of his poems says, "sufficiently esteem the manliness of a writer who, in those dangerous times, exposed the nakedness of the land, and the profligacy of its nobility, to the eye of its monarch. His description of Edinburgh is curious, and the peculiar habits and customs of its inmates are remarkably interesting, whilst his notice of the plaid and its uses is strange enough in all conscience."

The Elizabethan era is the grandest in our national history, abounding as it did with noble lives and glorious men ; and whilst there have been amongst them greater, nobler, and better, it contains the record of no more extraordinary man, or more eventful, interesting life, than that of William Lithgow, the eccentric Scottish traveller.

AUTUMN AND WINTER DAYS IN NORTH WALES.

BY ABEL HEYWOOD, JUN.

[Read December 6, 1880.]

A DRIZZLY, damp, depressing day in town ; but by we have read our newspapers, we are in a new country, with a new climate and conditions—bright, breezy, and beautiful. The days are short though, in November, and before there is time to look round, evening closes, the stars come out bright and twinkling—how different from the fuzzy nebulæ we see at home—and then the moon, only a day or two over the full, climbs over the top of the hill, and the landscape stands out again in cold, blue light, and dark, black shadow, while the river, looking as if it were bound for the moon, gleams and sparkles like a stream of quicksilver.

Not far from the hill top, where the moon came into sight, comes next morning a bright dazzling sun, in a sky cloudless but for the early cumuli, whose rosy hue warned us of his coming before the luminary himself appeared. Then, after our breakfast, in the little country inn, from whose garden we have watched these phenomena, we are ready for the ramble which is the object of our visit. When we enter the garden again, the morning mists, which were clinging to the hill sides, have disappeared, and the bright sun is lighting up the steep hill side. What a glorious array of colour! The gentle green bosom of the hill, here covered by the dark-hued heather, there gleaming with russet red, where the bracken grows thick, and again broken into patches of brilliant yellow by the still full-leafed birch trees. Beyond are the feathery larches, yellow also, but of a lighter hue than the birch, and to relieve the eye from the glitter of these dazzling tints, a patch of dark pine comes, completing one of the most gorgeous mixtures the eye could rest upon.

We had not expected to come across a land where the trees were still in leaf. At home they have been naked for a month, or near it, and we thought all the world was like *us*. What a delightful disappointment! The great ash trees at the back of our inn are still clothed in summer green, though every blast brings down some of the great leaf-stalks, leaving those blunted and upturned fingers in which all the branches of the ash terminate in winter. This tree is the last to show its leaves, and it is fitting that it should be among the last to lose them.

The other tree with which the popular adage associates the ash,—the oak, also has all its leaves, but they are not green. Their tints are more varied than any others, a single leaf rejoicing in the whole range of autumnal colours. Very different are the beeches, not only the whole leaf, but the whole of the foliage of which, is of one colour. There is, however, the widest difference in individuals, one tree is light yellow, another a deep copper colour, and another has a rich golden hue.

Opposite the front door of the inn rises a little wood, where beech, birch, oak, and larch mingle their hues in delightful harmony. Not a tree is bare, but the earth is yellow with the fallen, and an almost perpetual shower adds every moment to the golden carpet. Down the road, where the beech trees meet in a leafy arch, the sun shines through the thinning branches, and shows the ground as brilliant as the boughs above. The road is dry and hard, and the little puddles are frozen stiff. The north wind blows cold as we leave the house, but the sun and the exercise of walking soon make us warm enough.

Now we pass a cottage with the bright nasturtiums in full flower, covering the house side, and a row of peas there is still bearing flowers and young pods. In the wood opposite, the large fronds of the male fern are as green and as upright as ever, but the small and more delicate ferns are gone. Just one poplar towers up as high again as its neighbours ; it still wears a green crown, but the rest of the leaves have gone with the winds.

In the hedgerows the thorns bear dark, glossy leaves, and here and there is a yellow-leaved rosebush covered with vermilion fruit. The meadow campion looks as fresh as ever, the common cranesbill is blooming everywhere, thick clusters of milfoil rise from the ditch, the scabious is lingering here and there, and the little yellow hawksweed is present in every hedgerow. In a sheltered nook or two, a foxglove towers up unscathed, and there is even a stray wild-strawberry. Almost as showy as the rose fruit, and much more numerous, are the blackberries, now ripe, in this late year, to the point of falling. The hazel bushes are scant of leaves and fruit too, for the village children have been here before us ; the few nuts remaining have not had sun enough to brown them, and are still whity-green, though the shells are hard and brittle, and the kernels firm.

Now we cross a meadow to the river side, treading buttercups and daisies under foot, and in the river we see the trout are rising. All these glorious objects, and in November !

On the morning after our arrival there was considerable stir in the river, not among the fish which were concerned at the arrival of two or three Manchester anglers, but among some of the men and women who live near the water. It has been said that the weather was cold; but notwithstanding that, or perhaps it might be on that very account, a young lady walked into the middle of the stream to be baptized, while all the country side looked on. The reverend pastor, wise in his generation, was clad in waterproofs, he had no doubt passed through the ordeal long ago; but Jenny Jones had to have a fair duck under before the ceremony in which she was the chief actress was concluded.

Once more, in those coldest days of that cold January of 1880, we travelled down to Carrog. A weary time in mid-winter is that spent in a third-class Great Western carriage, on a by-line. Those hard boards and open-backed narrow compartments want all the aid that thick clothes and rugs supply, but as we leave the train for the third and last time we find something to be thankful for, we are under a clear sky, brilliant with a thousand twinkling stars. Mr. Jones' hospitable hearth is not far off, and there, before we have our luggage out, is Mr. Jones himself, come to show us over the hundred yards that divide us from our home. "It iss colt inteet, sir," says Mr. Jones, "I hope you will take no harm whatever, sir. The other gentlemans was here this morning, sir, and Mrs. Jones is waiting to bring the tea in. Yes, sir, Got bless us."

How cold it feels as we leave the station and cross the road. And there is the river, flowing black through its snowy banks, and the farm lads shouting and tumbling on the slide that is on the frozen marge of the river itself. There is no doubt about it being cold here. "I shall go and join those lads for a minute, Mr. Jones, while the tea's coming in." "Yes, inteed, sir, but mind you don't tumble;

the slide is very slippy, sir." And in a few minutes I am ready to go into the house, with the warm blood tingling in my veins.

What a contrast does the landscape present, as we emerge from the house in the morning, to the so well-remembered one of the autumn. Silence, only broken by the cold ripple of the river, is the first thing to strike us. It is a white world around us, and though the air is crisp and clear, the winter mists restrict our view, and make our prospect of naked branches smaller than that of November.

We must climb Moel Ferna to-day; we shall find nothing better to keep us warm than that. Up we go through the beautiful dingle, even now beautiful, though the trees are bare, and the birds and insects are absent. But the brook makes its music, though even that is half silenced by the ice king, for over nearly the whole stream is an icy bridge, not a sheet of ice, with the water flowing beneath, but an arched cavern, through which the waters flow. This curious phenomenon, which is to be seen on other streams as well as that in the dingle, appears to have been formed in this way: First, the margin of the stream has frozen, and the spray and vapour freezing as it formed, has fallen on the ice. This has heaped up and up, until the two sides have come together and a natural arch of snowy-looking ice, composed of a mass of tiny, glittering spiculæ, is the result. Often this has fallen in, leaving a black gap, as though some traveller had tried to cross the icy bridge and gone through. As we get higher, we find the little feeders of the stream, frozen stiff down to the very bottom, and not a drop of water running; and by-and-by the main stream itself is a lump of ice, but we can hear the water rolling below. In some places this ice is two or even three feet thick, formed in layers of about a quarter of an inch in thickness, placed in regular steps one on the other. Above the dingle we lose the stream, and taking no care to pick our road, we go straight up, over places usually swamps, but now frozen into sheets of ice, with the brown rushes striking through ; up, and up, and up, the sprinkle of snow lying thicker as we ascend. The gentle ascent above the dingle, is passed, and we arrive at the final cone, which is covered by the thickest of heather, fully knee deep. On this the snow lies heavy, and our boots and trousers, though the snow is crisp and hard enough, soon become damp and then wet; but we reach the top at last, and embrace the post which crowns the cairn that marks the summit of the Berwyns. Only a few yards from the highest point is a pond covered with black, smooth ice, on which we make an up and a down slide, and the active exercise of keeping the pot a-boiling soon makes us warm enough to commence our descent in comfort. It is not often that you have a fine view from a hill-top. Certainly, wehad not on this occasion ; and beyond the dim appearance of hill succeeding hill on every hand, we gained nothing by our elevated outlook. We come down by a fresh route, making a considerable circuit, but everywhere the streams are frozen, and often arched even with snowy ice.

In the valley, the Dee flows in its accustomed variety of pool and stream, but every stone that shows itself above the water is surrounded by a platform of ice, and the margins of the stream are all frozen ; so far, in such places as a slack occurs, that it is strong enough to bear our weight some distance from the shore, though to test its bearing capacity is sometimes not particularly safe. Away up the river we find the large tributary, the Alwyn, completely frozen over for half a mile or so, and a dozen men skating there.

As we return to our quarters, we find that we have learned something, viz., that summer is not the only time to find the country beautiful. Is it ever otherwise? True, it is now sad and silent.

> The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
> They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,

but it is so beautiful that it seems a sin that men should be wearing out their bitter lives amid soul-depressing streets of filthy houses, when all these glories are within easy reach.

By half-past four or so it is dark, and with a long evening before us, we take our seats in the chimney-corner to discuss the things that never come about, and the sport that never arrives.

How many tales of sheep and dogs, and adventures on these hills, can the farmer not tell us. It is a good many years since the wolf disappeared from them, but there are wild beasts about sometimes, scarcely less destructive than wolves. Occasionally our host has had to take his nightly turn, lying in wait for a sheep-killing dog, which, behaving like an honest animal during the day, goes on a murdering prowl at night. On one of these occasions old Jones watched night by night for a week, until daylight. He had with him a faithful dog which took much interest in the proceedings, and was as anxious as good dogs are to discover the culprit. But no marauder ever turned up, and still every morning when the farm people came down, there, not far from the house, lay a sheep, whose blood had been lapped by the mysterious animal. The secret came out at last. One of the girls, coming out of the house soon after the return of the hill watchers, saw the faithful dog that had accompanied them, sneak out of the house, and set off at full speed to the nearest sheep, which he chased, pulled down, and killed. Villany is not confined to men, and when the rope was put round that dog's neck he knew as well as any human culprit, that he deserved his fate. So thought the farmer at least.

Not only tales by the Welsh, but stories *of* the Welsh, which the farmer enjoyed as much as anyone, were told round that winter fire ; but these were not worthy of publication here, as the following shall testify :—

"Did you ever hear of John Jones of Wrexham ? No, never ? Well, you shall hear of him at last. John Jones of Wrexham was a dyer, and a well-known character all round the country—a little, stiff, hairy-faced, shock-headed chap. One day, a Wrexham man, as Wrexham men will, went down to the sea for an out. There had been stormy weather about, and a wreck had taken place, and spars and wreckage were being occasionally washed ashore. No human lives had been lost; but a large ourang-outang, which was on board the unfortunate vessel, the lifeboat men had not thought fit to save ; the poor beast was drowned, and while our friends were on the shore the carcase was washed up. Seeing it to be something in human form they ran up to it, when one of the men was much affected. 'Do you know him, Mr. Edwarts ?' 'Yes, inteet, poor man,' replied the first ; 'it is John Jones of Wrexham, I do know him by his plue finger-nails.'"

"Nay, nay, don't tell such a story as that about a Welshman. I'll tell you one that *is* true," spoke the man in the corner, "for it happened to myself. I turned out of the Berwyn Arms one Sunday morning, and overtook a native whose acquaintance I had made some time before. 'Good-morning, Mr. Evans,' I said, 'are you going to church ?' 'Yes, inteet, Mr. Watkins ; I go to the Church of England now, sir.' 'Oh, do you ? I thought you were a Wesleyan.' 'Yes, Mr. Watkins, I *did* go to the Wes-lions, but I go to the Church of England now, sir, and I get my boy educated at the Wrex-ham Grammar School, and all for nothing, sir. I think you ought to support that religion that does most for you, sir ; don't you, Mr. Watkins ?'"

"Yes, that's more like a Welshman," said the V. P., removing a long churchwarden from his lips. "It's not unlike that story about the grouse eggs, that Deacon tells." "Why, what's that ?" "Well, he once wanted to get a grouse egg for one of his lads, who was making a collection, so he asked John Griffiths, the keeper, if he could get him one. 'Yes, inteet, Mr. Deacon, if you will come with me on to the mountain you shall get as many as you like, sir.' So the two went together over the moors ; putting up many a hen bird, but finding no eggs. At last, after a long, long walk, they found a nest with seven eggs in. 'Now, Mr. Deacon,' said Griffiths, 'I told you we should find some eggs,' and Deacon proceeded to take one of them. 'Oh, take them all, Mr. Deacon,' said Griffiths, disgusted at our friend's temperance, 'inteet, you shall take them all, sir.' But Deacon wanted one only, and so took one ; and as they walked away, he said to the keeper : 'I say, Griffiths, your master must have an awful lot of land ; how far does it extend ?' 'Ah, inteet, sir,' was the reply, 'we have left my master's land nine miles behind.'"

THE RELATION OF ARCHÆOLOGY TO ART.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

[An Address delivered at a joint meeting of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts and the Manchester Literary Club, March 8th, 1881.]

IN Ghirlandajo's famous picture of the "Birth of the Virgin" the painter has represented one of the Florentine beauties of the fifteenth century who, clad in the rich costume of the period, is stepping forward as though on a visit of congratulation to the Jewish mother. In speaking of this and similar anomalies Mrs. Jameson has evolved an ingenious but insufficient defence.

> The idea of crowding these sacred and mystical subjects with portraits of real persons, and representations of familiar objects, may seem, on first view, shocking to the taste, ridiculous anachronisms, and destructive of all solemnity and unity of feeling. Such, however, is not the case, but the reverse. In the first place, the sacred and ideal personages are never portraits from nature, and are very loftily conceived to belong to all time, and to have no especial locality; and they have so much dignity in their aspects, the costumes are so picturesque, and the grouping is so fine and imaginative, that only the coldest and most pedantic critic could wish them absent.

This is probably as good an excuse as could be made for a practice essentially vicious. The inartistic quality of the dress of men of the nineteenth century will probably be a sufficient safeguard against the introduction of modern costumes into the historical paintings of to-day. The mural decorations in the Manchester Town Hall are not likely to include a procession even of blue-gowned councillors assisting at the "Expulsion of the Danes" from the city. But is it to be seriously supposed that only a "cold and pedantic critic" would object to the figure of a Lancashire witch, her native beauty set off by an undeniably picturesque costume, being introduced as a spectator of the "Building of the Roman Fort of Mancunium?" The fact is that accuracy of detail in costume and accessories and truthfulness of local colour was not felt as an artistic necessity. The old artist could fully appreciate the permanent element in the story he endeavoured to transfer to canvas or to stone. Of the poet and the historian he might have said, "He was not for an age, but for all time." The artist, then, translated the past into the present, and the personages of history and of mythology were so vividly real to him that he thought of them as fellow citizens of his own good town, whether that town were in Germany or in Italy. No rule is without exception, but from the new birth of pictorial art in Europe to the middle of the last century every school affords proof that historical accuracy was not deemed essential or important. Art was independent of archæology.

Archæology is the science of the past, and aims at reconstructing the life and thoughts of bygone centuries. Archæology is modern, because it is the scientific expression of a sense of historical consciousness that has only fully developed within the last hundred years. The disregard of local and historical accuracy was habitual. When Benozzo Gozzoli was engaged in painting the "Building of the Tower of Babel," he unhesitatingly introduced into the composition portraits of the great Cosmo de' Medici and others of his contemporaries, all in the habit of their time; and when he painted the story of Joseph, the long perspective of Italian architecture ends in the Cathedral of Pisa. Late in the fourteenth century we find a mediæval artist giving his idea of the hierarchy of the angels. The celestial dominations are represented as kings, and the principalities as mailed warriors, the only indication of supernatural character being their outspread wings. Lucas Cranach, in drawing the "Martyrdom of St. Matthew," shows us the towers of a German town in the distance, and a small crowd of Teutonic burghers occupies the foreground. The executioner wears a slashed doublet, and the instrument of death is that which was known as the maiden in Scotland and the Halifax gibbet in England. In Guercino's "Death of Dido" the costume of the queen and her attendants is as far from the classical as possible, and amongst the male spectators is a portrait of the artist in a rich dress of the seventeenth century.

From these ludicrous instances we may see that the most obvious function of archæology in relation to art is that of enabling the artist to give us the very form and pressure of the hour and the man he is celebrating. Archæology seeks for truth in art, and protests alike against modern accessories ignorantly placed amidst the scenes of ancient days, and against the pedantry of classical tradition preserved amidst the incongruous scenes of modern times. English sculptors in the last century insisted upon representing the warriors and statesmen of England in the garb of ancient Rome. Roubiliac broke this rule, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," yet it survived his days, and led to the anachronisms in stone which crowd St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Witness the dreadful allegories perpetrated by Thomas Banks to the memory of Burgess and Westcott, two gallant English sailors, who are represented lying in a semi-nude state, whilst a portly and well-draped Victory approaches and crowns them with laurel. The incongruities of this composition are sufficient to make it ridiculous. The English sailor is not always particular as to dress, but surely no one ever dreams of him fighting amidst showers of shot and shell, in a dress composed of a scarf and a pair of sandals. Yet Banks, the author of this pretentious failure, achieved a noble success when he trusted to nature. He is the artist of that pathetic monument in Ashbourne Church to the memory of the infant daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby. Who does not remember this image of suffering innocence? The child lies as though she had just fallen asleep after feverish tossings to and fro; the anodyne of slumber has not yet smoothed all away the air of pain, but the little fevered hands are at rest, and by a transition so gentle as to be imperceptible Sleep has given place to his brother Death, who has come, not

> . . . pale as yonder waning moon,
> With lips of lurid blue;

but

> . . . rosy as the morn
> When throned on ocean's wave
> It blushes o'er the world.

This sculpture of Banks may remind the historical critic of a still earlier artist who has immortalized a mother's sorrow. Amongst the hundreds of monuments with which the venerable Abbey of Westminster is crowded there are few which touch the sympathies more deeply than the Cradle Tomb, at the east end of the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. It is a monument to the memory of an infant child of James I., and represents a babe asleep in its quaint hooded cradle; the armorial decorations of the coverlet marking the royal estate of the unconscious sleeper. At the head of the cradle is this inscription: Sophia, Rosvla Regia, præpropero fato decerptæ, et Jacobo Magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ regi, Annæque Reginæ, parentibus erepta, vt in Christi Rosario Reflorescat, hic sita est. Junii xxiii., Regni, R.I. IIII. MDCVI.

It is the old woe, the cry of Rachel mourning for her children. How many sorrowing hearts have sought for consolation in the thought that the rosebud over whose broken stem they mourn blossoms fairer and brighter in the child garden of another world. It is a touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Banks, in his pseudo-classical absurdities, merely followed the foolish fashion of his time. When Nollekins was engaged upon the bust of Dr. Johnson, he took great liberties with the aspect of the Colossus of literature, whose bald cranium was surmounted by a wig, which offended the artist's conventional rules. He suggested that natural hair should be substituted in the "animated stone," as this would make Johnson more like an ancient philosopher! The Doctor exhausted the subject, so far as argument is concerned, by saying "A man, sir, should be portrayed as he appears in company." But as reason does not convince the conventional, the artist persisted, and an Irish beggar, with flowing locks, was called in as a model, and soon the world was the richer by a mongrel portrait representing in unequal proportions the author of Rasselas, and an Hibernian mendicant. Bacon's statues of Johnson and Howard are in the same taste, and are said to have led to an amusing mistake on the part of a visitor from another country to St. Paul's Cathedral. They are arrayed in sham classical drapery; the lexicographer grasps a roll—perhaps "copy" for the printers of the dictionary—and the prison reformer holds a key in his hand. The intelligent foreigner saw at a glance from their costume that they were not Englishmen, and naturally concluded that they were those two twin stars of the infant Church, St. Peter and St. Paul!

This classical idea dominated monumental work whether of canvas or stone. When Benjamin West painted the "Death of Wolfe," he had the good sense to portray the soldiers in the uniform of King George and the Indians in their war paint. The critical world was at once in arms. The king, who had been the constant friend and patron of the artist, refused to buy a picture in which the conventional canons of art were thus set at defiance. The Archbishop of York, a still older patron, to whose help West owed much of his worldly success, begged him to avoid such revolutionary notions. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a friendly spirit, urged him not to set the public taste at defiance. West had a simple and straightforward answer to all this. The Greeks and Romans knew nothing of America, and their costumes, however picturesque, was not the dress of the New World. A painter should paint truth and not fiction. Reynolds was convinced, and prophesied that the picture would occasion a revolution in art.

If the true archæological spirit had done nothing more than relieve art from these chains of ignorance and convention it would have been a mighty service. There is a wide tract of art in which the archæologist can be of no service to the painter or the sculptor. When, however, the artist leaves the ground of imitative art and essays a nobler flight, when he would place before us those memorable deeds that have transformed the destinies of nations, when he would illumine the present by imagery of the pathos, the heroism and the endeavour of the past, then he must seek the aid of the archæologist. The most heroic and spiritual Joan of Arc that artist ever drew would be laughed at in the present day if represented as wearing the cap of the vivandière or the head-dress of a British drummer boy.*

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* Planché tells two anecdotes which are apropos to this subject :—

Sir David Wilkie did the writer of these lines the honour of consulting him respecting the elaborate picture of "John Knox Preaching the Reformation."

Archæology is the science or knowledge of the past, but the past is that of man alone. There is an archæology of nature, but it has another name, and so far the feet of the artists have not wandered far into its tangled mazes. Even when thus restricted, the field it opens to the view is one of prodigious extent. Whatever can be learned of the

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He was desirous, he said, of being very correct in the costume he had introduced, and requested a candid opinion upon it, the picture being then finished, and ready for removal to the Royal Academy for the purpose of exhibition. On its being pointed out to him that he had introduced in the gallery of the church military personages wearing the barred helmets of the time of Charles I. in the reign of Mary Stuart, he replied that his reason for so doing was that these persons were to be supposed as having visited the church with a desire to be unknown ; and yet he had actually selected—more in the spirit of an Irishman than of a Scotchman—the open headpiece of the 17th century, through the bars of which the face was distinctly visible, in preference to the helmet of the 16th, the closed vizor of which would have defied scrutiny! The glaring absurdity of this anachronism was, notwithstanding, allowed by the great painter to remain, and to be disseminated by the burin of the engraver, although it might have been remedied in half-an-hour with as much advantage to the effect of the picture as to its historical accuracy.

This anecdote "reminds us," as an inveterate story-teller would say, of one more creditable to the taste and intelligence of another royal academician, Mr. A. Cooper's "Battle of Bosworth," by permission of the Earl of Durham, the walls of the gallery of modern artists in this exhibition (No. 195). While at work upon it the painter consulted Sir Samuel Meyrick, as to how King Richard III.'s horse should be caparisoned. "In silk housings, embroidered with the royal arms," was the answer, "covering the steed from his ears to his hoofs!" "Oh!" exclaimed the mortified artist, "that will never do for me, my principal object is to paint White Surrey, and if I cover him from head to foot, as you describe, I may as well not paint him at all." "But," rejoined the antiquary, "you tell me the moment you have chosen is that in which Richard made his last desperate charge, and slew Sir John Cheney, Richmond's standard bearer. Now, as this was at the close of the battle, the caparisons of the horse would probably by that time have been cut and torn to shreds, and the colour and anatomy of the horse in that case might be rendered sufficiently visible for your purpose." The true artist jumped at the suggestion. Look, reader, at the result: the silken housings rent to ribbons, streaming in the wind, add action to the horse, tell a terrible tale of the fury of the fight, and completely satisfy the archæologist, while they display the peculiar genius of the painter, and give additional effect to the picture.—(Handbooks to the Art Treasures Exhibition. The armoury by J. R. Planché. London, 1857, p. 60.)

past life of the human race—their religions, laws, literature, arts, and customs—belongs to the domain of archæology. Thus it fairly includes even such independent studies as philology and history. Sometimes it is used in a more popular sense as a synonym for the antiquities of a particular place or people. The modern archæologist is the antiquary "writ large;" but the tendency of the present time is to value specimens of antiquities not as curiosities but as documents helping us to recall the fashions and thoughts of our dead ancestors. The archæologist is now animated by a more scientific spirit, and his efforts are made in more varied directions. Whilst he takes note of the pyramids of Egypt and the temples of Mexico he does not disdain the peasant's homely songs nor the traditional stories with which the nurse lulls her babes to sleep. The vast field of archæological research opening out to the student of folk-lore can have only the most incidental relation to art, and may therefore be passed over in silence. The connection between art and bibliography may be regarded as somewhat closer. Still stronger is the tie between art and palæography. It is not intended to be argued that a knowledge of diplomatics is an essential of artistic education, but any one who will examine the magnificent work of M. J. B. Silvestre on Universal Palæography will see how closely related the two have been in the past. In passing we may recall the fact that the written languages of the world, the ideographs of China, the syllabaries of Assyria, and the alphabet which from Phœnicia has spread over the civilized world, all owe their origin to the exercise of man's capacity for pictorial design.

The closest connection between art and archæology is in that wide and varied field dealing with the monuments, whether mighty or minute, which attest the existence of former ages. There is the architecture of the past, including alike the rude form of Stonehenge and the classic beauty of the Parthenon. The mines worked and abandoned before we were a nation, the forts and roads which mark the progress of victorious conquerors, the remains of engineering skill which dwarf our modern endeavours, the weapons of war, the implements of peace, the dress, the sculpture, the painting, the numismatics of past ages, all bring material to the science of archæology.

We have seen at how recent a period the artist began to think it necessary to acquire the learning of the archæologist. The study of archæology was centuries old before historical impossibilities in pictorial art offended the critical taste. With the burst of splendour that accompanied the new dawn of literature in Europe, when "Learning triumphed o'er her barbarous foes," the investigation of classical antiquity became a favourite object of study. That enthusiasm with which men applied themselves to the investigation of the literature and art of Greece and Rome is not yet exhausted, though it may not be so strong now as when the philosophers and poets of classical antiquity shook off their monkish cerements and re-formed the world. Raffaele, although he placed Italian towers on the shores of the lake of Gennesaret, had something of the archæological spirit, and took an active interest in the excavation of the Eternal City, so that it was said of him that he had discovered a new Rome. In the last century Herculaneum and Pompeii were brought to light after an entombment of eighteen centuries. The grave yielded up some of her secrets, and showed us not only Pompeii with its love of art and pleasure and splendour, but the same gay city in its last agony when the angry heavens rained down the liquid fire that overwhelmed it. The very site was forgotten, but the patient archæologist unearthed it, literally as well as metaphorically. He drew from the oven the loaves that had been baking for eighteen hundred years. He found that nameless hero who preferred death to the abandonment of duty, the sentry who refused to leave his post, who was entombed by the volcanic downfall, and remained through all those generations of darkness the dead guardian of a dead and buried city.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth century some archæologists escaped the prevailing spell of classical study, and devoted themselves to the elucidation of the life and thought of the middle ages. In our own country, Dugdale and Camden have never wanted for zealous disciples. The artist who seeks to illustrate the verses of him who sang the *Canterbury Tales* may find abundant help from the archæologist, for by the labour of many generations the varied aspects of the life of middle ages is now known to us with a completeness we could hardly have hoped for, and we can see again its coarseness, its quaintness, its arrogant ambition, its piety, self-sacrificing even when most mistaken, its struggles for liberty, and all the lights and shadows of its many coloured existence.

The present century has witnessed an increasing zeal in archæological study. The mysterious hieroglyphics of Egypt have yielded the secret they guarded for ages. Temple and tomb alike gave up their spoil. We know the fairy tale that Moses may have listened to when a babe. The archæologist speaks and, " as at the touch of an enchanter's wand," we see the stately palaces of that ancient empire as they flourished in the dim morning land of history.

Not only Egypt but Assyria has come forth from the sleep of ages. We know not only the wars and treaties of the kings, but the daily life of the people stand revealed. In those buried cities how many gorgeous " chambers of imagery" there are to waken alike the enthusiasm of the artist and of the archæologist.

In the Indian empire the archæological interest, awakened towards the end of the last century, has never since been dormant. We are slowly garnering a rich harvest that may hereafter greatly modify some of our artistic traditions. The rock-cut temples of India, the stupendous memorials of the faith of Sakyamuni, with their exuberant wealth of artistic ornamentation, open out a new and entrancing volume on the history of art of which we have yet scarcely turned a page.

The archæologist is not bounded by the broad seas which separate the new from the old world. For three centuries America has been known to Europeans, but it is only in the present age that any serious attempt has been made to investigate its antiquities. The stately monuments of Mexico and Yucatan point to a civilization and art once full of life and vigour, and still awful in decay. The relics of the aborigines of North America, though scantier, are full of interest. From these we know that the mound builders possessed no small amount of artistic taste and skill. This shows the great antiquity of art. The old world curiously confirms the new in this respect, for the Cave men of Europe have left behind them convincing proofs of skill in that department of art which Landseer has made his own.

We have thus seen that archæology aids art by enabling the artist to attain reasonable certitude in his historical studies. We have also seen how grand and diversified are the fields in which it invites him to labour. Wordsworth says:

> While poring antiquarians search the ground
> Upturned with curious pains, the bard, a seer,
> Takes fire—the men that have been reappear;
> Romans for travel girt, for business gowned;
> And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
> In festal glee.

The artist, also, is a seer, and the archæologist can feed his faculty divine. He can conjure up the men that have been and the glories of the empires that have past away, and bring before the mind's eye the kings and priests of Egypt and Assyria, the artists who gave beauty and the philosophers who gave wisdom to Greece, the soldiers and sages who built up the mighty empire of Rome, the turbulent chieftains, the peaceful burghers, the proud prelates of mediæval Europe, the mighty warriors and mightier saints of Hindostan, and the dim figures of those who in the New World reared a great civilization in ages beyond human ken. To such themes does archæology invite her artistic students. Archæology aims at truth, and strives to know the message of the past, and to teach its lesson to the present. The archæologist is like Shelley's Alastor, for—

His wandering step,
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old;
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than men, where marble demons watch
The zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute wall around.
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth through the long burning day;
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades,
Suspended he the task—but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

BYROM'S "CHRISTMAS HYMNS."

BY JOHN EVANS.

[Read January 17, 1881.]

IN Harrop's *Manchester Mercury* of December 19th, 1752, appeared two poetical effusions, entitled, "Hymns for Christmas Day." The name of the author is not given, but there can be little doubt that they were the productions of one pen, and that this was their first publication, although they may, perhaps, have been previously printed for private circulation. The first, "Christians, awake," has secured, though in a mutilated form (as will be shown hereafter), undying fame. The second, "God who at sundry times, in divers ways," though by no means sharing the popularity of its companion, is undoubtedly the production of John Byrom. Singular to say, it is omitted altogether both from the first edition of his "Miscellaneous Poems," published by Harrop, of Manchester, in 1773, and from the subsequent edition, printed and published by James Nichols, of Leeds, in 1814. Chalmers's *English Poets* (published in 1810), though containing most, if not all, of Byrom's effusions, merely gives the two Christmas pieces "Christians, awake," and "On this auspicious, memorable morn," which appear in the collections already mentioned, but the poem under notice is again overlooked. Further, it may be remarked that it seems to have escaped the attention of Lord Selborne, the Rev. Josiah Miller, the Rev. L. C. Biggs, and most of our leading English hymnologists, and is notably absent from all the hymn books, which have come under my notice, in use among either Churchmen or Dissenters. As not even a solitary volume of her distinguished ancestor's poems is to be found in the Byrom library, presented by Miss Atherton to Chetham's College, it is scarcely necessary to say that no copy of this Christmas Hymn is to be found in that collection. Strange as this last-named fact may appear, it becomes less strange than another fact, for which I have the highest authority, that at the time the *Byrom Remains* were in the course of publication, there was a sufficient number of Byrom's productions in MS. at Kersal Cell to have made up an interesting supplementary volume, but Miss Atherton sternly prohibited any use being made of them. This note has been prepared mainly to call attention to this comparatively unknown poem by our eminent townsman, and to the disfigurements and abridgments which his "Christians, awake" has undergone.

I take the last-named exactly as it was first published to the world in the *Mercury* of 1752; pointing out the alterations and curtailments in the present accepted version of the hymn, as they present themselves :—

Christians, awake, salute the happy Morn
Whereon the Saviour of *the World* was born.

In the present version "the world" is replaced by "mankind."

Rise to adore the mystery of Love
Which Hosts of Angels chanted from above.
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son :
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,

"joyful" has now replaced "watchful."

Who heard th' Angelic Herald's voice, "Behold !"
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations of the earth :
This day hath God fulfilled his promised Word ;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

The following four lines in the original have entirely disappeared from most of the modern editions of the hymn :

In David's city, shepherds ye shall find
The long-fortold Redeemer of mankind :
Wrapt up in swaddling cloaths the Babe divine
Lies in a manger ; this shall be your sign.

The next eight lines—with the exception of the substitution of "he speaks" for "he spake," "unto men good will" for "and mutual good will," and "wonders" for "wonder"—remain intact :—

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire ;
The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rung :
God's highest glory was their Anthem still,
"Peace upon earth and mutual good will."
To Bethelem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran
To see the Wonder God had wrought for man.

Again, in the modern editions, the following four lines are omitted from the original :—

And found with *Joseph* and the blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a Manger laid,
While Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart,
The Heavenly Vision which the swains impart.

In the two following lines "they to their flocks" is replaced by "*then* to their flocks"—the original being :

They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

The next couplet is omitted :

Let us like those good shepherds then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy.

Following these lines, we have appended in the 1773 edition of the Poems the lines:

Amaz'd the wond'rous story they proclaim;
The first Apostles of his Infant Fame:

We may regard these as really added by Byrom himself to the original in the *Mercury*. But our modern hymnologists give the lines thus:

To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's fame.

The first line of the next couplet—

Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind—

is now rendered:

Oh, may we keep and ponder in our mind.

The next couplet is likewise omitted:

Artless and watchful as these favour'd swains,
While Virgin meekness in the heart remains.

The concluding ten lines in the hymn are now rendered, with one or two exceptions, as in the original:

Trace we the Babe, who has retriev'd our Loss,
From His poor Manger to his bitter Cross,
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

The last stanza is often omitted from our collections, notably, and, I think, most inexcusably, by an adopted Manchester hymnologist, the late Rev. E. D. Jackson, in his collection published in 1841—

Then may we hope th' Angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song.

In some editions the last line is rendered "a glad and joyful song;" in others, "a glad triumphant song."

He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Sav'd by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of Angels and of Angel-men the King.

In modern editions, "Sav'd by His grace" is used, and the last line—

Of Angels, and of Angel-men the King,

is now rendered in one instance—

Eternal praise to God our heavenly King ;

and in another—

Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

It seems an unpardonable offence that Byrom's magnificent Christmas Hymn—which has now become, with its well-known tune of "Stockport," almost national, and promises to endure for "all time"—should be handed down to posterity with the mutilations and abridgments which I have notified. In some country districts of Lancashire, especially among the children, the hymn is still sung as it originally appeared in the Manchester edition of 1773.

A word may be fittingly introduced concerning the tune and its composer, John Wainwright. "Stockport," as the tune was originally called, has also been subsequently named "Yorkshire" and "Doncaster." Mr. B. St. J. B. Joule, undoubtedly the most competent living authority on the subject, informs me that it first appeared in a collection having the following title:—"A Collection of Psalm Tunes, Hymns, and Chants, for one, two, three, and four voices. Composed by Mr. John Wainwright, Organist of the Collegiate Church, Manchester. London: Printed for the author, and sold by him. Mr. Cahusac, opposite St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, and at all the Music Shops and Booksellers in the country." The tune subsequently appeared in the first volume of the Rev. Ralph Harrison's "Sacred Harmony," in company with "Preston," "Yarmouth," "Chinley," "Pembroke," "Reading," "Shrewsbury," "Lincoln," "Hull," "Sheffield," "Dorset," "Effingham," and other tunes by the same good old composer, which will exist wherever and whenever English psalms and hymns are sung. Mr. Joule believes that Harrison, whose "Sacred Harmony" was in use for many years at the Collegiate Church, was the first to give the tune the appropriate name of "Stockport," not only in honour of the birthplace of its composer, but also in commemoration of the fact that he composed it during the period he was organist of the old parish church of that town. Mr. Joule has, likewise, called my attention to another feature in the tune which I believe is not generally known, viz., that in its original setting it is, strictly speaking, neither a psalm tune nor a chorale, the last line only being written in four parts and all the rest in two.

The composer was a member of a musical family, all natives of Stockport. He is stated to have lived in the Parsonage, Manchester, in 1757, and to have been elected organist and singing man at the Collegiate Church, May 12th, 1767, but died within eight months of his appointment in January, 1768. His three sons, Robert, Richard, and William, were all men of high musical celebrity, particularly Robert, subsequently Dr. Wainwright, to whom has been frequently attributed the composition of the tune "Stockport," a mistake which is perpetuated even in the most recently issued editions of *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* Robert succeeded his father in the Collegiate Church on the 18th February, 1768, and remained in that position until 1774, when he was appointed by the Town Council of Liverpool as organist of St. Peter's Church, now the pro-cathedral of Liverpool. Here he remained until his death, which took place at the early age of thirty-four, on the 15th July, 1782. The second son, Richard, was originally organist of St. Anne's Church, Manchester. He succeeded his brother at the Collegiate Church, and, upon his brother's death, in 1782, again became his successor at St. Peter's, Liverpool. Another son, William, was a celebrated double-bass player in his day, and was partner in the business of music dealer with Mr. William Sudlow, father of the organist of that name, the successor of Mr. Griffith Cheese and predecessor of Mr. Harris at the Collegiate Church.

The following is the second "Christmas Hymn," written by Byrom, which appeared in the *Mercury* of 1752, and, as far as my researches have gone, seems to have escaped the attention of all our hymnologists. In the publication of Wainwright's already mentioned there is a tune composed to the words which, like the original form of "Stockport," is neither, properly speaking, psalm tune nor chorale, the last line, again, only being written in four parts and all the rest in two. Mr. Joule writes me :—"I have the original publication of Wainwright's. As Harrison does not seem to include in his collection the tune to the words, 'God, who at sundry times,' and as I have not met with it elsewhere, I presume it remains nameless, for Wainwright did not assign a name to any of his tunes."

I.

God, who at sundry times, in divers Ways,
Spake by his Prophets, in the ancient Days,
When Years their due predicted Course had run,
Spake to Mankind by his beloved Son ;
Of Things in Heav'n, in Earth, th' appointed Heir ;
Whom all the Worlds, by him produc'd, revere.

II.

In his Divine Humanity was seen,
Paternal Glory through its filial Skreen ;
That Word within his sacred Person dwell'd,
That Pow'r, by which all Nature is upheld :
In him the too bright Majesty above,
Shon forth, attemper'd by incarnate Love.

III.

To him our utmost Praises all belong,
His Birth the Subject of our annual Song ;

With Voice of Joy and Gladness, let us pay
The Year's collected Tribute to the Day:
Let ev'ry Hour's Remembrance now unite,
To hail, in Concert, its returning Light.

IV.

Think what a radiant Heav'nly Light thereon,
At first, upon the watching Shepherds shon;
What Glory of the Lord spread round about,
What Hosts of Angels, with a joyful Shout,
Proclaim'd the Christ, the Lord, the Saviour's Birth,
Glory to God, and Peace to Men on Earth.

V.

Let every Good, that Providence imparts,
Speak their Angelic Message to our Hearts;
Let us look up, whatever Ills befal,
To him who bore, and sanctified them all;
Daign'd to be born, to suffer, and to die;
To gain, for us, the glorious Life on high.

VI.

Happy the Soul, that in this lower Life,
By Faith and Love, maintains the Christian Strife;
Taught by his Word, supported by his Pow'r,
Fulfills the Duties of the present Hour;
And aims at nothing, here, but to encrease,
Of God and Man, the Glory and the Peace.

Another Christmas Hymn, "Mortals, awake, with angels join," was written, not long after the appearance of Byrom's "Christians, awake!" by one who, if not of Lancashire birth, was for many years identified with the leading spirits of Lancashire Nonconformity—the Rev. Samuel Medley, pastor for some thirty years of Byrom Street Baptist Chapel, Liverpool. Mr. Medley, who was born at Cheshunt, Herts, June 23rd, 1738, was the author of several fugitive pieces, which were subsequently collected and published, in 1800, with his *Memoirs*. The following hymn, however, does not appear in the collection in question, and is only to be found in the Baptist Hymn Book, and in Collections used in some of the Presbyterian

Churches in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the United States:—

Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

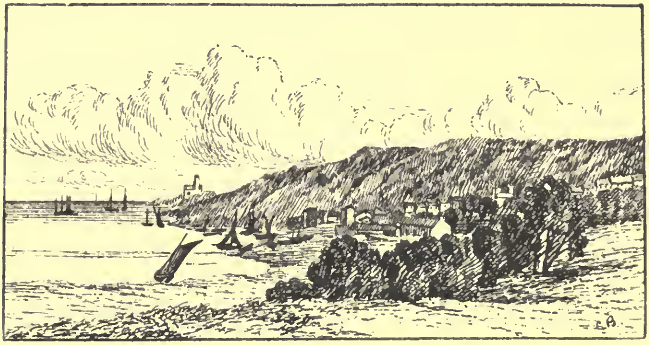
In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Goodwill and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious angel throng.

O! for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Goodwill and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."



THE MUMBLES.

Drawn by C. BLACKLOCK.

AUTUMN DAYS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

[Read February 14, 1881.]

ERASMUS, our friend and companion in many wanderings, had put his finger upon the map of Wales at a point marked Tenby, and had said that some day thither we must go. That being so, we knew that the chances were that sooner or later such a day would dawn, which in due time it accordingly did. Sometimes here, as in that Transatlantic country, "we have a season the calmest and most delightful of all the year, which we call the Indian summer." Such seasons often come suddenly and unexpectedly after storms, and for such a time we longed. There have been floods of great waters, but it is a bright clear morning in October when at the Victoria station, with mutual good wishes, we part from friends in this Club, who are going to disport themselves in the happy hunting grounds about Clitheroe. As we take our places in the train for the longer journey, and look upon that open sesame in the shape of a railway ticket marked Tenby, we send our imagination forward to an unexplored paradise where at night we shall rest our weary limbs at length as on beds of asphodel. Erasmus suggests that we shall also send a telegram forward to herald our approach, so that there shall be no mistake at the inn, but this we defer for a time. If the experienced railway traveller should ask why we take the long route by the Great Western, we need only say that the company offers us just the special inducement we desire. The holiday is to be a brief one, lasting only eight days, and is to be somewhat of a swallow's flight in its glancing swiftness. Our route, passing as it does through Shropshire and Herefordshire, takes us across the track of many a former holiday, and wakes up many old and pleasant memories. As we rattle along at express speed, between Chester and Shrewsbury, our eye falls upon the name of Whittington on a little roadside station. It is not of the renowned Lord Mayor that we are reminded, though the village is in some dim way associated with him; but of a day when we walked from the miniature lake country, round Ellesmere, whither we had been attracted by the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, to Llanrhaiadr, far up in the mountain land of Wales. We remember walking along a road where the snow was lying in drifts along one side, while violets, primroses, and nodding daffodils were gaily sunning themselves on the other. It was like walking between winter and spring. We halted at this picturesque village of Whittington, and then crossing the road here passed on through Oswestry and a land of summer heat, where we faced the unshaded glare of the westering sun until it had set, and still walked on after the night had come down, and to the sound of streams and by the light of stars made our way to our resting place among the mountains and the snow.

We always like to halt at Shrewsbury when we have a chance, though on this occasion it is only to dine. There is a fine old flavour about the place, with its varied historical associations and its lingering ancientry. We like to look upon the famous old Grammar School, and rest for a while in the beautiful church of St. Mary; we like to explore the streets, with their quaintly gabled black and white houses, to walk along the grand Quarry-walk between the magnificent limes, and to loiter amid the charming river scenery by Severn side. Then, when we have left Shrewsbury, there is Church Stretton, lying away there across the meadows on the right among the belts of fir plantations below the green-folded hills that rise in turfy undulations to the Long Mynd and the high moorlands, from which you can see far and wide over many counties. The line of the village street is distinguishable among the trees by the square tower of the church and the clustered roofs, over which the smoke rises slowly like a pale blue mist. It is one of the sweetest and quietest resting places we know. Across the valley to the left is the hill known as Caer Caradoc, with the remains of a British fort on its summit, where Caractacus made his last stand against the Romans. You reach it by that deep-grooved sandy lane, possibly following the track made by the ancient Britons to their stronghold. We once had a pleasant time sauntering about Church Stretton and these breezy hills. At the inn where we stayed Charles and Henry Kingsley had also been, and in conversation regarding them we discovered that if a man is not usually a hero to his valet, neither sometimes is so distinguished an author as Chas. Kingsley to the hostess of his inn. Henry was declared to have been the more agreeable man; but that novel of his called *Stretton* was described as but a poor affair. Further on we pass Ludlow, where we once lounged for a week end, and on a sunny summer day got the keys of the castle and wandered about that fine old ruin at our own sweet will, seeing among other notable things the remains of the banqueting chamber where John Milton's *Masque of Comus* was first performed, and the chamber where Samuel Butler wrote part of *Hudibras*. The castle stands at an angle of the town, and stands up boldly upon a high rock above a swan-haunted stream, and from its lofty towers you can look far away over the Welsh Marches. Then we slip along through an orchard and hop-growing country to Hereford, memorable to us in many journeys along the upper and lower Wye, and especially memorable to Erasmus for a night spent at an inn next to an ancient church, whose chimes of linked sweetness long drawn out kept him wakeful through long hours, and led him in the morning to say some bitter things about bells. But here at Hereford we are forcibly reminded that—

> The best laid plans of mice and men
> Gang aft agley.

We have to change carriages, and in that movement a change comes o'er the spirit of our Tenby dream, and renders the projected telegram useless. It is clear that someone has blundered, for the guard of the train which takes us forward declares that there is no chance of reaching Tenby to-night, or indeed until Monday. It is a rude awakening, provoking some rude remarks anent railways and their officials. We need not repeat what is said, or describe the efforts made to solve the problem contained in the question, " If we are not going to Tenby, where are we going ? " The guard in his van turns that subject over in his mind, and comes to us when there is a chance, with suggestions and words of comfort. Finally, we decide to take his advice and go with him to Swansea, and stay the week end at the Mumbles. He seems to have an instinctive knowledge of our tastes and desires, for he expresses regret that the coming darkness will shut out from our view some grand mountain scenery through which we have to pass. We have for fellow-passengers a quiet Welsh dissenting minister and a grimy-looking, iron-stained individual also, who is reading a society journal, and whom we suppose to be engaged on the railway, and to be returning home from his week's labour. He and the minister seem to be known to each other. It turns out presently that these two have been companions on a longer journey than ours. They have travelled from somewhere out west in America, have had a stormy voyage across the Atlantic, and are nearing their several destinations. The minister is returning from the search for health to his flock and home, and the grimy worker in iron is making a sentimental journey to the friends and scenes of his youth. He has worked on this railway years ago, and can tell us a good deal about it and the scenes through which we are passing. They are an oddly-assorted couple, contrasting strongly in garb and speech ; but it is pleasant to note the mutual respect they have for each other, and the sense of humour displayed by the grimy one at the odd companionship. On we go, past pleasant Abergavenny, until the daylight is all gone, and lurid furnace fires gleam out as we enter the iron country. These furnace lights sometimes flash up from behind the mountains throwing out their rugged lines in black relief, the gloom and glare suggesting glimpses of an Inferno even to our grimy friend, though that is not the word by which he describes it. We question him upon the daylight aspect of one of these valleys. A one-horse, one-legged place, he says, with wheels and rubbish, and general ugliness. On we rattle over the gloomy chasm spanned by the Crumlin Viaduct, where the multitudinous lights deep down below twinkle like fire-flies, and presently with " Good-bye, Davis," " Good-bye, Griffiths," the minister drops off at a junction, and the grimy one is left. As we approach Aberdare, he stands up in the carriage, and looks earnestly out of the window. No one is expecting him, he says, but he will surprise them soon. " There it is," he exclaims, "just as when I left it ; not a bit different." He is hardly able to tell in this uncertain light whether Aberdare is changed or not ; but his heart seems to go out to it, and it is a joy to him to find the town standing where it did. We bid him a cordial good-bye, and hope he will receive the welcome he looks for.

A broad gas-lighted street of shops and houses, with whitened fronts and flagstaffs projecting from them like barbers' poles, a street so filled with a noisy Saturday-night crowd that we find it best to walk in the roadway up and down which the tram-cars glide, an odour in the air that is not savoury, and a sense of being in a seaport, make up the impressions left upon us of Swansea. The last train and the last tram-car have left, so there is nothing for it but to hire a cab, and in this unsentimental fashion make our way along five miles of the margin of Swansea Bay to the Mumbles. In the doubtful light the road, the trees, the sandhills, and the shore all wear a dusty white appearance ; presently we pass between whitened houses and pull up opposite a whitened garden wall and read the name of "The Mermaid" on a lamp over a gateway festooned with trailing greenery. We scarcely know why, but this inn, with its many staircases and passages, its quaint bow-window in the bar filled with warm light and its French windows opening from the sitting-rooms to the little garden space fronting the road filled with shrubs and ferns and rock-work, makes us think persistently of Dickens. There are strains of music and other festive signs about, and we find that a baronet who is staying here has been giving some sports and prizes to the fishing lads, and is now giving them and the lasses a dance in an upper chamber. Looking in there we see rather a novel sight. The dancing has ceased and the fiddles are at rest, and by the light of a lamp the baronet is playing an accompaniment on the piano for a young girl who is singing a sweet but plaintive song with the refrain, "Far away, far away," which is joined in by the fisher lads and lasses who are grouped about the room. Sir Robert, as they call him, is evidently popular, for at a later hour there is a good deal of singing and hurraing in honour of him outside the inn.

We go to rest with a sense of disappointment that we are not at Tenby, and with a very vague notion of the sort of place to which the fates have willed that we should come. On the morrow, however, we find that we are at the extremity of a sharp curve of Swansea Bay, under a precipitous headland that terminates in three great masses of rock which project themselves seaward with a lighthouse on the farthest point. Our inn is close upon the shore, and in front a fleet of eighty or more oyster smacks are tossing at anchor upon a turbulent tide, for it is blowing a gale and the wind, the sailors say, is on a lee shore. Behind the inn there is a steep slope of sheep-clipped down with the limestone cropping out of it. Beyond the inn, looking towards Swansea, the ground slopes more gently and is covered with gardens and white houses, and there is a church with a square tower and beyond that the ruins of a Norman castle. If we knew anything of geology we might say something about this wonderful rock wall, which forms the headland known as the Mumbles. Nowhere have we seen limestone, red sandstone, and what appear to be igneous rocks jumbled together in such wild confusion. We climb to the down above to taste the delight of wrestling with the mighty wind that is sweeping over it with almost hurricane strength, and before which it is scarcely possible to stand upright. We can see the vast sweep of the bay outlined with faint blue uplands and fringed at the water's edge with the white foam of the breakers. Copper-smelting, iron-working Swansea is in sight, toned down by distance to a hazy group of chimneys and a haunting cloud. Erasmus looks reflectively in that direction for a while, and then we hear him say, as to himself, " And the smoke of their torment goeth up for ever and ever." We find that in some great convulsion of nature the headland has been rent in twain, and a deep, yawning chasm or ravine has been formed in the red sandstone. We creep down out of the wind among the scattered masses of rock that have fallen into the gulf. There is a narrow opening seaward, and through it we get, as in a framed picture, a view of a strip of the shore and sea and the distant coast. It is a wild-looking place that gives one a sense of the possibility of these red walls snapping to again and burying one out of sight. Erasmus starts out on his own account to explore some of the most difficult parts, and goes crawling away beyond sight or sound of our hallooing, but presently turns up again streaked with red, having had to come sliding down a great slope of rock much quicker than he went up· Then we go blackberrying among the brambles on the cliff, and while this is going on Erasmus must needs remind us of some lines of Mrs. Browning's, to the effect that—

All earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.
The rest sit round and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware,
More and more from their first similitude.

In such pleasant loitering fashion we ramble on behind the lighthouse point and Mumbles Head to the steep gorse-clad margin of Bracelet bay, and lie down in a sheltered nook and smoke our pipes, and feast our eyes " upon the wideness of the sea." Then we return to our inn to eat oysters, as is most fitting in a place known also as Oystermouth ; and later visit the castle, and loaf about the shore, and dine at an hour when we ought to have been in church, and so the day ends.

Erasmus, and that gentle child of nature who made the third of our party, would fain have gone out yesterday in one of those oyster smacks, if anyone would have ventured to take them to sea in such a storm ; and now, though the waves are still high, they propose that we shall charter one of the said smacks, and make for Tenby, instead of going there by rail. After some discussion, the adventurous ones have their way. Most of the boats have hoisted sail, and are off oyster dredging, but a few remain. A skipper is found willing to undertake the task ; and after much going to and fro about the beach, and consultation with our ancient mariner, the needful preparations are declared complete. Two other mariners have been found to man the craft, provisions have been laid in in the shape of some hard ship biscuits, another traveller has been added to the number of voyagers, and finally we and our luggage are put into a frail looking little boat and launched through the breakers. At once we ship a heavy sea, and find ourselves sitting with our feet deep in salt water. The luggage has come to grief, and has to be hoisted above high-water mark. Someone suggests that we may have to swim, which is pleasant to the only man of the party who can't. Eventually we make our vessel and scramble over the side, and with many a " Ho! ho! Ha! ha! Yeave ho!" the anchor is weighed, the brown sails hoisted and filled to the breeze, and we are tacking about in the bay. It is a rough kind of craft, with very low bulwarks, and deck strewn with chains, ropes, spars, and dredging materials. The luggage is stowed in the hold, and we lie about where we can, shifting constantly as the navigation of the vessel requires, but generally finding ourselves on the side which is drenched with the waves. We are a long time in the bay, and seem to make no headway. Whereupon we venture to ask the skipper when we shall clear the point. " Presently," he says, " but there is a nasty jump to be made," which means we are going to run with a race of the tide through a narrow gut and over a reef, which at low water connects the lighthouse rock with the mainland. We are beginning to sympathize with Gonzalo, in the *Tempest*, when he says: "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death." However, we hold our breath and say no more until the jump has been made and we are out in the open. If we were a little more comfortable in this rude craft, and among these troubled waters, perhaps we might feel some of the sentiment which clings around a fishing boat, and lends to it an idealistic charm. Perhaps we might speculate upon what is meant by the "singing in the sails which is not of the breeze," or feel the delight of a wind that "sweeps a music out of sheet and shroud." Perhaps we realize most that our boat's effort is "to war with that living fury of waters, to bare its breast moment after moment against the unwearied enmity of ocean, the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves provoking each other on endlessly, all the infinite march of the Atlantic rolling on behind them to their help, and still to strike them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam and win its way against them, and keep its charge of life from them." On we go keeping sight of the shore, past Oxwich bay and Port Eyuon bay, all the land seeming asleep as we sail by. It is a fine coast, with long spaces of level sand, and pleasant uplands, with grand rock scenery, as at Port Eyuon point, round which we come in sight of the wonderful mass of piled-up crags called Worms Head, whither come many artists, as the man at the helm tells us. As the afternoon wears on we enter Carmarthen bay, and begin to look out ahead for our destination, for the truth is the voyage is getting just a trifle monotonous. We

TENBY HARBOUR.

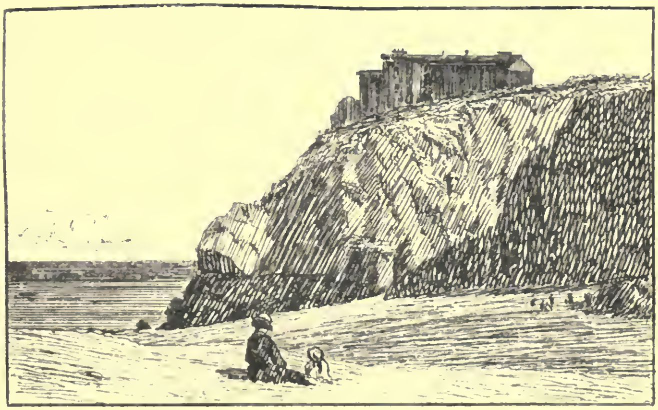
Drawn by C. Blacklock, from Sketch by J. H. E. Partington.

have talked with the captain, and have learnt something about oyster dredging and the story of his life. We are tired of studying wave forms, and watching sea birds ; we have munched dry biscuits and smoked pipes, and, with thanks, declined the hot fluid called tea, which the skipper has kindly made down in his den in the hold ; we have even tried to sing a sea song to keep our spirits up and amuse Erasmus, who is now lying quietly asleep on the ropes and chains. Some lines by Arthur Clough have been running in our head, and we keep crooning—

> Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far ahead is all her seamen know;
> And where the land she travels from? away,
> Far, far behind is all that they can say.

Would the skipper understand that other meaning which lies beneath the words if we were to repeat them to him? Instead we ask him where Tenby lies. He points out the place just visible, sixteen miles away. Before these are past the shore grows dim, the daylight fades, lights gleam from the rocks, and it is night when we enter Tenby harbour and find the tide too low to land at the quay. There is a ground swell on, and our boat being without ballast, and anchored broadside to the waves, heels over from side to side in a manner which makes it necessary to hold on by ropes and stays to avoid being dropped overboard. There is a good deal of shouting through the darkness for a boat to take us ashore; at length two youths come to our rescue, and skilfully pull us through the shallows to the harbour steps. They have just towed in a derelict boat with an oar in it and bits of tree branches for rowlocks. It is a relic of the storm, and possibly, if it could speak, might have some sad story of shipwreck to tell.

Tenby consists of a rocky promontory between two bays. On the seaward point there is a great crag, honeycombed with wonderful sea caves; a zigzag staircase is cut in the rock, and on its summit is a fort. This is St. Catherine's. Farther away to the right is Caldey Island. The bays have beautiful reaches of the smoothest sand, and the seawall consists of precipitous cavernous rocks. The houses are terraced or clustered picturesquely upon the promontory, and the limit of the old town is marked by a grey moss-grown wall, with the remains of towered gateways. Our hotel is the Royal Gatehouse, occupying, we imagine, the site of one of the gates, and placed on the highest point of the High Street. As we sit at meals we can look down over trees and rocks to the sail-dotted bay and harbour, and in clear weather sixteen miles away to Worms Head. We find that we are here out of season, the fashionable crowd has fled, and the town, as far as they are concerned, is as a banquet hall deserted. Yet it could hardly look more beautiful at any time than in the early morning when we stroll down to the quay to chat with the skipper and his men who have slept on board their boat and are talking of going round to Stackpole to dredge for oysters if the sea will calm itself a little. We have the castle hill with its gravelled walks and smooth-shaven grass, the shore, and the caves pretty nearly all to ourselves. The town lies behind us clearly defined in the bright sunlight against a sky of sapphire. Along the sandy shore, on rock and island and crested wave, there are wonderful delicate tints of colour that only an artist could describe. We loiter about the beach, lie down on the sand hills, and "watch the crisping ripples on the beach and tender curving lines of creamy spray," climb up and down rock stairways, lounge about the streets, and see the picturesquely attired shrimp woman of Mr. Frith's picture which we saw at the Royal Institution before we came away. In the main street we notice an inscription in black and red letters to the effect that in



ST. CATHERINE'S, TENBY.

Drawn by C. Blacklock, from Sketch by J. H. E. Partington.

these cellars the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., was hid after the battle of Tewkesbury, and along with this information there is an invitation to try the splendid ales stored in the said cellars. We go along the coast towards Saundersfoot over furze-clad combs that give us glimpses of blue water between their green folds, reminding us of Devonshire, through deep sandy lanes with high hedges and filled with ferns, to a glen that runs down to the sea between dripping barnacled rock walls, and then like children we pick shells and beautiful pebbles on a shore where the waves have left them in myriads. Then we go to our inn and dine, and after that, though the moon and stars are shining brightly over castle and cliff and bay, of all unlikely things amid so much beauty, we go to see the play. Behind our hotel and connected with it is a little theatre, where they promise us the *Corsican Brothers*, as played at the Lyceum, London, and also a musical extravaganza called *Little Amy Robsart.* The tragedy, Erasmus says, is a very abbreviated edition, and rather fails in its effects upon us in spite of some most vigorous fencing and the praiseworthy efforts of the company generally. The extravaganza is better; it is full of fun and go, and there is a wonderful villain who brings down the house with a song, the burden of which is, "I shall never be happy again." In the intervals between the acts we are held in conversation by a gentleman next us, who looks like a backwoodsman, and wears a Tam-o'-Shanter bonnet, who talks transcendentalism, has much to say about Gœthe and Schiller, and has a supreme desire to see Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* put upon the stage.

Few of our holidays are regarded as complete unless they include a pilgrimage to a cathedral, so next day Erasmus says we must go to St. Davids. So we take train and run along the coast, through a pleasantly varied county not very richly pastoral, and with just a suggestion of former wildness about it. We haven't time to see Manorbier Castle, or the ruins of Lamphey Palace, or even to halt at Pembroke just now, but run down to the dockyard among soldiers and sailors, and the busy stir of ship-building. Waiting upon the Admiralty Pier for the steam ferry to take us across to Neyland, we watch the building of the new ironclad *Ajax*—

> Wonderful for form and strength,
> Sublime in its enormous bulk,
> Looms aloft the shadowy hulk,
> And around it columns of smoke upwreathing
> Rise from the boiling, bubbling, seething
> Caldron that glows
> And overflows
> With the black tar heated for the sheathing.

We cannot go further with Longfellow's lines in "The Building of the Ship," and say—

> That amid the clamours
> Of clanking hammers
> He who listens hears now and then
> The song of the master and his men—
> "Build me a ship, O worthy master,
> Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel
> That shall laugh at all disaster,
> And with wave and whirlwind wrestle."

From Neyland we run up to Haverfordwest, a fine old town, picturesquely built on a hill-side, with a river running below, and the inevitable castle rearing its grey walls above the house roofs. We find that the whole district bristles with Norman castles ; we cannot move far without running against one. What strikes us, too, is the English character of these towns. We are in Wales, but we hear no Welsh spoken, justifying the old description of the country as Little England beyond Wales. Haverfordwest is *en fête*, if the visitation of a bishop can be so described. The streets and the inns are thronged with clergy. Robed figures with varied ecclesiastical head-gear flit about the streets. One reverend gentleman asks another, as they pass hurriedly by, where he is going to take his tipple, and recommends some particular inn. There is a dark crowd of them gathered in the square before the Castle Hotel waiting for luncheon, suggesting to one irreverent mind the idea of a flock of ravens waiting for their food. We think of Anthony Trollope and *Barchester Towers*, and would like to tarry among the crowd and note its different types; but we are hurrying from inn to inn to find a coach for St. Davids, which is not to be found. There is a tall, contemplative police-constable standing in the main street, and with him we take counsel. St. Davids, he says, is sixteen miles away, and to reach it we must go over seventeen hills. A weary and undesirable road for walking, as it seems to him. Nevertheless, after luncheon at the Salutation, we gird up our loins, and start out. We pass from the fertile lowlands and fields, with the smoke of autumn fires in them, to a sterner and barer landscape, with a brown October look about it, dotted over with farmhouses and cottages with whitened walls and roofs, and bounded in the distance by a vague mountain line. Before the day is gone we pass Roch Castle, a solitary Norman tower on a rock, and get sight of St. Bride's Bay. Presently, we descend to the shore, and see in the uncertain light a great black mass of rocks, and hear

> The plunging seas draw backward from the land.

Then we rise again inland, and plod on doggedly and almost silently. We think of our old friend Epicurus, now far off on an Australian shore, him we used to call the modern Falstaff, who, on journeys that proved wearisome, used to growl at Erasmus, and say that to mark out two distant points on a map, and say you would traverse that space, was blind folly when you didn't know what sort of country lay between. At a point of the road where the darkness seems impenetrable, and we are in doubt whether we haven't taken a wrong turning, we suddenly descend into a deep hollow between hills and see a group of white houses and the outline of a creek and boats, and hear the sound of falling water.

It is pretty little Solva, next to Clovelly the most charming place of its kind we have seen. The door of an inn stands invitingly open, the light of it streaming out into the dark. We are soon seated among other guests gathered about the cheerful fire in the clean spacious kitchen. As we smoke our pipes and discuss the refreshment that has been placed before us, we cannot help thinking that if an artist were here he could scarcely resist the temptation to sketch not so much the room with its neat and orderly furniture and flowering plants in the window spaces, or the guests assembled, as the handsome-featured, placid, clear-complexioned face of that quiet, dignified-looking matron who having ministered to our wants has resumed her knitting and the conversation which our entrance has interrupted. We have never seen so striking a figure in the guise of hostess of a secluded village inn. After resting awhile, we pass out from Solva into the high country, and on between monotonous mud and stone fences until we see the great sails of a windmill outlined against the sky, and shortly after reach St. Davids and our inn.

When we rise in the morning and go out to explore this strange old city by the sea it seems to us that the sharp sea wind and the cold grey sky are in keeping with the time and scene. We are in a wild remote country on a rocky headland against which the great Atlantic waves break with all their fury, with a tract of sad, dull, melancholy fields stretching out behind. The houses, few in number, are of stone, whitened often over walls and roofs, and with bits of straggling garden greenery within whitened stone fences. Where the broad streets intersect each other is an open space and the remains of an ancient cross. Passing beyond this and through a ruined gateway we come to a rugged grey hollow of the land where stands the time-stained, weather-beaten old cathedral. A little stream winds through the hollow, and across it are the ivied ruins of Bishop Gower's palace, and on the slopes about are some clergy houses and groups of shattered trees that strain drearily from the sea. It has a strange, stern, enduring look this wild cathedral close, its limits marked out by remnants of walls and towers reared for its defence. One cannot help contrasting it with some other cathedral closes with their tall elms and cawing rooks and peaceful spaces of smooth grass. This ancient grey building, with its great square pinnacled tower in the centre, held together with bands of iron, is one of the oldest buildings of its kind in Britain. Workmen are restoring it, but there are still parts of it unroofed where the grass blooms on the pavement and the sea wind chaunts among the ruined arches. Its foundations were laid in a far off time, possibly when Arthur and his knights were striving to "put down the heathen and uphold the Christ;" for St. David is said to have removed here from Caerlon early in the sixth century.

Saxon and Norman in turn have come down upon it and pillaged it, pilgrimages have been made to it, and kings have knelt at its shrine and brought offerings to it, and it stands here yet, though shorn of a great deal of its old splendour, which, despite the money that is being lavished on it, can never be completely restored. The charm of the middle ages, however, still lingers about it, or we should not be here. Perhaps with more sentiment and curiosity than devotion we enter the old walls, and see what is left and what is being done to arrest the decay that was fast going on. Among the old stones we may trace all styles of architecture from the Saxon onwards; but our knowledge in this direction is technically hazy, so we listen to our guide, and rely most for our pleasure upon the outward expression of art rather than its historical development, and upon an imaginative association with the departed centuries and that long procession of kings, warriors, priests, and humble men, who have knelt here and fought, and worked, and prayed, and gone their way one by one into the silent land. Leaving the cathedral, we wander about the ruins of Bishop Gower's palace, and then take a postchaise from our inn and drive back to Haverfordwest. Solva, with its creek and boats, and houses clustered in the hollow of the close-folding hills, loses none of its charms in the daylight; and, as we drive along within sight of St. Bride's Bay, we note that there is much to remind us of the Devonshire combs, with the sea spaces visible between. As we drive into Haverfordwest, our old friend the policeman is standing in the same contemplative attitude in the same place as when we left.

Having rested for the night at the Salutation, if we are asked whither we are bound next, our answer must be that of Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, "To Milford Haven." We wonder if Shakspere was ever in Wales; we have always supposed that he had no actual experience of mountains, that "no mountain passions were to be allowed to him, that he had to be left with his king cups and clover pansies—the passing clouds—the Avon's flow, and the undulating hills and woods of Warwick." *Cymbeline* has the air of the mountains about it, whether Shakspere had any actual knowledge of them or not. Perhaps Milford Haven existed only for him as an unvisited place, and he may himself have asked with Imogen—

Say how far it is
To this same blessed Milford, and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy
As to inherit such a haven.

Poor Imogen lost her way trying to find it; but we go there by train, and alight at a little, forlorn, deserted-looking station. We pass up into the town, and see a sorry sight. Here is the haven, beautiful in its wide expanse of almost land-locked waters, bounded with pleasant hills; here is a fine esplanade on the limestone cliff, and below it docks and shipping; here are rows of fine houses, and more behind them, but the shadow of ruin seems to hang about the whole place. Many of these fine houses are tenantless and falling to decay, and the streets look deserted.

A pleasant place it was in days of yore,
But something ails it now.

As we came up from the station we stopped to read a long inscription on stone, telling us that close by are some steps, where on an eventful day his Gracious Majesty King George IV. landed, being driven hither by stress of weather, and going on to express the sense of the great honour conferred upon the town by the advent of so great a monarch. They have not been happy in their loves any more than in their fortunes these poor Milfordians, and are evidently not of Mr. Thackeray's way of thinking about the first gentleman in Europe, for they admired George, and were proud to have had him in their town. "He the first gentleman in Europe," says the satirist. "There is no stronger satire on the proud society of that day than that they admired George!"

The cause of the blight on Milford is not far to seek. A man of princely fortune and princely ideas thought to found a great town, and built docks and houses and got a railway brought here, and these things for a time brought prosperity, but rival docks were built at the Pembroke end of the haven, and thither the trade and the prosperity have gone. Sir William Hamilton once owned this property, and when Nelson came to visit him he got the great admiral to lay the foundation stone of this church on the esplanade. After the battle of the Nile they brought here the royal mast-head of *L'Orient*, which was blown up on that occasion, and put it in the church to remind them of the great victory. We leave Micawber's Town, as Erasmus calls it, hoping that something may yet turn up to revive its fortunes, and then we ramble over a hill by green lanes filled with hartstongue and many other ferns, by beautiful wooded creeks and along the shore of the haven, and crossing the little arm of it again at Neyland slip down to the old town of Pembroke. We must not stay to talk about what we see here more than to say that the most distinct picture we carry away is that of a long street with the castle at the end, and beneath it a group of huntsmen in scarlet coats and a moving pack of foxhounds. Then we go back to Tenby and rest the night, and on a glorious sunny morning start out for home. Skirting the shores of Carmarthen Bay we pass by many a castle and tower, and then plunge into the black country among its workers in coal and iron, where the beauty of mountain and valley has been blighted, the air made foul with smoke, the streams polluted, and all kinds of hideous and repulsive forms of life made manifest, through scenes that make us no longer wonder that a pessimist should ask how far the canker is going to spread, and whether "it has been ordained that England should become the furnace of the world, so that the smoke of the island rising out of the sea should be seen from a hundred leagues away, as if it were a field of fierce volcanoes." Even the beautiful Vale of Neath, with its autumn-tinted woods clothing the mountain sides, seems threatened. From this, however, we escape by-and-by, and pass again through smiling sunlit Herefordshire and Shropshire, and halt once more at Shrewsbury.

It is Saturday night, and just dark as we walk up the Castle Street, for there is a certain old-fashioned pastrycook's shop there where they sell Shrewsbury cakes, as Ingoldsby has it, "of Palin's own make." The boys are crowding into the street from the great school, with all the impetuous delight of temporary freedom. It is a pleasant sight to see them hurrying along in groups and pairs. Into the pastrycook's comes a tall jacketed lad to make some arrangements about a supper, for we hear the remark that it will take twenty minutes to boil the potatoes. It is a trifling incident, but somehow it impresses us more than much that we have seen in our holiday, and starts us upon a long train of thought recalling *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and those Rugby Saturday nights; and recalling, too, a remark of Tom's that "life is not all beer and skittles," which seem to come very forcibly to us now that our short holiday is over, and we are going back again to be "nailed to the desk's dead wood."

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GEORGE COMBE,

THE SOCIAL REFORMER, AND FOUNDER OF THE SYSTEM OF MODERN EDUCATION NOW IN COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT.

BY JOHN ANGELL, F.C.S., F.I.C.

[Read December 6, 1880.]

IN these later periods time moves on so swiftly that what formerly would have required twenty decades to accomplish now frequently takes place in less than half a lifetime. A lively consciousness of this fact, and also of another equally patent fact, viz., that the rapid march of events, in these busy times of great mental activity and excitement, quickly pushes out of our too frequently ungrateful memories all knowledge and recognition of our greatest benefactors, unless we are frequently reminded of our great indebtedness to them, has induced me, this evening, to bring before the Manchester Literary Club the life of a great radical, a great educationist, a great social reformer, and a great philosopher. And in bringing before you the life of George Combe, I bring before you the life of the man to whom I believe more than to any other single individual we are indebted, not only for the educational revival of the present generation, but also for the successful attempt he made to remove the discussion of the pre-eminently important question of education out of the arena of merely polemical discussion and conventionalism, and to establish it on the sound and enduring basis of natural law and principle. He not only succeeded in doing this, but he also succeeded in establishing a much wider principle in relation to nature and human conduct—the principle that lies at the base of all permanent human progress and happiness, viz., "That this world is actually arranged on the principle of favouring virtue and punishing vice, and that it is throughout its constitution framed in perfect adaptation to man as a moral, intelligent, and religious being."

George Combe was the first to demonstrate as an all-pervading principle the exquisite harmony existing between the "Constitution of Man and External Nature." He studied man as a physical being, an organized being, and as a social, moral, religious, and intellectual being, and found that in each of these relations he was the subject of *natural laws*. And he found that these *laws* were:—I. Independent of each other, that is the one law might be broken while the other might be kept, that you might keep the moral law while you broke the organic law; that, for instance, you might in the exercise of charity nurse the sick, and, as a consequence, inhale the fever poison and die—the holiness of the duty did not exempt you from the physical punishment consequent on the breach of the organic law. Or that a man might lie, cheat, rob, blaspheme, or even commit murder, but that, provided he did not violate the laws of health, his physical happiness might not be impaired. II. That obedience to each of them is attended with its own good, and disobedience with its own evil consequences. III. That they are universal, unbending and invariable in their operation. IV. That those of things external to Man are in harmony with his own Constitution.

He maintained that no principle of duty, however pure, exalted, and self-sacrificing, would enable a man to act rightly as a member of society, unless he combined with it a knowledge of the *natural laws* relating to that with respect to which it was his duty to act. The intellect alone, and then only when rightly and sufficiently trained and well informed, can guide; the moral and religious sentiments should supply the motive power. He maintained further: I. That *activity* was the source of all enjoyment. II. That the faculties must be gratified harmoniously. III. That the laws of external creation must accord with Man's whole faculties, and he must be capable of *learning* and *obeying* them. IV. That all the calamities of society arise from a disregard of the physical, organic, moral, religious, and intellectual laws of our being, and are capable of being prevented by a *knowledge* of, and *obedience* to, these laws. And he also maintains that the study of these laws not only repays the effort by the valuable practical knowledge thus acquired, but pre-eminently in the enjoyment induced by the *activities* of the faculties exercised in the pursuit; that is that the subjective are at least equal to the objective advantages of the intellectual *activities* evoked. Speaking in this sense he says:—

> A few years ago, when hearing Paganini play on the violin, the subject of wonder with me was the exquisite fineness of his notes. The sounds fell on the ear as if their cause had been purely ethereal. No indication of their origin could be traced. An angel might be imagined to send forth such strains to mortal ears. The extraordinary development of Paganini's organs of tune and time, with the extreme sensibility of his nervous system, strongly indicated in his countenance and figure, seem to have been the causes of his attaining this exquisite power. In reflecting on his performance, the idea forcibly struck me that, until a being constituted like Paganini appeared, we had no means of discovering that the substances composing the violin and the bow were capable of emitting such pure and dulcet sounds; and that a similar reflection may probably be applicable to the entire sublunary creation. This world may be full of divine qualities and delicious harmonies, if we had only superior men to evoke them! And if this be so, how truly admirable is that constitution of nature which furnishes us with every possible inducement, not only to study itself, but to improve our own qualities; and which presents us with richer treasures the farther we advance in the discharge of our most pleasing and profitable duties!

According to George Combe there can be no permanent progress or real happiness in a community where the intellect and the moral faculties are not trained to lead and govern, and where the selfish and animal propensities are not equally trained to obey. George Combe is to many best known as a phrenologist. It is not, however, as a phrenologist that I wish to speak of him this evening. With him phrenology was the provisional theory through which he worked out most important principles and steps in social progress. I simply allude to this point here, in order to be enabled to show with what advantage in point of lucidity phrenological terms may be frequently introduced in speaking of problems into which the mental faculties enter as chief factors. Speaking of the mercantile distress of 1825-6, he says:—

> I have traced the origin of that visitation to excessive activity of *acquisitiveness*, and a general ascendency of the animal and selfish faculties over the moral and intellectual powers. The punishments of these offences were manifold. The excesses infringed the moral law, and the chastisement for this was the deprivation of the tranquil steady enjoyment that flows only from the moral sentiments, with severe suffering in the ruin of fortune and blasting of hope. These disappointments produced mental anguish and depression, which occasioned an unhealthy state of the brain. The action of the brain being disturbed, a morbid nervous influence was transmitted to the whole corporeal system; bodily disease was superadded to mental sorrow; and in some instances the unhappy sufferers committed suicide to escape from those aggravated evils. Under the organic law, the children produced in this period of mental depression, bodily distress, and organic derangement will inherit weak bodies and feeble and irritable minds—a hereditary chastisement for their father's transgressions.

Further on he says:—

> The institutions and manners of society indicate the state of mind of the influential classes at the time when they prevail. The trial and burning of old women as witches point out clearly the predominance of destructiveness and wonder over intellect and benevolence in those who were guilty of such cruel absurdities. The practice of wager of battle, and ordeal by fire and water, indicate great activity of combativeness, destructiveness, and veneration in those who permitted them, combined with lamentable ignorance of the constitution of the world. In like manner the enormous sums willingly expended

> in war, and the small sums grudgingly paid for public improvements—the intense energy displayed in the pursuit of wealth, and the general apathy evinced in the search after knowledge and virtue—unequivocally proclaim activity of combativeness, destructiveness, acquisitiveness, self-esteem and love of approbation, with comparatively moderate vivacity of benevolence in the present generation. Before therefore the practices of mankind can be altered, the state of their minds must be changed. It is an error to impose on a people institutions greatly in advance of their mental condition. The rational method is, first to instruct the intellect, then to interest the sentiments, and, last of all, to form arrangements in harmony with these faculties, and resting on them as their basis.

The book from which I have quoted these passages—a book to which I shall have frequent occasion to refer in the course of this paper—is entitled *An Essay on the Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Nature.* It was originally published in the year 1828, and brought the philosophic writer under much bitter, social persecution ; but notwithstanding this it had in the year 1860 reached a sale, in Great Britain alone, of about 100,000 copies, besides having met a large sale in America, and having been translated and published in France, Germany, and Sweden. Notwithstanding the great lucidity, the moderation, and the tenderness to the feelings of his opponents with which he treated his subject, attempts were made to ostracise, or, in accordance with a more modern phrase, " Boycott," him—ministers of religion would not meet on the same platform with him, but described him as a dangerous infidel, and would not hire public rooms from parties who continued to let them to Mr. Combe. Thus did they vainly attempt to prevent the advocacy of the principles he sought to inculcate.

Mr. George Combe was a most industrious, versatile, and voluminous writer. He wrote on nearly every subject of social interest and importance, all his writings being marked by great lucidity, earnestness of purpose, and philosophic thoroughness ; and also in a very marked degree by their tenderness and consideration for the errors and prejudices of his, in many cases, too unscrupulous opponents. From ministers of religion, whom on principle he treated with the greatest possible courtesy and deference, however, he received most vindictive treatment.

The chief work written by Mr. George Combe was *The Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects.* Of this work at the time of its publication the *Scotsman* newspaper spoke as follows :—

> This work we regard as a contribution of high value to the philosophy of man; and though the author modestly states in his preface that it contains few or no ideas which may not be found elsewhere, we persist in thinking that it is one of the most original books produced in modern times.

His next most important work, probably the one he regarded as the most important of all his works, was a treatise *On the Relation between Science and Religion.* This work was speedily translated into German. He also wrote an important and valuable work, entitled *Moral Philosophy; or the Duties of Man, Individual, Domestic, and Social,* which met with a large sale. It is a work based on the principles of phrenology, and displays great originality. He likewise published the largest and most important treatise on Phrenology that has yet been issued, entitled *A System of Phrenology.* This work, which I believe has long been out of print, went through five or six editions. He also published two smaller works on Phrenology, namely, *The Elements of Phrenology* and *Outlines of Phrenology*, which ran through ten editions. He travelled much in America, the outcome of which new experience was a large, important, and most interesting work, which retains its interest down to the present day, entitled *Notes (Moral, Religious, Political, Economical, and Phrenological) on the United States of America.* This work, in three volumes, is one of the most interesting, readable, and suggestive books of travel, especially to those interested in the mental side of nature, that I have ever read. Mr. Combe also published a work, entitled *Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture*, which may, I think, be read with great advantage by both artists and art critics. He also published a most readable and lovable book, entitled *The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D.* Dr. Andrew Combe, as of course you all know, was the scarcely less celebrated brother of Mr. George Combe. He also wrote a somewhat technical work, entitled *The Functions of the Cerebellum*, and also three works of special value in their day, entitled respectively *The Principles of Criminal Legislation and Prison Discipline Investigated; Lectures on Popular Education;* and a series of tracts on *Capital Punishment*, on *Secular Education*, and on *National Education.* Mr. Combe was also a writer of great clearness and perspicacity on the "Currency Question," when it was far less understood than it is at the present time, and in this capacity, I believe, supplied leaders to some of the chief newspapers, and also articles to some of our leading reviews. Mr. Combe regarded "currency," as he regarded other social questions usually delegated to the region of mere opinion, as questions of *natural law.*

In a sketch article, entitled "John Bull in the Bank Parlour," published I believe in the *Scotsman* of December 29, 1847, he makes John Bull meet in the bank parlour a number of merchants and manufacturers, who are urgently begging for more paper accommodation, when John Bull soundly rates them for setting afloat air bubbles, which are quickly extinguished by the first puff of adverse wind. In this sketch he gives a clear, popular explanation of the why of the specie currency, and shows not only that it is the *safest*, but also the most *honest*, and the one the best adapted to meet the fluctuations of trade. He advocated the total and immediate abolition of all paper currency not represented by gold actually in command of the bank. He maintained extensive correspondence on this subject with the leading currency writers, including Mr. Cobden, Lord Dunfermline, and Mr. M. B. Sampson, the leading finance writer of the London *Times*. Mr. Combe, who writing in 1826 denounced the entire system of "paper currency," was highly gratified when Mr. Cobden, some years later on, strongly condemned the same system. Mr. Combe was all the more gratified at the support he received from so eminent a statesman as Mr. Cobden, in consequence of the unanimous opposition to his views offered by all his associates on their first promulgation. Writing to Mr. Cobden, in support of his views, he says:—

> During the French War I was in full practice as a writer to the signet among the manufacturing and mercantile classes, and their bankruptcy gave me income and also knowledge. They rendered it my duty to trace the *causes* of the failures, and the direction in which the assets had gone. The Scotch banks then were placed under no restraints except those imposed by their own discretion. The result of my investigations was the actual demonstration that the bankrupts were the bold, generally imprudent, ambitious men, who, by means of bank discounts and accommodations, had carried on a trade greatly beyond the limits warranted by their own capital and ability, and that the contraction of the bank issues brought them down because they had no solid basis of their own. I saw that the banks generally contrived, by means of securities, to avoid loss, and that the whole deficiency, in the end, came out of the pockets of the men who *had* capital and were able to stand loss. During the period of free discounting, I saw that the speculative class raised every market by their reckless competition, and distanced the prudent capitalist by the extent of their transactions and the boldness of their adventures. *They* had little or nothing to lose, and everything to gain, and speculation was their element.

From Mr. Combe's point of view, a currency which permitted this was immoral and unsound; the reasons for this opinion he afterwards repeated in his work on *Moral Philosophy*. The occurrences he subsequently witnessed in America in 1839-40 greatly strengthened his convictions on this subject. Many of the articles which Mr. Combe contributed to the various reviews and journals were subsequently published in a separate form.

Mr. Combe was a born philosopher, even as a child he was eminently reflective. I have spoken of his probably having regarded his work on *The Relation of Science to Religion* as his most important work; the following passages, given in his most interesting *Autobiography*, explain its origin:—

> When a child six or seven years of age, some benevolent friend bestowed on me a lump of sugar-candy. The nursery-maid desired me to give a share of it to my younger brothers and sisters, and I presented it to her to be disposed of as she recommended. She gave each of them a portion, and when she returned the remainder to me, she said, "That's a good boy—God will reward you for this." These words were uttered by her as a mere form of pious speech, proper to be addressed to a child, but they conveyed to my mind an idea; they suggested intelligibly and practically, for the first time, the conception of a Divine reward for a kind action; and I instantly put the question to her, "How will God reward me?" "He will give you everything that is good." "What do you mean by 'good?' Will he send me more sugar-candy?" "Yes; certainly he will, if you are a good boy." "Will he make this piece of sugar-candy grow bigger?" "Yes; God always rewards those who are kind hearted." I could not rest contented with words, but at once proceeded to the verification of the assurance by experiment and observation. I forthwith examined minutely all the edges of the remaining portion of the sugar-candy, took an account of its dimensions, and then, wrapping it carefully in paper, put it into a drawer, and waited with anxiety for its increase. I left it in the drawer all night, and next morning examined it with eager curiosity. I could discover no alteration in its size, either of increase or decrease. I was greatly disappointed; my faith in the reward of virtue by the Ruler of the world received its first shock, and I feared that God did not govern the world in the manner the nursery-maid had represented.

When he was about ten years of age, and was attending the High School, Edinburgh, some Latin exercises used simply as such, viz., *Deus gubernat mundum*—"God governs the world," *Mundus gubernatur a Deo*—"The world is governed by God," made an indelible impression on his young and susceptible mind. Time prevents my further tracing out the various most interesting and instructive steps by which our author was gradually led on to the design of the work referred to. Further on he says :—

> In point of fact, I reached to man's estate with a firm faith that God governs the world, but utterly baffled in all my attempts to discover *how* this government is effected. Intercourse with society revealed to me that my earnest and literal application of the Calvinistic doctrines was idiosyncratic, and that ordinary believers were in the habit of modifying the sense in which they accepted them, pretty much to suit their own tastes. When I suggested that this was practising conventional hypocrisy, I was told no other course was left open to a young man, who depended on public opinion for his success in his profession; for were he to disclose his dissent from the religious standards of his country, he would be branded with the stamp of infidelity, suspected of immorality, and obstructed in every step of his career.

He afterwards studies astronomy, and the conviction that God governs in the starry system is at once irresistible, complete, and delightful. The starry systems were, however, far away, and he longed to discover the same harmony on earth, but in vain. He then studied anatomy, physiology, and chemistry ; but when he left these domains of God's law, and turned to the world of business, these "delicious visions" fled, and he could no longer trace the Divine government in the affairs of men. He continued much in this frame of mind for several years, during which he also studied Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and Malthus on *Population*. In reading Malthus he was led to see that God reigned through the medium of *fixed natural laws* in another department of human affairs, namely, in that of population. Through Malthus he learned the necessity of *moral restraint* with regard to increase of population. He found that man possessed the power of increasing the population beyond the limits of the means of existence ; and he learned that starvation, death, and misery were the penalties imposed by God on society, when this duty of moral restraint was not practised. Later on he becomes acquainted with the laws and constitution of the human mind as he believed it to be revealed in phrenology.

Through it, as a system of mental science, he believed he had discovered the nature and faculties of the human mind, and, consequently, of its harmonious relation to external nature. And certainly, judging by the magnificent social and educational results, he associated with a limited number of noble, earnest men, who with him accepted that belief, achieved during their lives, no more worthy provisional working hypothesis has ever been presented to the world. Such an outcrop of social amendment and reform, certainly, never sprang in so short a time from any other working hypothesis than this. Without intending at the present time to say one word either for or against phrenology as a science, I do strongly desire to say that in my opinion the general principles laid down by George Combe in his two greatest works, viz., his *Constitution of Man* and his *Religion and Science*, though built up by him largely with the aid of phrenology, are perfectly tenable without any such aid. He believed that "veneration," "benevolence," and "conscientiousness" were intrinsic faculties of the human mind, that God had implanted them there as fundamental faculties, and that He had implanted them in us so as to rule our lives, in fact that He had constituted external nature in harmonious relation to these faculties. Hence the world was so created that moral government was a part of its system, and that wherever injustice and cruelty prevailed, there nature herself would in her own certain though often mysterious way punish the wrongdoer. Does not the following almost seem prophetic? Mr. Combe, in maintaining the principle that "the Divine government of nations is moral," says, speaking of Ireland, as follows :—

> Six centuries ago, in the reign of Henry the Second, England conquered the sister isle, and has ever since continued to sway her destinies. From the very first day of her conquest to very recent times, English statesmen have acted towards Ireland on principles diametrically opposed to the injunctions of

> the New Testament. They insulted the feelings of the Irish, placed shackles on their industry, excluded them from many of the most valuable rights of British subjects, placed the religion of the majority out of the pale of the Constitution, prohibited its professors, under pain of banishment for the first offence and of death for the second, to act as tutors or schoolmasters in the instruction of their own people; and when at last Ireland, in the moment of her own strength and of England's weakness, asserted her independence and achieved a native legislature, English statesmen in 1783 converted that legislature, by means of systematic corruption, into a new instrument of injustice and oppression. England pursued this course notoriously with the object of providing for her own safety, prosperity, and power. Has she succeeded? No. A calm survey of her history will show that, from the first day of her oppression to the present time, every injury she inflicted on Ireland has recoiled on her own head; and that Ireland continued to be the source of her greatest weakness, anxiety, and suffering until she amended her line of conduct. She has paid eight millions sterling to save from starvation the victims of the system which she had pursued, but she does not yet discern the end of the retribution which she has drawn upon her head.

He then goes on to say—

> That this was done by a people whose Rulers had the Bible in their hands—a people who had bishops, clergymen, catechisms, and liturgys, but all this did not suffice to lead them into the practice of benevolence and justice.

And then proceeds to remark—

> Had they believed in an actual moral government of the world, their conduct would have been as insane as that of men who should sow corn in snow, and expect to reap a harvest from it in winter. Cromwell and the religious men of his age did not recognise the order of nature as supporting Christianity. On the contrary, they not only believed in a special supernatural providence, but, when gratifying their own misguided passions, they complacently viewed themselves as the chosen instruments of God's vengeance for punishing his enemies.

These remarks, though so pertinent to the present state of Ireland, were written upwards of thirty years ago, not in an ephemeral journal or periodical, but as a part of a great and original treatise, the one I have just referred to, under the title of *The Relation between Science and Religion.* Mr. George Combe's theory was that science is the revelation of natural law, that God is the God of nature, and therefore of these laws; that true religion requires us to learn these laws, not as mere intellectual truths, but as laws to be revered and to be obeyed; and that in the absence of such knowledge and such obedience permanent human happiness and progress are impossible. He further maintained that the human mind was constituted with immediate reference to the study of these laws and of natural phenomena in general, both material and spiritual, and that in such pursuit the mind derived not only the greatest objective but also subjective results, and also its purest and highest enjoyments. He objected to the studies of our higher schools and universities, as being to a large extent verbal and unreal; pedantic, trivial, and conventional, where they should be real, practical, and ennobling; that they appealed to a few faculties only of the mind, where they should embrace and cultivate the mind as a whole. He was especially clear in pointing out the fallacy that what are termed "the classics" have any special value, either as then or even as they are now ordinarily taught or studied in cultivating the imagination and enlarging the human judgment, or even in developing the poetical side of the human mind. He showed that, on the contrary, as then taught, they tended to dwarf the reason and depress the imagination; the enormous time then given to the exercise of mere routine memory, to the mere learning of synonyms, and the practice of mere verbal exercise in which the youthful mind neither was nor could be interested, as being opposed to natural law, not only made school duties intensely distasteful to young people, but necessitated the harsh and brutal school punishments of that time; of this I shall have to say more anon. He showed in fact that the mere study of the languages at school, especially if studied after the then fashion, was comparatively valueless in itself, and that by the time it occupied at school and the exclusion it imposed on other studies, both prohibited and prevented the cultivation of the ideal and of the imaginative in literature and in art.

Many papers of the length of that I am permitted to read to you this evening would be required of me were I to attempt to enter into systematic detail with respect to the salient points of the many-sided phases of what I may designate, from the want of a better name, the "Principles of Combeism." I will therefore only incidentally state here, in relation to the educational principles laid down by Mr. George Combe, that as a phrenologist he maintained that among other faculties of the mind of all fully and healthily constituted individuals were those of causality, form, colour, time, ideality, and veneration; that these faculties had their seat in the brain, and that they were as much functions of the brain as was respiration a function of the lungs, or digestion a function of the stomach, and as such were equally institutions of the Deity, and also as such, under any rational and consistent system of religion, required to be universally recognized and cultivated as a part of the religious duty of Man. He argued that unless God had intended all our faculties to be used and cultivated He would not have endowed us with them, and that just in the degree in which we left any of the faculties and powers, mental and physical, with which He in His great wisdom had endowed us, unused and uncultivated, so should we suffer in happiness, in goodness, and in degradation from that high moral, religious, intellectual, and physical standard foreshadowed in his scheme of universe. To allow the so-called lower, that is the poorer or the working, classes to be brought up in the absence of the training and culture of their higher faculties, and to complain of their being brutal, degraded, improvident, or animal in their natures, was, from his point of view, simple fatuity. Our Maker, he maintained, had placed at the disposal of man an abundance, if rightly used, of all the means necessary for the higher culture of all the human race; and that the possession of this power by the upper classes to assist in the elevation of the lower classes of society brought with it the duty and also, concurrently with it, what should be to them an additional source of happiness, such as always arises from the cultivation of our higher, moral, and religious nature, in the exercise of that duty. That God had made our upper, educated, and wealthy classes responsible for the elevation and progress of the lower classes was with him a fundamental principle of natural morality. Finally, he maintained that if the lower classes were not taken in hand by the better informed, more powerful, and wealthy upper classes, that they became thorns in the side, cancers in the very heart of society itself; that their hands became turned against their more fortunate fellow citizens; that by their vicious and their uncleanly and improvident habits, their misery, and their ferocity, they, who should add to the common power, wealth, and happiness of the community, tend, by plague and pestilence originating in their habits, by their lawlessness and by their destructive spirit of revolutionism, to break down, to ruin, and destroy the very foundation of society itself. This, according to Mr. George Combe, is the *natural penalty* by which our Maker punishes those who, having the power, neglect the performance of their social duties, one of the means by which our Creator makes one portion of society *responsible* for the deeds of another.

Strongly impressed with the great importance of these views, Mr. Combe devoted his chief energies, so far as education was concerned, to enforcing on all those directly and practically engaged in the work of promoting it the pre-eminent value of Physiology and Political Economy as branches of juvenile and adult education. He maintained that until the laws of health, and the laws of the production and distribution of wealth were, not only familiarly known, but universally acted upon and obeyed, there could be no such existent thing as "general well-being" of the entire community. He showed that Nature insisted, as one of the essentials to the well-being and progress of society, that there should be in the possession of each of its members a sufficiency of certain material commodities, including food, clothing, house-room, and other appointments, in addition to books and all other means of literary and art culture, and also pre-eminently the possession of leisure and of freedom from the vital exhaustion consequent upon excessive muscular labour. He showed that those constituting the conditions essential to the progress and well-being individually of each member of the community the community as a whole could not advance in its proper career of happiness and well-being unless the principles of Social and Political Economy were constantly practised throughout it. He likewise showed how preposterous it was to suppose that the working classes could raise themselves out of their present condition of poverty and wretchedness, so long as its young men—the earnings of each of whom alone was insufficient to secure even for himself the leisure, comfort, and culture necessary to secure his own personal health, enjoyment, and well-being—casting off all sense of moral restraint, rushed into matrimony, thus incurring the responsibility of supporting a wife and family on means insufficient to satisfy even his own individual personal wants. He showed that so long as this condition of things obtained among the working classes, in so far at least as they were concerned, consumption of wealth exceeded production of wealth, population tended to increase faster than capital, the number of labourers competing for employment to increase faster than the capital out of which the wage of the labourer had to be paid, and thus to produce a fall in the rate of wages where their well-being required an absolute increase in such rate. He showed that all these evils resulted from want of knowledge of the *natural laws* effecting these relations of the community, and the consequent absence of the practice of the foresight and self-restraint involved in the practice of obedience to such natural laws. He showed further that the evils resulting from the non-practice of such self-restraint were greatly aggravated by the pernicious teachings of the Trades Unions of those times. And insisted upon the pre-eminent importance of such knowledge forming a part of the daily instruction of the youth of a nation depending for its future success and well-being mainly upon its maintaining a commercial and manufacturing supremacy over other nations. In this latter part of his work he was most ably and generously assisted by Mr. William Ellis, manager of the Marine Indemnity Society, of London, who was brother-in-law by marriage to Mr. Cobden, and who in his munificence spent his thousands in promoting the Birkbeck and other similar schools, as model schools established to demonstrate practically, not only the possibility, but also the practicability and the great advantage of teaching even very young children the principles of Social and Political Economy. Mr. Ellis also afforded very important pecuniary aid towards the support of the "Williams Secular School," Edinburgh, a model school established by Mr. George Combe to illustrate practically the system of education advocated by him. I may just say, in passing, that the contributions of Mr. William Ellis, both in time, in money, in personal direction and teaching, and also in contributions to the literature and science of Social and Political Economy as a branch of general education, have been so numerous and important that they alone would require a separate paper to do them adequate justice. Among the more important works written by Mr. William Ellis are *The Science of Well Being* and *The Religion of Common Life.* Mr. Ellis subsequently taught the principles of economic science, which he had done so much to popularize, to the family of the late Prince Consort. The late Professor Hodgson says that William Ellis

> Has long and effectively vindicated, in all teaching of both sexes and of every rank, its true place for Economics, as a branch of Moral Science, needful and fit to guide conduct, to train character, and to shape condition, as well as to develope intelligence; and that to him very many (he, Mr. Hodgson, being one) owe much for great personal kindness; but, above all, for a higher, wider, clearer, more definite, practical, consistent, and inspiriting view of education as it *ought* to be, and as it *will* be.

It may perhaps not be uninteresting to some of my friends present to state here that, though then a very young man, I had the honour of being elected a member of the provisional committee appointed, after much violent opposition, to establish the first "Birkbeck School" in connection with the London Mechanics' Institution, and that subsequently I had the honour of being appointed Honorary Secretary to this same Birkbeck School Committee.

Mr. George Combe regarded Physiology as the true foundation of Morals. His especial aim was to illustrate the principle that "the laws God has impressed on man are the keys to the right understanding of His rule." His biographer, Mr. Gibbon, speaking of him says:—

> He regarded physiology as the primer to all knowledge, and endeavoured to show that it formed the only scientific foundation of morals. He traced the origin of pauperism and crime to physiological conditions of the brain, and showed that in the treatment of these evils physiological principles are our best guides. In like manner, in dealing with the regulation of the hours of labour, and of amusement, and in the direction by reason of the general habits of our lives, his aim has been to show that physiology was the light that would most clearly illuminate our path. By this light of physiology he read God's order of nature, and he desired to see a thorough system of education built upon it.

One mode adopted by Mr. Combe with great success in enforcing his views on the attention of the public was first to publish his lectures or addresses on the subjects to which he desired to attract especial attention, and then to send copies of them to the most distinguished authorities, or most prominent persons officially interested in those subjects, and then induce them to publish their judgment on the same. Thus he sent copies of his pamphlet on *The Principles of Criminal Legislation* to—

> B. C. Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S., Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen, &c.
> James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, &c.
> Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, &c.
> Richard Owen, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Physiology to the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c., &c.
> John Forbes, Knt., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Physician to the Queen's Household, and to H.R.H. Prince Albert, &c., &c.
> John Conolly, M.D., D.C.L., Consulting Physician to Middlesex Lunatic Asylum, Hanwell, &c., &c.
> William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., Examiner in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy, University of London; Professor of Med. Jurisprudence, University College, London, &c., &c.

all of whom signed the following statement of opinion on which it was based:—

> Having been requested to state our opinion of the annexed pamphlet, we have no hesitation in giving our opinion that the fundamental principle which pervades it, namely, that Criminal Legislation and Prison Discipline will never attain to a scientific, consistent, practical, and efficient character, until they become based on Physiology, and especially on the Physiology of the Brain and Nervous System, is a sound principle; and most strongly entertaining this conviction, we recommend Mr. Combe's views to the consideration of all who take an interest in these momentous subjects.

In reference to this pamphlet, Mr. Baron Alderson said in explanation of his publishing his charge addressed to the Grand Jury of Yorkshire, at the Winter Assize, 1854:

> I have been induced to print the following observations, which formed a part of my charge to the Grand Jury of the County of York at the late Winter

Assize, in the hope of drawing attention to the very valuable work of Mr. Combe, called *The Principles of Criminal Legislation*, which I have read with great interest, and, I hope, with some advantage.

In the same way he induced upwards of sixty of the leading physiologists and medical men of England to sign a statement of opinion to the effect that the teaching of physiology to the young in school was not only possible, but desirable, and that it would be attended, not only with valuable practical results so far as the knowledge itself was concerned, but would also be of great educational advantage. By this proceeding, Mr. Combe successfully inaugurated the teaching of Physiology to the young in school long before Professor Huxley or the Department of Science and Art began to move in the matter.

Another and most successful mode adopted by Mr. George Combe for introducing his educational system, more particularly his system of Science Teaching, to the notice of the public, was his system of holding public examinations, in Edinburgh, of the pupils of the Model School he had established for working out his educational scheme. To these examinations, which were held in large public rooms, the public came in great numbers, the meetings being generally crowded, the audiences invariably including a large number of the elite, and influential of the people of Edinburgh. The business of these public examinations consisted chiefly in the examining of the children in physiology, chemistry, and social economy—the examination being conducted as far as possible after the usual forms of the lessons given in school, constituting them in fact sorts of public model lessons in these subjects—the pupils pointing out and describing the various organs of the body by means of a skeleton, diagrams, &c., and performing various chemical experiments, including actual chemical analysis, before the audience itself, which thus became personal witness of the soundness of the knowledge obtained, and the reality and efficiency of the processes of teaching by which it was acquired. A full account of these proceedings, including detailed reports of the lessons themselves, was published in some of the leading Scotch newspapers, including the *Scotsman.* These reports again were re-issued in the pamphlet form, sent to various journals thoughout England, in which they were reviewed, and the public generally thus fully informed of the scheme of education advocated by him. Mr. Combe used all his influence to induce Mr. Cobden to adopt and advocate a scheme of national education.

The following, taken from Mr. Gibbons' most valuable and interesting *Life of George Combe*, published in the year 1878, cannot be without interest to members of this Club. In a letter to his brother, June 14, 1847, he writes:

> We are in great spirits about education. A Committee of seven persons, of whom five of them are Scotchmen (Alexander Ireland is one), have met in Manchester, and drawn up a programme of a system for the county of Lancaster, exactly resembles the Massachusetts system. They have the benefit of the whole experience and Machinery of the late " League " (the Anti-Corn Law League), and have reason to think they will find support in the country to carry a bill through Parliament embodying their programme. They have corresponded with me, and I have given them every practical suggestion in my power. I have shown their programme to Lord Dunfermline (formerly Speaker to the House of Commons), and he is delighted with it, and says that if they come forward with a powerful demonstration in favour of it, they will give an impetus to it that will be irresistible.

Before I conclude this paper, I wish to present to your notice a very brief sketch of the biography of the man himself, and also a few passages from his autobiography, showing not only how he became a radical, an educationist, a sanitarian, a religious philosopher, and a social reformer in general, but also some of his most lovable personal qualities and idiosyncrasies. I have however, I trust, amply shown that the battle of " science teaching," the great educational question of the present day, was fought and won before the great names of Huxley and Tyndall entered the field.

Mr. George Combe was born October 21, 1788, a day which afterwards became celebrated for the victory at Trafalgar, almost close under the Rock of Edinburgh Castle, and died at Edinburgh, 14th of August, 1858. The district in which he was born and passed the early years of his life was very unhealthy, being swampy, sewer infected, and undrained. Hence his constitution suffered greatly, and he was, throughout life, though frequently engaged in an overwhelming quantity of work, a comparatively delicate man.

Writing of himself, many years later, when retiring from the legal profession, he says:—

> I was born with rather a feeble constitution; I was given up by the doctor when two or three years of age; hovered on the verge of the grave (but upborne by activity of brain) during infancy and youth; grew stronger at manhood; and at forty-eight, after becoming acquainted with and observing the natural laws, I am free from all complaints, happy, active, and comparatively vigorous, with the internal conscience of having my foot planted more firmly on the green turf of life than at any previous period of my days.

Mr. Combe's father was a Scotch brewer. One of his brothers was the celebrated physiologist, Dr. Andrew Combe; another brother, Abram, ruined himself, after having proved himself a successful business man, by losing some £40,000 in carrying out philanthropic schemes in connection with Owenism at Orbiston, in Lanarkshire.

He was sent to begin his education at one of the private schools of Edinburgh, but afterwards found his way to the High School. Time only prevents my quoting from his autobiography, with the object of showing in his own quaint description, what were private schools, and what was private education in those days. I cannot, however, forbear quoting the following passages in illustration of the education of the youth of the "good old times" from the most interesting autobiography alluded to. Writing of Mr. Fraser (his first teacher in the Edinburgh High School), he says :—

> When the incapables were reached, then beating took the place of teaching. Mr. Fraser exhausted his muscular strength, which was great, in inflicting blows, and saved his brain all effort of thinking. The torture and screams, and reckless injustice of this rule made us, High School boys, when we met many years later in society, ask each other "under whom did you suffer?" . . . The discipline waxed severer as the time passed on, and in the third year it reached its acme. In the spring of that year, Mr. Fraser "stript and whipt," to use his own expression, at a great rate. These inflictions were uniformly accompanied by a phraseology in utter contrast to their real character. When he called out to a boy to hold out his hand to receive a shower of "palmies" it was, "Here, if you please, my dear." Whack, whack, whack; scream, scream, scream. "It is all for the good of your soul and your body, my dear." In the third year, this discipline appearing to him insufficient, he brought out a short riding whip, such as gamekeepers lashed hounds with. It had a lash of knotted cord, the lash twisted twice round the hand, leaving red scores on the skin, and, where the knots struck, in some instances drawing blood. All this torture was a substitute for teaching. There was not a map or illustrative object of any kind in the school.

Lord Cockburn (in his *Memoirs*), sometime afterwards, referring to the brutal discipline formerly characteristic of the High School, said it was such as that which, if practised now, the teacher would deserve, and would probably receive, transportation.

The following passage from his autobiography will show how he became a radical :—

> My father had assisted a poor widow, named Leslie, to support herself and bring up her family. Two of her sons, Archibald and Robert, were bred ship-carpenters at Leith. To my father's children they poured out their gratitude in every form of kind action in their power. Archibald had been induced to go one voyage in a whale ship to Greenland, to enable the ship to get to sea, for the French War was then raging, and the press-gang made it difficult to man vessels. On his return, he delighted me with a description of his adventures in Greenland, and of the perils and excitement of whale-fishing. He used to be handy in carpentry work about the brewery, and was a great favourite with us all. But the press-gang paid spies for informing them of the haunts of men liable to be impressed, and his sea-going had brought him under their power. Some miscreant had informed them of his liability and

> residence; he was therefore torn from his home and friends, and forced to fight the battles of his country on board a ship of war. It is impossible to describe the horror and indignation with which this event filled me. It gave the first rude shock to my feelings—which had hitherto been those of respect—towards the ruling powers of the State. I had worshipped good King George the Third, as every one called him, and looked on the Lord Provost and Baillies, whose power and greatness were reflections of his, with reverence and awe; but now I regarded them as representatives of incomprehensive malignities. This incident converted me from a loyal, trusting, natural Tory child, into a demagogue and reformer.

I beg also to present to your notice another piece of his autobiography of about the same time; my motive in doing so will be obvious as bearing upon his future and more matured views regarding educational training and criminal punishment. Mr. Combe says—

> I too built a rabbit-house, and bought a pair of rabbits, which soon had a numerous progeny. The procuring of food for them and cleaning their house were occupations, and the warm attachment I felt towards them was a source of great gratification. On two occasions, however, I greatly mismanaged them—one culpably, the other through kindness ill-directed, but both leading to results from which I subsequently drew instruction. The first fault was neglecting to clean their habitation. Under the pressure of other duties I neglected this one, and merely covered over the old litter with fresh straw. In the course of time the female killed her young, and the buck was savage. This infanticide occurred again and again, and, true to the spirit of the age, I held up the slaughtered young before the mother's eyes and beat her well, but did not clean her bed. At last, when I resumed the discharge of my own duty, her aberration ceased; but at that time I saw no connection between my own misconduct and hers. Many years later the study of Physiology revealed to me my sin, and carried instruction with it. The organism of the animal was injured and rendered irritable by the dirt, and nervous irritability, akin to insanity, was the result. This example I subsequently applied to the case of the human poor, and saw in the deleterious physical condition in which many of them habitually live the cause of their sufferings and crimes.

Later on, at the age of sixteen, he is articled to a Writer to the Signet; the mode in which this came about was somewhat singular. The following is the mode in which he just escaped becoming an ordinary draper's shopman, and a probable future cloth merchant. His father was taking him down to a certain draper's shop to see if they could take him into the shop and teach him the business.

On the way in the street they met a Mr. Arnott; on their errand being mentioned to him, Mr. Arnott, a relative by marriage, at once said, "Why not make him a Writer to the Signet? We have no Writer among us, and we have a numerous connection, and I think he would find some employment among us as a Writer to the Signet." And thus he entered a profession instead of a trade.

He joins an elocution class, also the Edinburgh University. Time will not permit my referring to most interesting comments on these events, which we find in his autobiography; but I cannot refrain from quoting a passage in which he describes his first visit to the theatre:—

> When I was between ten and twelve years of age, an incident occurred which produced a great effect on my mental faculties. John Duff was a door-keeper at the Theatre Royal, and also keeper of a tavern. In this latter capacity he was a customer of my father's brewery; and my father, as in duty bound, reciprocated favours by purchasing tickets on the night of Mr. Duff's benefit. John, Abram, and I were treated by our father to tickets to the two-shilling gallery. There was a terrible crush, but my elder brothers were strong and protected me, and we got good seats. The play was *As You Like It*. Miss Duncan was Rosalind, and Rock was Touchstone. I forget who played the other parts; but the drama, dresses, and scenery opened up to me a new and a higher world than I had ever previously imagined. There was in the drama an elevation of language; in Rosalind a combination of beauty, sprightliness, and refinement; and in old Touchstone a ponderous sententious wit that thrilled me with pleasure; while the sunshine and verdure in the Forest of Ardennes appeared like Paradise before the Fall. There was so much gaiety and good nature in the persons on the stage that they gave me a glimpse of what I had long ardently desired to see—people refined, contented, and happy; for, as I did not understand the entire drama, they appeared to me in that light. The play was to me a revelation of a higher life, and it left an indelible and beneficial impression, which never faded from my memory.

He afterwards, having completed his articles and passed his examination, fairly enters the profession, and also enters business on his own account as Writer to the Signet. This occurred in January, 1812. He resolves, until he has made reasonable progress, to adopt the most rigid economy. Not very long after this he meets Spurzheim, and becomes converted to phrenology, which conversion affects his whole future life. Subsequently he lectures, not only in all parts of Great Britain on his favourite subject, but also on the continent, and throughout the United States of America; thus meeting and forming friendships with most of the advanced thinkers of Europe and America, including Kossuth and the Hungarian and Italian patriots, of many of whom he gives most interesting descriptions.

Later on he is consulted, not only by many of the leading members of the British aristocracy, but also by the late Prince Consort on the education of the Royal Family. Of the late Prince Consort he entertained the highest respect, as a man far in advance of his time. But my time will only allow of two or three more extracts—he ultimately marries Miss Cecilia Siddons, the daughter of the great Queen of Tragedy, herself a most accomplished woman and an exquisite amateur painter.

The following passage from his *Autobiography* shows him in what many of my friends present will regard as an amusing position. In a letter he writes thus respecting his courtship—

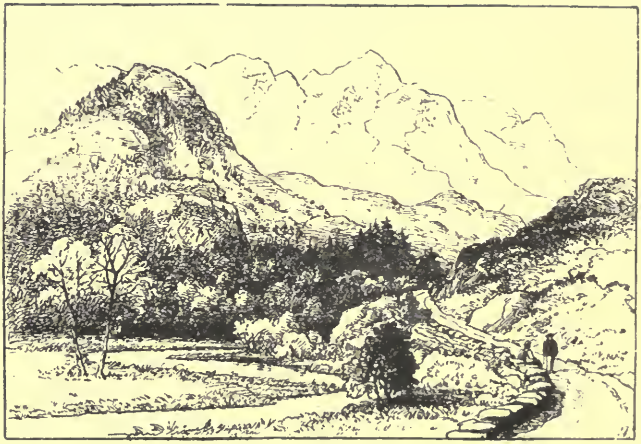
> It is quite true that I am about to change my condition, and I can scarcely tell how it came about. The lady's head and mine bear a close resemblance in many of the most important organs, and there was a natural sympathy established between us from the first, which insensibly ripened into a more serious attachment. . . . In 1828, I took Dr. Spurzheim's opinion on my own constitution, after telling him my previous history, and he said I might marry with propriety, but not to select a young wife, but one whose higher faculties would act with my own. I examined the lady's head, and took my brother's advice whether her constitution was good in itself, and suitable to mine, and received a favourable opinion. My niece, Miss Cox, who is a pretty sagacious judge of women, told me that if I did not make love to Miss Siddons, I need never expect to find another so well suited to me; so that I did not yield blindly to inclination, or act without calling in the best guides to my own judgment I could. This is confidential, and is mentioned just to let you know that I do not preach one doctrine and practice another.

I cannot conclude this paper on the life of George Combe the philosopher, without introducing to your notice his own description of his married life, one of the most beautiful and touching descriptions of married life I have ever read :—

> I am very, very happy; and have found the reality of matrimonial bliss to go far beyond my expectations. I have often told you that with me fortune has always been better than her promise, and in this last instance she has kept true to her previous character. My brain was made for affection, and although I was happy as a bachelor, there was still the consciousness of a want; there was a vacuum that could not be filled up—a desire that was not satisfied. My dear pet wife, as I call her, has dispelled all these wants, and filled the void in my affections completely. Further, she possesses that exquisite balance between intellect and sentiment, and that admirable soundness of judgment and feeling, that render her ever interesting to my faculties. She loads me with a genuine, single-minded, warm affection, and manifests a ceaseless interest in my person, affairs, and pursuits. There is an ever-present delicacy, dignity, tact, and judgment in all that she says and does, which challenge my highest esteem. I am thus gratified in affection, delighted in intellect, and not a little pleased in my feelings of ambition, to have ended in obtaining so excellent a partner for life. My enjoyment is enhanced by seeing that I am really rendering her happy.

And now, gentlemen, having occupied to the full the time placed at my disposal, let me, in conclusion, express my hope that I have at least succeeded in impressing some of you with such a clear and just view of the grand natural and therefore catholic principles advocated by Mr. George Combe as fundamental to all real permanent social progress—physical, intellectual, and moral—as shall induce you to give them your further consideration and study. And also kindly allow me further to express my hope that in such short glimpses of the inner life of the man, as my time and the scheme of my paper permitted my bringing before you, I shall not have failed to induce some of you to read further, not only for your own interest, pleasure, and profit, but also for the benefit of that community of which even the lowliest among us should be useful members.

NOTE.—For full exposition of Educational Principles of George Combe consult *Education and its Principles and Practice*, by George Combe. Edited by William Jolly, Esq., M.A. (Pub. by Macmillan and Co.)



CASTLE CRAG, IN BORROWDALE.

Drawn by WARD HEYS.

THE LITERATURE AND SCENERY OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

[Read March 28, 1881.]

IT is a fortunate thing for those who live immured for the major part of their lives in the unpicturesque towns of the North of England that there should be so near to them—certainly within a two or three hours' railway journey—a region singularly adapted to serve as the playground of a hard-working race—a region where health of body may be gained and the love of natural beauty fostered at one and the same time. What is known as the Lake Country is usually so closely associated with the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland that we are apt to forget how near to it we Lancashire people really are, and to overlook the fact that many of its beauties may be seen without leaving our native shire. The western side of Windermere, Esthwaite Water the very haunt of sylvan peace, Coniston Lake, Coniston Old Man, and the eastern bank of the classic Duddon, are in what is usually considered the prosaic county of Lancashire. Nor must we forget in estimating the recreative value of the district its great wealth of literary association. In no other part of England is there any parallel to this, and even in Scotland the quality is neither so strong nor so widely spread. Nowhere in the Lake Country do we ever lose the great personality of Wordsworth: the power of his spirit is on every mountain and valley, and is felt as that of a *local genius* in the old Greek sense. And besides him how many more there are who in one way or other have connected their names or their works with the country. So that we get just what is needed to make a holiday complete, the charm of literature combined with that of scenery—an intellectual interest added to the æsthetic and the physical.

The connection indeed between the Lake Country and Literature is not merely adventitious or external, it is curiously intimate and essential. I never enter the region myself without having the same feeling arising within me that would come upon the perusal of certain books or classes of books. And this does not apply merely to given writers or to particular poems which may, as it were, be labelled with the names of places; the connection is deeper and touches the very life and history of letters in England during one of its most interesting periods of revival. It was a man of letters, Thomas Gray, who is usually credited with having *discovered* the Lake Country (just as Sir Walter Scott is said to have discovered the romantic parts of Scotland), and the discovery was coincident with and largely operative in the development of a remarkable change of tone in our literature with regard to country life and with reference to the whole question of what is known as External Nature. In the early part of the eighteenth century the change is coming, but only, as might be expected, in a tentative and halting fashion. Addison, writing in 1712 on the mutual interdependence of Nature and Art, under the lines of Horace—

> Alterius sic
> Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amice,

while he yet contends that the works of Nature are found to be more pleasing the more they resemble those of Art, is bold in his anticipation of the modern spirit.

> "If," he says, "we consider the Works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the Imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as Beautiful or Strange, they can have nothing in them of that Vastness and Immensity which afford so great an Entertainment to the Mind of the Beholder. The one may be as Polite and Delicate as the other, but can never show her self so August and Magnificent in the Design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless Strokes of Nature than in the nice Touches and Embellishments of Art. The Beauties of the most stately Garden or Palace lie in a narrow compass, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but, in the wide Fields of Nature, the Sight wanders up and down without Confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of Images, without any certain Stint or Number. For this Reason we always find the Poet in Love with a Country-Life, where Nature appears in the greatest Perfection, and furnishes out all those Scenes that are most apt to delight the Imagination."

This passage, which is as admirable in its clearness of expression as it is true in its philosophy, indicates with sufficient distinctness the lines upon which the English mind would hereafter proceed in its admiration of landscape in general, and still more of such landscape in particular, as that which we find in the country of the Lakes.

Twenty years later than this James Thomson had published his *Seasons*. While yet a student at the University of Edinburgh he had written some lines in praise of a country life, which faintly anticipate the plan and subject of the larger poem. Thomson himself says that the idea of writing *The Seasons* was suggested to him by a poem entitled "A Winter's Day," the production of a now obscure enough Scotch minister, Robert Riccaltoun, of Hobkirk. This poem exhibits the modern sympathy with Nature and the love for disordered wildness in landscape.

On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,
And pleased with winter's waste, unpitying, see
All nature in an agony with me!

> Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruined towers,
> Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,
> Dread floods, huge cataracts, to my pleased eyes
> (Now, I can smile!) in wild disorder rise!

It falls in with our purpose to observe that *the mountain* is by no means an infrequent element in the scenery of *The Seasons*. It is true that adjectives, the use of which in the same connection has now passed away, are applied to it. It is the "horrid" or "hideous" mountain, but it is there. It is also sometimes the "romantic" mountain. Judging from a fine passage in the book of "Summer," one may conclude that Thomson was unacquainted with or did not recognize the importance of the "Lake" mountains, for he passes them, geographically, without mention. He is describing a storm of thunder:—

> Struck on the castled cliff,
> The venerable tower and spiry fane
> Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
> Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
> Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
> Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
> The repercussive roar; with mighty crash,
> Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
> Of Penmaen Maur heaped hideous to the sky,
> Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak,
> Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
> Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
> And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Did Wordsworth, noting the omission and following the suggestion of an enumeration of names — singularly fine always in poetry, as Homer and Milton have both proved—design to supply the want in the ever-famous passage?—

> The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
> Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again;
> That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag
> Was ready with her cavern; Hammer-Scar,
> And the tall Steep of Silver-how, sent forth
> A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,

And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady's voice—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet; back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.

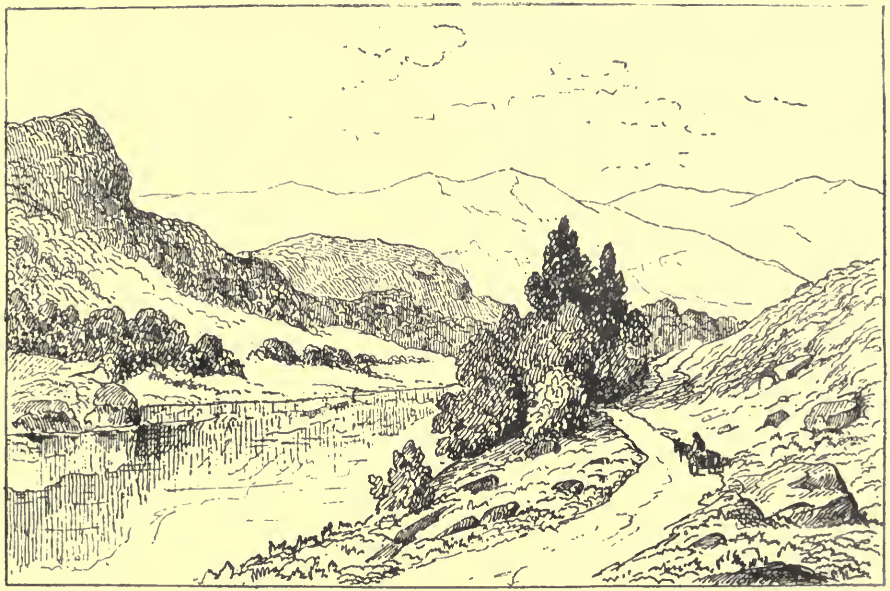
After Thomson the references to scenery and to nature become everywhere more frequent in our poets. Among the earlier and lesser writers may be mentioned Somerville and Dyer, 1735 and 1757. In 1762 the publication of Macpherson's *Ossian* gave great impetus to the new spirit. Three years later came Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which, though indirect in its influence, told strongly in the same direction; and by 1770 we had got from Goldsmith both his *Traveller* and *The Deserted Village.*

It was in the year before this—1769—that Gray visited the Lake Country, and wrote his descriptive letters. Everybody knows that Gray discovered the Lakes in a sense—there were, of course, earlier descriptions written—but I have met with very few persons who have seen or read his account. Probably this is because it is hidden in the body of his correspondence, and has not, so far as I know, been published separately. It would be an interesting thing to take Gray's narrative in hand, and, following his route, compare modern impressions and experiences with those of 110 years ago.

Gray started for Westmoreland with Dr. Warton as his companion, but the latter was seized at Brough with a violent fit of asthma, and was obliged to return home. If it had not been for this accident we might never have had Gray's account, for he wrote the letters with an evidently affectionate minuteness in order to console his friend under his disappointment. The time spent by Gray in his journey was from September 30th to October 14th. From Brough he went to Appleby, where he tells us "the long reaches of the Eden, clear, rapid, and full as ever, winding below, with views of the castle and town, gave much employment to the mirror." In explanation of this, Mason says in a note: "Mr. Gray carried usually with him on these tours a Plano-convex Mirror of about four inches in diameter on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book." He adds: "A glass of this sort is perhaps the best and most convenient substitute for a Camera Obscura, of anything that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician." From Appleby he came to Penrith, and "dined at three o'clock on trout and partridge." From Penrith he visited Ullswater, and found the figure of the lake nothing resembling that laid down in his map. On the 2nd October, passing through "Penradoch and Threlcot," he reaches Keswick, which he saw first from an eminence two miles distant—"the vale of Elysium in all its verdure," he calls it—"the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre." He remained at Keswick for some days making excursions and commenting on the scenery. Borrowdale is a "turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain rolled in confusion." At Walla Crag "the glass played its part divinely." At "Lawdoor the banks impend terribly over your way." Under Gowdar-crag he quotes Dante—

> Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa!

and then hastens on in silence lest he should bring down the rocks upon his head. At Grange the mountains form an "awful amphitheatre," and he will go no further. He rests for awhile with a farmer, and tells us that he and his mother brought them "butter that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten-cakes, and ale." Eagles are common and take abundance of lambs yearly. The farmer himself last year



THIRLMERE.

Drawn by S. Howard, from a Painting by Ward Heys.

plundered an eyrie, securing an eaglet and an " addle egg." " The nest was roundish, more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together." He is told that the dale opens about four miles higher, and that there is a path winding over the fells and accessible for some weeks in the year, and that " the dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to Ravenglas and the other to Hawkshead." He visits the Druid Circle at Castle-rig, and finds the stones fifty in number. At Bassingthwaite, he tells us, the people speak with scorn of Derwentwater as *the Devil's Chamber-pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw-fell* with a sort of terror and aversion. On the 8th October he starts for Ambleside. At the foot of Helvellyn he looks down from a little height " on Lee's-water (called also Thirlmeer, or Wiborn-water)." " The lake," he says, " looks black from its depth and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it, though really clear as glass." He passes by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. " Grasmere is an unsuspected paradise—peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest, most becoming attire." " Ridals-water " is of inferior size and beauty; it seems shallow, too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it." Sir Michael Fleming, who owns Ridals-hall, is " now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him."

When he reached Ambleside he intended to lie there; but, on looking into the best bed-chamber, found it dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up Wynandermere in despair, and resolved to go on to Kendal, fourteen miles farther—the road in general fine turnpike, but some parts (about three miles in all) not made yet without danger. The story of the bed-chamber in Ambleside reads oddly to those of us who have lodged so often luxuriously with mine host of The Salutation. The journey was continued through Lancaster to "Pooton," and finished with Settle, Gordale-scar, Malham, Skipton, "Wharldale," and "Kirstall" Abbey. It should be noted that Gray, in these letters, alludes to a previous visit to the lakes as having occurred two years earlier—in 1767. Mason, commenting upon these letters, says—

> I cannot, however, help adding, that I have seen one piece of verbal description which compleatly satisfies me, because it is throughout assisted by masterly delineation. It is composed by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, of Cheam in Surry; and contains, amongst other places, an account of the very scenes which, in this tour, our author (Gray) visited. This gentleman, possessing the conjoined talent of a writer and a designer, has employed them in this manuscript to every purpose of picturesque beauty, in the description of which a correct eye, a practised pencil, and an eloquent pen could assist him. He has, consequently, produced a work *unique* in its kind at once. But I have said it is in manuscript, and, I am afraid, likely to continue so; for, would his modesty permit him to print it, the great expense of plates would make its publication almost impracticable.

This note, printed by Mason in his *Memoirs of Gray*, published in 1775, raised public curiosity with regard to Gilpin's work, and the difficulties being overcome it was issued in two volumes, but not until 1786, although the journey which gave rise to it was made in 1772, three years after that of Gray. Its title was "Observations, relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the year 1772, on several Parts of England; particularly the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland." The book is no doubt important among the earlier contributions to the literature of the Lake Country and would probably, after the Letters of Gray, exercise the largest influence among cultivated persons. The writer had studied Thomson and quotes frequently from his poems with admiration of their accurate observation and colouring. It is also significant that when he wishes to illustrate the feeling which he has upon walking at night near Bassenthwaite Lake he uses a long passage from *Ossian*. In Gilpin's book that feeling with regard to landscape which it was usual to call "horror" is still present, and we are amused to find him saying of a prospect in the neighbourhood of Rydal and of which Grasmere formed a part, that "the soul involuntarily shuddered at the first aspect of such a scene." In 1786, when Gilpin's "Observations" were published, Wordsworth was spending the last year of his memorable school-life at Hawkshead by Esthwaite Water; and, although but a lad of sixteen, had already laid in his mind the foundations of that creed on the subject of Nature which was afterwards destined to complete the work which, as we have seen, the writers of the eighteenth century had begun.

A little earlier than the publication of Gilpin's book it may be gathered that the stream of tourists had already begun to flow through the Lake Country, for in 1785 a curious little series of plans and drawings was sent forth by Peter Crosthwaite, of Keswick. This draughtsman cannot be said to have formed an inadequate conception either of his own merits or of those of the scenery. The first plan is one of Derwentwater. It is called—"An Accurate Map of the Matchless Lake of Derwent (situate in the most delightful Vale which perhaps ever Human Eye beheld) near Keswick, Cumberland. . . . Surveyed, etc., by P. Crosthwaite, Admiral at Keswick Regatta; who Keeps the Museum at Keswick, and is Guide, Pilot, Geographer, and Hydrographer to the Nobility and Gentry who make the Tour of the Lakes." Rude sketches are given of Skiddaw, of Crosthwaite Church, and of Greta Hall, which is said to be Mr. William Jackson's. This Jackson was the original of Wordsworth's "Waggoner," and the man from whom Coleridge and Southey rented Greta. Plans are also given of Bassenthwaite, which is called "Broadwater," of Buttermere, Windermere, and most of the other lakes. This publication proves that Keswick had its poet before Southey. Though Crosthwaite does not describe himself as poet to the gentry no less than pilot, I take it that he was the author of the verses which accompany his plans. His manner of dealing with rhymes and rhythms is ingenious, if not masterly. Here is a specimen:—

> Quite round those crystal Lakes luxuriant Nature smiles;
> Here's Beauty, Grandeur, and Magnificence in Piles!
> Supremely great, sublime, and the most pleasing scenes,
> Salute the Noble Trav'ler as he leaves the plains.
> In those enchanting Lakes the finest Fish are caught;
> And from our Alpine heights exquisite food is brought;
> An Earthly Paradise, a Feast for every sense,
> This Northern Tour affords (and health) at small expence!
> Henceforth let British Youths their native Isle explore,
> Before they visit France or from their Canaan Tour;
> A Patriotic Plan, more so they scarce will find,
> 'Twill make them like the Sage of old and bless their native land.

Considering the vigorous attempt here made to bring the tourists into the land, was it not somewhat ungrateful on the part of Wordsworth seventeen years later, when they had come, to put into the mouth of the Priest of Ennerdale those words, not without touch of scorn and humour—humour so seldom found in Wordsworth—descriptive of the sight-seeing crew:—

> These Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live
> A profitable life: some glance along,
> Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
> And they were butterflies to wheel about
> Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise,
> Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag,
> Pencil in hand and book upon the knee
> Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,
> Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
> Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.

Among the earlier notices of the Lake Country may be mentioned a really admirable account, written in 1794, by that conspicuous member of the Romantic School, Mrs. Ann Radcliffe. The authoress of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and *The Romance of the Forest* was evidently under the influence of Gray and the poets of the Revival. She speaks of the view which opens out about three miles from Lancaster as being distinguished as much "by the notice of Mr. Gray as by its own charms." She quotes from Thomson—

> Be my retreat
> Between the groaning forest and the shore,
> Beat by the boundless multitude of waves!

and says of the road over Shap-fell that even "The Highlands of Scotland could scarcely have offered to Ossian more images of simple greatness, or more circumstances for melancholy inspiration. Dark glens and fells, the mossy stone, the lonely blast, descending on the valley, the roar of distant torrents everywhere occurred; and to the bard the 'song of spirits' would have swelled with these sounds, and their fleeting forms have appeared in the clouds, that frequently floated along the mountain tops."

Mrs. Radcliffe's journey began at Deal on the South coast. Passing through Derbyshire she comes to Manchester, "a second London, tumultuous with business, and yet well proved to afford the necessary peacefulness to science, letters, and taste"—a better character for Manchester than we should have expected to get in 1794. Passing through Lancaster and Kendal she penetrates to Hawswater. A remote place even now; but what must it have been then? She visits the parsonage and admires its old-fashioned chimney-corner, where "in the winter evening the family circle, gathering round a blazing pile of wood on the hearth, may defy the weather and the world." "The venerable father of the mansion was engaged in his duty at his chapel of Martindale, but they were hospitably received, and heard the next day how gladly he would have rendered any civilities to strangers." From Hawswater they pass by Ullswater to Penrith and Keswick. Derwentwater disappoints at first, but grows in beauty when more minutely viewed. Borrowdale must have suited well with the romantic tendencies of the novelist. The following passage might have been taken out of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*—" Dark rocks yawn at its entrance, terrific as the wildness of a maniac; and disclose a narrow pass, running up between mountains of granite, that are shook into almost every possible form of horror." The usual route is pursued to Windermere, Thurston Lake—the name by which Coniston was then known—Ulverston, and the Abbey of Furness. Mrs. Radcliffe's estimate of the principal lakes is remarkably just. She summarizes their qualities thus—

> Windermere: Diffusiveness, stately beauty, and, at the upper end, magnificence.
>
> Ullswater: Severe grandeur and sublimity; all that may give ideas of vast power and astonishing majesty. The effect of Ullswater is, that, awful as its scenery appears, it awakens the mind to expectation still more awful.
>
> Derwentwater: Fantastic wildness and romantic beauty, but inferior to Ullswater in greatness, both of water and rocks. . . . A principal defect, if we may venture to call it so, of Derwentwater is, that the water is too small in proportion for the amphitheatre of the valley in which it lies. . . . The fault of Windermere is, perhaps, exactly the reverse; where the shores, not generally grand, are rendered tamer by the ample expanse of the lake.

In 1829, Southey published a work in two volumes with the unattractive title of " Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society." The present generation is not likely to care much for the views of Robert Southey on such subjects as pauperism, the manufacturing system, and Catholic emancipation; but the essential dulness of the book is conspicuously relieved by pleasant interludes, which consist of descriptions of the Lake scenery, reminiscences of friends, bits of literary criticism, and sketches of Southey's own manner of life at

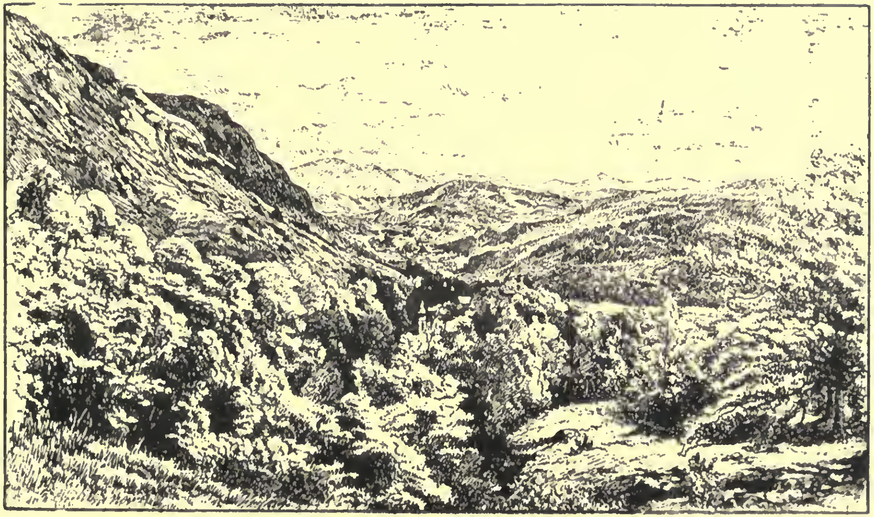
Keswick. If these were selected by a competent hand and republished, they would be read with pleasure even now. The book is, also, valuable from its containing a series of very fine plates after drawings by Westall, including the *Druidical Stones*, two views of *Derwentwater*, *Crosthwaite Church*, *Threlkeld Tarn*, and *Greta Hall.*

In speaking of the scenery of the Lake Country a comparison is often made between that mountain-region and the hills, for instance, of Scotland or of Wales. The truth is that they have each their own characteristics. In Scotland we find greater breadth and grandeur, but also more of naked sterility, and between the various points of interest it is often necessary to pass through long tracts of featureless monotony. But Scotland has one element of attraction unapproachable elsewhere—the grand sense of illimitable freedom and boundlessness of air and scene conveyed by its water, whether of the salt friths or of the inland lochs. When these are taken in conjunction with the wide mountain sides against which they break and with the narrow glens along which they flow, we see where it is that Scotland leaves behind all competition either in our own country or on the Continent. In Wales, again, there are finer things than are to be found anywhere in the Lake Country—the deep inward hollow of Snowdon, the sheer external crags which make the almost inaccessible front of Cader, the marvellously-coloured estuary of the Mawddach at Barmouth, and the wooded banks of the Conway; but, as in Scotland, these things are comparatively isolated, whilst among our English lakes the beauties of landscape, though perhaps on a lower level, are wonderfully harmonious and perfect in their kind, and are so closely compacted together that they may be easily compassed in the course of a single short tour. There is also about the Lake Country a perennial and lasting character which is peculiar. This is owing probably to two things—its homeliness of character and its harmony of tone. It is like Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight"—

> Not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food.

You go again and again without sense of satiety. I have never known anybody yet who was weary of the quaintness of Troutbeck or of Grasmere's healing quietness, or of Derwentwater's perfectness of form and surrounding, or of that romantic and irregular beauty and grandeur in unison which we discover about the reaches of Ullswater.

Although so much has been written in prose on the subject of the Lake Country nothing has yet been produced which is equal to Wordsworth's brief account. This essay, which furnishes another proof of what has so often been observed, namely, that the best poets have usually written well in prose, was first published as an Introduction to some views of the Lakes by the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson. Subsequently it was reissued by Wordsworth himself, in 1820, as a sort of Appendix to the volume, which contained "The River Duddon, a series of Sonnets," and other poems. The writer tells us that it is sent forth, with emendations and additions, "from a consciousness of its having been written in the same spirit which dictated several of the poems, and from a belief that it will tend materially to illustrate them." It is much to be wondered at that this little treatise is not reprinted at the present day in a separate and convenient form for the use of modern readers. Apart from its value as a piece of clear and stately English, it is the best possible hand-book for an intelligent visitor. It is called a "Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes in the North of England," and, beginning with an admirable sketch of the main outlines as seen from an imaginary point between Great Gavel and Scawfell—a



HOLYWORTH, YEWDALE, CONISTON.

Drawn by William Robinson.

sketch which helps more than most maps to give you a clear idea of the country—it passes in review the various features and peculiarities of the district—the mountains, the lakes, the islands, the woods, the cottages, and concludes with some observations on the comparative claims of the different seasons of the year. The following passage may be given as a specimen of Wordsworth's discriminating style—

> The months of September and October (particularly October) are generally attended with much finer weather (than in the earlier months); and the scenery is then, beyond comparison, more diversified, more splendid, and beautiful; but, on the other hand, short days prevent long excursions, and sharp and chill gales are unfavourable to parties of pleasure out of doors. Nevertheless, to the sincere admirer of nature, who is in good health and spirits, and at liberty to make a choice, the six weeks following the 1st of September may be recommended in preference to July and August. For there is no inconvenience arising from the reason which, to such a person, would not be amply recompensed by the autumnal appearance of any of the more retired valleys, into which discordant plantation and unsuitable buildings have not yet found entrance. In such spots, at this season, there is an admirable compass and proportion of natural harmony in form and colour through the whole scale of objects;—in the tender green of the after-grass upon the meadows interspersed with islands of grey or mossy rock crowned by shrubs and trees; in the irregular inclosures of standing corn or stubble-fields in like manner broken; in the mountain sides glowing with fern of divers colours; in the calm blue lakes and river-pools; and in the foliage of the trees, through all the tints of autumn, from the pale and brilliant yellow of the birch and ash to the deep greens of the unfaded oak and alder, and of the ivy upon the rocks, upon the trees, and the cottages. Yet, as most travellers are either stinted or stint themselves for time, I would recommend the space between the middle or last week in May, and the middle or last week of June, as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and variety of impressions. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for whatever may be wanting in depth of shade far more than an equivalent will be found in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit-and-berry-bearing trees which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs, with which many of the copses are interveined. In those woods, also, and on those mountain-sides which have a northern aspect, and in the deep dells, many of the spring flowers still linger; while the open and sunny places are stocked with the flowers of approaching summer.

This is finely expressed and quite true; and yet those who find August the most convenient time for visiting the country need have no fear of finding beauty enough to satisfy a moderately æsthetic taste. A dweller in towns is likely to appreciate at its full value the freshness and sweetness of the abundant greenery which he finds everywhere around him on the wayside tree and in the mountain meadow. He notices that the leaves are neither scorched nor fallen as at home, only here and there is to be discovered the faintest tint of autumn; the green is still deep and universal. It may be monotonous—the artists fly from it we know; they cannot make it into pictures, but we can, and after the interminable greys in the street and in the sky to which we have been so long accustomed, it is simply a delight to feel oneself buried in verdure. This particular aspect of Nature, which comes between the summer and the autumn is well delineated by Wordsworth in some lines without title, but bearing date September, 1819:—

> The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
> Are hung as if with golden shields,
> Departing summer hath assumed
> An aspect tenderly illumed,
> The gentlest look of spring,
> That calls from yonder leafy glade
> Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
> A timely corolling.

The image of the "golden shields" is a bold one, but it is just such as Homer himself would have used; and how delicate and true are these touches—touches of a devotee to Nature—

> An aspect tenderly illumed,

and—

> Unfaded, yet prepared to fade.

Along with the greenness of summer, however, it must be admitted that there is often to be taken the drawback of broken weather, or perhaps one should say of unbroken weather—unbroken by sunshine. Wordsworth says in the *Essay*, already quoted, "A stronger objection (to the earlier

CRAG AND BECK, YEWDALE, CONISTON.

Drawn by WILLIAM ROBINSON.

season) is rainy weather, setting in often at this period with a vigour and continuing with a perseverance that may remind the disappointed and dejected traveller of those deluges of rain which fall among the Abyssinian mountains for the annual supply of the Nile." The simile here seems playfully exaggerated; but it does no more than convey, accurately enough, the impression which falls upon the mind after two or three days of such persistent down-pouring, as may be seen to perfection in a contracted Westmoreland valley. Indeed, it would be safe to say that in going to the Lake Country at any season it is unwise not to make the fullest reckoning with the rain. But then the truth is that quite one-half the beauty of the place is to be attributed to this very plenitude of rain. To that we owe the exquisite greenness of surface, the constant charm of brook and waterfall, and also much that is most striking in the ravines and ridges which mark the sides of the mountains. "Land of the mountain and the flood," wrote Scott, in allusion to his own country; and with equal accuracy we might use the words in application to the Lake-District, only for "flood" we should read "stream." Of broad and sweeping rivers like those of Scotland—the Clyde, the Tay, the Tweed, the Forth—there are very few; perhaps the Eden is the best of that kind, but everywhere there are *streams;* the trickling thread of water on the bank, the runnel, the brook, the lesser river, the narrow "force," the broader fall, the lofty cataract; and, although the popular material "note" of the country is the *lake*, it might with equal appropriateness be spoken of as a land of streams. Compare it in this respect with many of the finest parts of Derbyshire, where, if even there is a river in the valley bottom, and that is not always the case, there are few of those visible feeders which add so much to the beauty of a landscape.

This prevalence of water is felt in many ways. For myself I feel it very strongly in connection with *sound*. When in the Lake Country I pass from within doors to the open air I always find myself expecting and listening for the wonted sound of water as something which must come in some form or other; and usually it reaches you from every side, loud and low, and in all the changing notes of an octave. If the noise were to cease one would be as much startled as one generally is when silence is broken by a sudden noise. Only on the high mountain tops do we lose the soothing charm, and even then the voice is sometimes heard in its finest manifestation. Wordsworth has many references to sounds which break in upon the silence of elevated seclusion. The well-known passage will be remembered in which the bleat of a lamb is spoken of as the voice of the Solitude, and one has only to hear this plaintive cry once to recognize the fitness of the image; and there is the fine stanza where, speaking of a hollow in the hills, he says—

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere.

But the finest passages of all are those which describe the sound of cataracts heard upon the mountains:—

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion.

And again:—

Sometimes in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents.

And best of all, perhaps, the lines occurring in that incomparable Ode, which for sustained elevation has no compeer in modern poetry:—

> To me alone there came a thought of grief;
> A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
> And I again am strong.
> The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
> No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.

It is natural that Wordsworth, born and spending so large a portion of a long life in a country where, as we have shown, moving water in its various forms constitutes so considerable an element, should give us almost a literature of streams. Especially with regard to the one point to which we are now drawing attention—the sound of water—his works will be found particularly full. We have a fancy, not perhaps an extravagant one, that the constant companionship of streams exercised a material influence in the formation of the poet's ultimate temperament. We have his own evidence to the effect that his natural disposition was stiff, moody, and violent. Once, at least, he meditated suicide; and there is a story of his having, in defiance of the punishment which he knew must follow, struck the lash of his whip through a family portrait in his grandfather's old house at Penrith. Gradually, however, a gentler spirit prevailed; and knowing, as we do, that he more, probably, than any other man that ever lived, submitted himself with a direct and continuous purpose to all the influences of Nature, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the voice of "many waters" had something to do with the change. At Cockermouth, where his earliest years were passed, he seems to have spent most of his time on the banks of the Derwent. In *The Prelude* he says:—

> The fairest of all rivers, loved
> To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
> And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
> And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
> That flowed along my dreams.

Even when but a babe in arms, carried by his nurse over the grassy holms, the same river, he tells us—

Made ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me,
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,
A foretaste, a dim earnest of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.

And in that magnificent passage beginning—

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought;
And givest to forms and images a breath,
And everlasting motion!—

a passage which few men are able simply to read without having communicated to them a clear sense of moral and intellectual elevation—speaking of the elements of thought and feeling being purified and sanctified by fellowship with that which is Highest of all that we know or can conceive of, he adds:—

In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And *by the waters all the summer long.*

Wherever we turn, indeed, we find the same prevailing thought. In his "Remembrance of Collins," when he is sailing on the Thames near Richmond, he says:—

O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

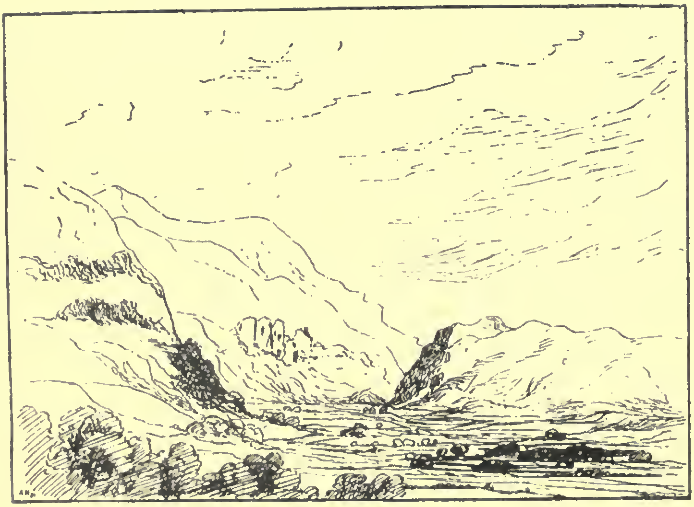
In the "Poet's Epitaph" we have—

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

In the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," it is

High in the breathless hall the Minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.

And in the "Leech-Gatherer," a poem in which, as we know from his own prose gloss, he desired to describe himself as being exalted to the highest pitch of delight by the joyous-



THE CASTLE ROCK, VALE OF ST. JOHN.

Drawn by A. NICHOLSON.

FRIAR'S CRAG, DERWENTWATER.

Drawn by A. NICHOLSON.

ness and beauty of nature, there is a constant reference in the earlier stanzas to rain and the pleasant sound of water.

Here, though having arrived at no visible landing place, I must pause, simply because the limits of space at my disposal have been fully reached. In a future paper, or papers, I hope to give my impressions of the various parts of the country, together with notices of the more memorable portions of that fine body of literature which in later times has gathered around or has been associated with the scenery of the district.

MANCHESTER BIBLIOGRAPHY, 1880.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM SUTTON.

[Read April 11, 1881.]

FIVE years ago the Manchester Literary Club published a Bibliography of Lancashire and Cheshire. It was compiled with the objects of ascertaining to what extent the publications of the district were registered by the London bibliographical publications, and of showing, in some degree, the range of the literary activity of the two counties. The results were interesting, showing, as they did, that a very large proportion of the issues of the local presses escaped registration in the usual way. The cost of producing the list was, however, considerable, although the labour of the accurate compiler (Mr. William E. A. Axon) was entirely honorary, and as no sufficient encouragement on the part of subscribers was forthcoming the enterprise was dropped.

The present list covers a much more limited area, but comprises, in spite of some obvious imperfections, more titles for Manchester alone than the former list did for the two counties. Three hundred and ninety-three publications are here noted. The rule adopted has been to include: 1. The productions of the Manchester press, except annual reports of charitable and other societies and institutions. 2. Works by Manchester authors printed elsewhere. 3. Works by natives of Manchester who now reside away from the district, or by those who by long residence have become closely associated with the city. Many of the pieces are, it is true, of little or no importance from a literary point of view, but there are some books of great interest and value, and some of a high typographical excellence.

The titles may be classified as follows :—

Publications of Societies - - - - - -	15
History, Biography, and Travels - - -	29
Science (including Medicine) - - - -	44
Theology - - - - - - - - - - -	27
Politics, Commerce, and Social Questions	50
Education and Philology (including School Books) - - - - - -	39
Poetry - - - - - - - - - - - -	20
Fiction - - - - - - - - - - -	26
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Essays, Dialect, Drama, &c. - - - -	23
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THE WARBURTONS OF ARLEY.*

BY J. E. BAILEY, F.S.A.

[Read July 29, 1880.]

> . . . Mansions once
> Knew their own Masters; and laborious Hinds,
> Who had survived the Father, served the Son.
> COWPER'S *Task:* The Garden.

THE Warburtons claim descent from the old Cheshire family of Dutton, and they look up to Adam de Dutton as their Founder. He had a grant of the estates of Aston, Gt. Budworth, Appleton, &c., and had an abode at Budworth. In the reign of Henry II. he married Agnes Alured, the heiress of the manor of Warburton, near Lymm. This place, in derivation, is *Werburgh-town*, so named from the abbey of Premonstratensian canons at Chester, dedicated to St. Werburgh, who was a daughter of Wulfhere, king of Mercia, and whose feast, says Sir Peter Leycester, was celebrated on the 16th June (see Chambers's *Book of Days*, 3 Feb.). Adam de Dutton lived into the reign of King John, leaving an heir, Geoffrey, who joined the Crusaders. One of the crests in the present Egerton-Warburton arms, viz., the Saracen's head, was obtained from the heralds in recognition of his prowess in the Holy Land. In Harleian MS. 139 there is a transcript from an old family record, taken by Lawrence Bostock in 1572, containing the following particulars of this exploit: "This Galfrid lived 1244. He was serving his Prynce and vanquyished a Sarrazin in combate." The circumstance has been playfully versified in *Arley in Idleness*.

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* This sketch of the Warburton family is for the main based upon the account in Ormerod's *History of Cheshire* (i. 566 seq., new ed.); upon the *xxxvjth Report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records*, pp. 505-6; upon the *Calendar of ancient family Charters preserved at Arley Hall*, ed. by Mr. Wm. Beamont, 4to, 1866; and upon the information of Mr. Egerton-Warburton, whose kindness to the writer demands the amplest acknowledgment. Some inedited documents are embodied in the sketch.

There was another son of the same name, Sir Geoffrey Dutton, Knt.; after whom came Sir Peter Dutton, who first used the surname *De Warburton*, and who was the first of many Peters. Sir Peter Leycester introduces him into the History of Bucklow Hundred (p. 226): "*Peter Dutton*, son of *Geffrey de Budworth*, removing his Habitation [from *Great Budworth*] unto *Warburton* towards the end of *Edward* the First [who died in 1306], his Son *Peter* was styled *de Warburton*, according to the manner of those Ages, under *Edward* the Second [1307-1322]; from which time downwards his Posterity hath wholly retained the Sirname of *Warburton*, even to this day." The eldest son of this Peter was Sir Geoffrey Warburton, who was High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1326. He witnessed a transfer of property from John de Langton of Walton-in-le-dale to Stanlawe Abbey in 1324; and in the same year (18 July) there was a recognizance for 66*s.* 8*d.* from him to the Earl of Chester for Lord Richard de St. Edmunds, late Chamberlain of Chester, *i.e.*, the distinguished bibliophile Richard de Bury, the author of the *Philobiblon*, who was Chamberlain of Chester from about 1321 to 1323, and Bishop of Durham 1333 to 1345. In 1328 this Geoffrey was present at an Inquisition at Halton.

Three other knights bearing the same name of Geoffrey followed in lineal succession; and the son of the last of them, also a Geoffrey, attended the Black Prince to Aquitaine in 1365; and from him was descended the well-known Justice of the Common Pleas in the time of the Commonwealth—Sir Peter Warburton.* A seal is extant which was used by one of these Geoffreys about 1369, bearing the coat, now called the ancient coat of Warburton, *Ar.* two chevronells *gu.*, on a canton of the second a mullet *or.*, with the inscription *S. Galfridi de Werbvrghtone;* and it was used up to the reign of Henry VI.

John de Warburton, son of Sir Geoffrey, jun., succeeded in 1383, and died before 1391. Peter, his son and heir, fought at the battle of Shrewsbury for Henry Percy, and afterwards received two royal pardons. He died in 1412.

It is thus seen that the Warburtons were a fighting race of men. In 1397 one of the stock named Thomas "of Aketon" (*i.e.*, Acton), armiger, received a grant from the king of 6*d.* per day for life in recompense for the many services rendered by him to King Richard II. and his father Edward III., and in consideration of his having been taken prisoner five times, and of his having been wounded. Another in the same year, named William, was appointed a yeoman of the livery of the Crown, with 6*d.* a day for life; and two others, Robert of Newcroft, near Urmston, "sagittarius de corona," and Richard, also an archer, received the same pension.

The difference between those days of chivalry and our own less warlike times has been put in contrast by the present Squire of Arley, in a poem called "Modern Chivalry" (*Poems*, p. 60), conceived in a more playful tone than the eloquent lament of Burke on the decadence of the spirit.

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* A letter in the State Papers, vol. iij. p. 738, dated from Wood-street, 27 Aug., 1655, and addressed to Secretary Thurloe, is from this Judge, and not from *W.* Warburton, as the signature is printed. A vellum copy of the *Polychronicon* of Higden, the Cheshire monk, executed in the xvjth century, preserved in the Ashmolean MSS. (No. 796) in the Bodleian Library, contains the following note at the end: "This booke wase given by Mr. Peeter Warborton the 9 of January 1632."

Time was, with sword and battle axe,
  All clad in armour bright,
When cleaving skulls asunder
  Was the business of a knight.

Now chivalry means surgery,
  And spurs are won by him
Who can mend a skull when broken,
  Or piece a fractured limb.

Our knights of old couch'd lances,
  Drew long swords from the sheath;
Now knighthood couches eye-balls,
  And chivalry draws teeth.

See ! rescued from confinement
  To charm our ravish'd sight,
Fair ladies are deliver'd
  By the arm of a true knight.

Behold ! the knight chirurgeon
  To deeds of blood advance,
A bandage for a banner,
  And a lancet for a lance !

To heroes of the hospital
  The "bloody hand" is due,
But, ye heralds, bend the fingers,
  Or the fee may tumble through !

Sir Geoffrey Warburton, brother of the last-named Peter, held the estates in 1429. He was knighted by Henry VI. in 1432, and ten years later was made Seneschal of Halton Castle. This knight, who first used on his seal the cormorant, which is the basis of the present Warburton coat, married one of the Bruens of Tarvin. He died in 1449, and was buried in Norton Priory. It is noticeable that to one Geoffrey Dutton he bequeathed a stag from Arley Park.

Then followed a remarkable son, who acquired the *soubriquet* of "Wise Piers," perhaps in part derived from 1 Cor. iii. 10. He re-erected, or greatly enlarged, Arley Old Hall in 1469, and removed thither with his family and dependents from Warburton. Sir Peter Leycester supplies the reason of this change of abode. Alluding to the descendants of Peter Dutton, son of Geoffrey of Budworth, he says that they, "disliking the Seat at *Warburton*, either for the inundation of the Water, or for some other cause, removed their Seat to *Arley* in [the township of] *Aston*, near to this *Budworth*, about the beginning of *Henry* the Seventh's Reign; which House of *Arley* was built by *Peter Warburton* Esquire, who died *Anno Domini* 1495; where they have ever since continued to this day as their Chief Mansion-House" (page 226).

A deed of the time of the Sir Geoffrey Warburton who lived in the reign of Edward III., dated *Arlegh*, 1346, proves that a house existed at Arley at that early time. A few years later, as Mr. Helsby shows, from a deed at Lichfield (note *a*, page 570), the house had an oratory; and in the following century, as we have seen, there was a deer park.

The Hall erected by Wise Piers is described by Mr. Egerton-Warburton as having been a quadrangular building of wood and plaster, and was surrounded by a moat. It was "beautiful for situation." A suggested explanation of the word *Ar-legh*, so written above, is *High-Legh;* and the cattle in Arley Park in hot weather naturally collect near the Hall as the most elevated spot. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, seems to favour this derivation of the word. He says (page 67): "'Tis British, and signifieth the same with *super* in Latine, which very well agreeth with the situation hereof [viz. of Arley in Warwickshire], the greatest part of the Parish being high ground in respect of the ascent to it almost every way; so that then *Ar-lei* is by interpretation in effect, *locus altus*." The House was made to face the South, and the view on the Eastern side extends over a richly wooded country, terminated by the Macclesfield and Staffordshire hills.

Two very interesting relics of the days of Wise Piers still exist on the estate in two old barns, one near the stables, and the other on Arley Green, which call to mind the huge tithe-barns of the midland counties. The beams supporting the roof spring from the ground, and meeting under the ridge of the roof span the entire width of the building inside, and present a series of pointed wooden arches. It is said that several of the very early Cheshire churches partook of the same construction; and one perforce recalls the old legend which connected the early churches with the upturned boats of the Apostles,

> . . forsaken when the fisher-band
> Went forth to sweep a mightier tide.

The boards of the panels are still as sound as the massive beams. The barn on the Green has been converted into a village school; in reference to which the present gifted squire has penned the following lines, which are worthy to be classed with some of the ecclesiastical sonnets of Wordsworth:

> Nigh the old Barn one autumn noon I stood;
> Huge ribs of oak its moss-grown roof upheld,
> Shap'd in rude fashion by the axe that fell'd
> That giant timber from the neighbouring wood.
> From waggons tost ripe sheaves the floor bestrew'd,
> Loud mirth and laughter weariness dispell'd;
> "Home! harvest home!" the rustic chorus swell'd,
> And mingling voices still the strain renew'd.
> That barn now stands a village school, within
> Christ's little ones are welcomed, there to learn
> How blest they live who to His guidance cling.
> Among this wheat no tares may Satan win.
> By angels gather'd to their Father's barn
> This harvest home may seraph-voices sing!

Wise Piers was mindful in his new foundation of what was due to the worship of God and provided a Domestic Chapel. He had a dispensation from Pope Paul II. to marry a daughter of Sir John Savage, to whom he was distantly related; and he died about 1495.

Sir John (son of Wise Piers) of Warburton and Arley was also a seneschal of Halton and was Sheriff of Cheshire 10 Henry VII. (1494-5), and was afterwards appointed for a life term. He was also Knight of the body to that King. He contributed to the building of the tower of Budworth church, where his name and arms appear. There is a deed in the Chester Plea Rolls dated 1510-11 between this Sir John and Bishop William Smith, one of the founders of Brasenose College, contracting his son Piers to Elizabeth Wynington, with a settlement of land; and to this deed Mr. Helsby has annexed some valuable comments. Sir John fought on the field of Flodden, 1513; and a ballad mentions a Savage, a Dutton, a Kinderton, a Fitton, and other local squires.

> The Royal Ratcliffe that rude was never,
> And trustye Trafforde kene to try,
> And Wighty Warburtone out of Chesshire,
> All came with the Earle of Derbye.

A signed bill in the Welsh Records, dated Chester, 8 April, 15 Henry VIII. (1524), appoints Thomas Warburton, gentleman, to be sheriff of the county of Chester *vice* Sir John Warburton deceased.

Sir Piers Warburton, Knt., succeeded in 1523. One of his deeds mentions that the " Cock" Inn in Budworth was held by his tenants Ralph and Margaret French. John Leland, when making his Itinerary, says that this Piers of Arley was one of the principal gentlemen of Cheshire. He witnessed the wreck and dispersion of the ecclesiastical property; and he died 5 June, 1550. His manors and numerous lands are enumerated in his Inquisition *post mortem*. From his brother, according to Foss, was descended the Commonwealth judge, Sir Peter Warburton.

Sir John Warburton, Knt., son of Sir Piers, succeeded at the age of 27. On 2 Oct., 1553, he, with Sir Thomas Gerard,

GREAT BUDWORTH.

Drawn by C. Blacklock.

Sir Rauf Egerton, Sir Richard Molineux, Sir Edward Fitton, and Sir William Warren, were dubbed Knights of the Carpet, the occasion being the day after the Queen's Coronation, at the Palace at Westminster. In the year 1557, when Edward, third Earl of Derby, the High Constable of England, was ordered, as Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire and Cheshire, to muster the forces of those two counties to oppose a Scotch invasion, Sir John Warburton and Sir Edward Warren were in command of 150 men each (Strype's *Eccles. Mem.* III. ii. 91, 181-2). In his time was drawn up an elaborate Rent roll of his estates, still preserved at Arley Hall. It is formed of skins of parchment stitched together, making it ten yards long; and it is about a foot wide. At the top are the family arms emblazoned, and the heading is as follows: "Rentale d'ni Joh'is Warburton Militis pro festo Sti Joh'is Baptiste [24 June] de o'ib's man'ijs terr' ten'nt' messuagijs villis et alijs Reddit' infra Com' Cestr' & Lancastr' factu' & Renovat' decimo die Julij anno regni d'ne Elizabeth dei grac' Anglie ffraunc' et hib'ni' regine fidei defensor &c. decimo quarto [1572]." The names of the tenants are written in a neat character under the heads of the several manors; at the sides is a running ornamental border about two inches wide.

Sir John died in 1575. The only old monument remaining in the South or Arley Chancel of Budworth Church, appropriated to the Warburtons of Arley, relates to this Knight, who is represented in a recumbent posture. His portrait at full length hangs on the walls of Arley Hall.

His son Peter, an esquire, took the estates, being then 31 years of age. He appears to be the Peter Warburton who is referred to in some ecclesiastical enquiries made concerning Budworth in February, 1569-70. Sir Richard Eaton, the vicar, being sworn and examined, said "that Thomas Starke esquier hath not rec' at his hands but he thinks he is not obstinate . . . . and yet he is a favorer of the Romish religion. — The Roade loft yet standeth.—He saieth that one John Warburton useth to praie upon a Latin primer and this depon^{t} hath undertaken to bringe in the same &c.—Peter Warburton thilder and his wief are asonder.—They had no sermon sithence the visitac'on.—S^{r} Ran' Antrobus an old papist priest and doth not mynister.—Homfrey Hall, Wm foxley, and Pier Ricson gard' sworne and exa'i'ed saie and the said foxley saieth that he hath div'se old Latin bokes remayninge in his hands w^{ch} he is enjoyned to bringe in to the Sinode at Warington the Towesdaie after lowe Sondaie next. Brought in.—The Rode lofte standeth."

In the time of Squire Peter the Pedigree of the Warburtons, a long and elaborate parchment roll, still extant at Arley, was drawn up. It was prepared by Robert Cooke, who signs as "Clarencieux Roy D'armes." This personage was Chester Herald in 1562; he was Clarencieux King-at-Arms in 1567; and he died in 1592; before which latter year, therefore, his attestation of the Warburton genealogy belongs. About the same time there was a grant of arms to one Peter Warburton of Northwich, a copy of which has been preserved in Ashm. MS. No. 844, fo. 230. It is described as Cooke's grant to "Messire Pierre Warburton de Northwich fils de Thomas fils de John quatriesme fils de Mons^{r} Geoffrey Warburton de Arley Chevalier," dated "le neufiesme iour de Septembre l'an de n're seigneur Jesu Christ mil cinq cens huictante." The coat is thus emblazoned: Qtly. 1 and 4, *arg.* and *gu.*, a crescent *sable;* in the 2nd and 3rd a fret *or.* 2, *ar.* a chevron *sable* between three cormorants of the second. 3, *argent* two chevronels *gules*, on a canton of the second a mullet *or.* Crest, the Saracen's head as in the Arley coat.

There is a pedigree of the family in Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian Library (B. 84, fo. 85); and as Ormerod does not give two or three of the early generations in it, it may be used here in illustration of the Warburton genealogy up to the point now arrived at. The pedigree is comprised in one of twelve volumes of English pedigrees compiled by Thomas Wilkinson, Vicar of Lawrence Waltham, Berks, bought by Dr. Rawlinson at the sale of Peter le Neve's collection of MSS.

Ivo Normannus per . . . . filiam . . . . habuit exitum 1º Nigellum baronem de Hatton 2º Galfridum 3º Hudardum 4º Edvardum 5º Horswanum 6º Wolfardum a quo familia de Hatton.

Hudardus With sub Conq: 3 filius Ivonis sponsavit Aliciam Dutton in Com. Cestria illiusque habuit insignia & per illam habuit exitum Hugonem cognominatum Dutton.

Hugo Dutton sponsavit . . . . filiam . . . . habuitque exitum Hugonem et Adamum see Dutton.

Adamus Dutton 2d filius superstes 1187 & 33 H. 2 sponsavit Annam filiam Rogeri filii Aluredi habuitque exitum Galfridum.

Galfridus Dutton per . . . . . . filiam . . . . habuit exitum Galfridum.

Galfridus Dutton superstes 1271 per . . . . . . filiam . . . . . . habuit exitum Galfridum.

Galfridus Dutton per . . . . . . filiam . . . . habuit exitum Petrum.

Petrus De Dutton miles superstes 1 Edw. 1 et cognominatus De Warberton habuit exitum per . . . . filiam . . . . Petrum.

Petrus Warberton miles superstes 16 Ed. 1. per . . . . filiam . . . . habuit exitum Galfridum.

Galfridus Warberton miles vicecomes Lancastriæ 1º Ed: 3. per . . . . filiam . . . . habuit exitum Galfridum.

Galfridus Warberton superstes 44º Ed. 3. per . . . . . filiam . . . . habuit exitum Galfridum.

Galfridus Warberton superstes 5º Rich'i. 2 per Nicolaam filiam Joh'is Danvers militis 33 Ed: 3 habuit Joh'em.

Johannes Warberton Armig. obiit 7 Rich'i. 2 per Annam filiam . . . . . habuit exitum Petrum.

Petrus Warberton Armiger obiit 13 H. 4. per . . . . filiam . . . . . habuit Exitum Galfridum.

Galfridus Warberton miles obiit 27 H. 6. per Beatricem filiam Petri Dutton de Hatton militis habuit exitum Petrum Tho: Rich. Joh'em.

PETRUS DUTTON [Warberton] Armiger mortuus 1495 Conditor Domus De Arley juxta Budworth per Ellenam filiam Joh'is Savage militis habuit exitum Joh'em.

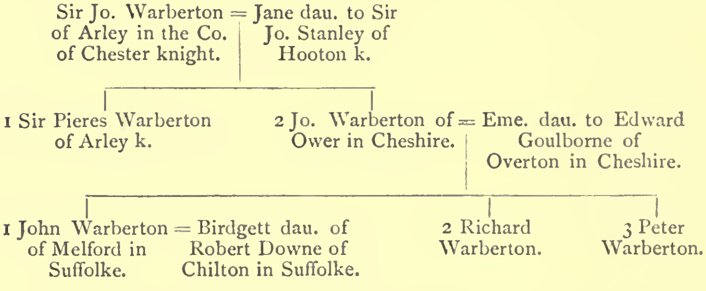
JOHANNES WARBERTON miles pro corpore H. 8. mortuus 16 H. 8. per Joannam filiam Gulielmi Stanley militis Camerarii H. 7. habuit exitum Petrum 2º Joh'em. 2º JOHANNES WARBERTON De Budworth per Emmam filiam . . . . Gilborne . . . . . . habuit exitum Petrum Rich'um Georgium Tho: Johannem.

PETRUS WARBERTON miles obiit 5 Julii 4º Ed. 6 per Elizab. filiam et hæredem Rich'i Wynnington Armigeri habuit exitum Joh'em et Petrum. 2º PETRUS WARBERTON De Hefferston per Cath. filiam et hær. Joh'is Cooper De Hefferston habuit exitum Petrum Gul. Thomam. Rich'um Annam et Aleonoram.

JOH'ES WARBERTON miles obiit 31º Augusti 1575 & per Mariam filiam Gulielmi Brereton de Brereton militis habuit Petrum Geor. Joh'em Elizab. Gulielmo Booth de Dunham Annamque Roberto Markham.

PETRUS WARBERTON Armiger superstes 1580 per Mariam filiam Joh'is Holcroft militis habuit Mariam. Elizab. Janam. Alenoram Aliciam Franciscam Isabellam.

The following descent of the Suffolk Warburtons is from Rawl. MS. B. 422, fo. 23, being a Visitation of Suffolk, made by William Harvey, Clarencieux, 1561.


Sir Jo. Warberton of Arley in the Co. of Chester knight.
=
Jane dau. to Sir Jo. Stanley of Hooton k.
1 Sir Pieres Warberton of Arley k.
2 Jo. Warberton of Ower in Cheshire.
=
Eme. dau. to Edward Goulborne of Overton in Cheshire.
1 John Warberton of Melford in Suffolke.
=
Birdgett dau. of Robert Downe of Chilton in Suffolke.
2 Richard Warberton.
3 Peter Warberton.

Webb, writing about 1616 in *The Vale Royal*, after describing Toft, Plumleigh, and Pickmere, adds (Part II., pp. 98-99):

And so we are come to the sight of that beautifull house of *Arley*, that doth, as it well may, shew it self to beholders a farre off, as a place worthy to be regarded. And the famous seat of *Warburtons*, which being come by succession of many renowned Knights of great worth and estimation, to the now Owner, *Peter Warburton* of *Arley* Esquire, a Gentleman not affecting the stile and degree of a Knight, yet one who could never avoid that Dignity,

> Authority and Worth, which ever had been deservedly thrown upon him for wisdome and government, in his greatest places wherein his experience brought him to great maturity, and his wise and singular moderation preserved him to a long experience, continuing in an excellent constitution of body, even to a reverend Age, as though Nature her self were loath the world should be deprived of such an Ornament, the People of his Government, the Country of his Hospitality, the poor of his Relief, and that famous house of such a pillar, because though there be such a plentiful increase of his own beautiful daughters, and of the numerous issues of many of them: yet there wants an heir-male of his body, which how he will supply rests in his own wisdome to appoint, and is a matter that becomes not me to meddle in.

The daughters here quaintly alluded to were: Mary, wife of Thomas Wilbraham of Tilston; Elizabeth, wife of Ralph Egerton of Ridley; Jane, wife of William Brereton of Ashley; Isabel, wife of Sir Edward Stanley of Bickerstaff; Eleanor, wife of Thomas Marbury of Marbury; Frances, wife of Sir Christopher Trentham; and Alice, wife of Sir Peter Warburton, the first Judge of the name, *temp.* James I. Their mother was Mary, daughter of Sir John Holcroft. There were no male heirs; and on the death of the father, in 1627, the estates passed to George Warburton, the grandson of George (second son of Sir John who died 18 Eliz.). Pending the transfer of the property there was some litigation, for a draft letter exists amongst the State papers, dated Wanstead, 5 Sept., 1627, addressed by Secretary Conway to William Earl of Derby and James Lord Strange, signifying "his Majestie's pleasure in a suite depending in the Court att Chester, and in the Prerogative Court att Yorke, and sending inclosed the petition of the Executors of Peeter Warburton, &c., with Sir Henry Marten's opinion of the cause."

His nephew Peter of the Lodge in Crowley was the next heir, who died 1 Jan., 1625-6, and was succeeded by his eldest son Peter, a minor. The latter was born about 1622; and we are assured that as early as in 1638 he married Eleanor, daughter of Lord Kilmorey, a girl eleven years of age. The husband died at Oxford of the smallpox in the year 1641 without issue. An entry in the parish registers of Budworth, of which at that time the Rev. John Ley, sub-dean of Chester, was vicar, supplies the date of death. In the burials of August, 1641, there occurs, on the fifth day, the following: "Petrus Warburton de Arley armiger qui Oxoniæ moriebatur circiter decima nonu' aetatis annu'." It was in his days that "Dapper Dick," otherwise Drunken Barnaby, passed through the Warburton estate on his way from Warrington to Holmes Chapel, and broke his short journey at the "Cock" at Budworth,* as he sings in Part ii. of his *Journal*:—

Veni *Bludworth* usque *Gallum*,
Vbi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus;
Mihi mirus affuit status
A duobus sum portatus.

Sed amore captus grandi
Visitandi *Thomam Gandi*,
Holmi petii *Sacellum*,
Vbi conjugem & puellam
Vidi pulchras, licet sero
Has neglexi, mersus mero.

Thence to *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drunk strong ale as browne as berry,
Till at last with deep healths felled,
To my bed I was compelled;
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two Poulterers well supported,

Where no sooner understand I
Of mine honest Hoast *Tom. Gandi*,
To *Holme-Chappell* forthwith set I;
Maid and Hostesse both were pretty;
But to drink tooke I affection,
I forgot soone their complexion.

Peter was followed by a younger brother George, who, born about 1623, grew up into a man of little force of character, although he was perhaps well qualified to keep the estates together in the critical times in which he lived. Mr. Beamont describes him as a passive rather than active partisan in the civil commotions. His intimate friends or advisers belonged to the Parliamentary party, as likewise did Ley, the vicar of Budworth. Mr. Warburton bluntly refused to allow his neighbour Sir Peter Leycester, a sturdy Royalist, to see his parchments—a discourtesy which has thus been put on record in the History of Bucklow Hundred under Aston (p. 216): "Here should follow the descent of *Warburton* of *Arley;* but Sir *George Warburton* denied me the perusal of his Evidences, so as it could not exactly be performed. Wherefore I have omitted the same." In 1639 this George Warburton married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk, co. Denbigh, who died in 1650. She was buried at Budworth on 3rd August that year, when there was a solemn funeral marshalled by two of the Randle Holmeses, and attended, amongst many others, by Mr. Robert Warburton, old Mrs.

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* The present "Cock" Inn is not the erection with which Drunken Barnaby became familiar, for it has replaced an older structure. In one of the rooms of the inn is a somewhat rough picture, which was painted long after Barnaby's time, representing the hero being carried off to his chamber by a countryman and perhaps the host. The scene is laid outside the

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house, which is evidently a wood-and-plaster erection, the upper portion projecting over the lower. The cock swings on a painted board, as still it swings outside the present inn, and both representations bear the motto upon the sun-dial,—

Sol motu gallus cantu moneat,—

which may thus be rhymed,

Twain monitors for day's career
Be rising sun and chanticleer.

The landlord's name is added on the painting in these terms: "Tom Gandi sells brown ale, wine, and Brandy. N.B. Good entertainment for man and beast." Down the road is seen a spired church. The figures have not been very happily executed. As descriptive of the two who carried Barnaby, there is another reading of the English version, given thus in the 1778 edition:—

By two *porters* well supported.

The first reading of "poulterer," which perhaps has a punning reference to the sign of the inn, is that adopted by Haselwood and Hazlitt. "Tom Gandi" was a real personage. In 1666 there was living in Over-Lymn-Booths one John Gandy, and Hugh Gandy lived in Nether Whitley at the same time. In 1736 the inn was in the hands of a family named Willatt, for in that year died John Willatt of the "Cock," according to an old gravestone.

Warburton, Mr. Warburton himself, and the Warburtons* of Hill-Cliff. (*Palatine Note-Book*, page 50.)

In 1654 Mr. Warburton was chosen sheriff of Cheshire by Cromwell. Mr. Beamont sees in his conduct about this time a desire to welcome the restoration of monarchy; and although he did not take part in the rising of Sir George Booth, a paper may be cited to show that he had political enemies. To understand this document, which throws some light on the succession of the estates, we must revert to Eleanor, the widow of the youthful Peter Warburton. That lady is gallantly described in Sir Peter Leycester's folio (page 259) as a "Person of such comeley Carriage and Presence, Handsomeness, sweet Disposition, Honour, and general Repute in the World, that she hath scarce left her Equal behind." She re-married in 1644 John Lord Byron of Newstead, Notts., at that time Governour of Chester; he died in France without any issue by her in 1652; and she died at Chester, 26 Jan., 1663-4, aged 36. The document referred to is taken from the Royalist Composition Papers in the Record Office (first series, vol. lxxxix. p. 249), dated about 1654:

May it please your ho^{rs}

Wee haue lately Rec^{d} some Intimation of a Joynture or Dower that belongeth to the Lady Byron Relict of the late pretended Lord Byron the delinq^{t} & to Issue out of the Estate of George Warburton of Arley in this County Esqr And for yor better understandinge of this Case wee humbly make bould to Certify That Peter Warburton late of Arley aforesayd Esqr dec^{d} haueinge noe Issue male of his owne did Estate his lands upon Peter Warburton and George Warburton afores^{d} his Brothers Grandsonnes and to their heires males successiuely dureinge whose minorityes (for they were both yonge and their father and Grandfather were both dead, w^{n} the sayd Peter their great unckle Estated his lands upon them) the p'ffitts thereof was Conueyed to & Rec^{d} by the daughters and the Daughters Chilldren of the aforesaid Peter Warburton . In which tyme of the sayd Peter Warburton (the Elder Brother to George Warburton aforesayd) his minority, hee was by Consent maried unto the daughter of the Lord Kilmorrey And a considerable mariage portion (as wee heare) of 2 or 3000*l* payd./ this gent dyed in his minority and before ye warrs and did not enioy the land aforesayd Estated on him and left noe Issue, his Relict afterwards and w^{n} Chester was a Garrison for the late Kinge marryed the aforesayd pretended Lord Byron, and liued with him whylst hee stayed in England And as wee heare afterward in Ireland & ffrance or where else hee was she was with him, and was (as wee heare with him at his death which wee Conceiue was not long since, And she is now as wee heare) at her father the Lord Kilmorrey his howse in Dutton in this County, And nowe makes Claime to a joynture or dower from the land of George Warburton aforesayd yonger Brother to her the sayd Ladyes first husband or to haue her mariage portion giuen with her repayd unto her, And wee further humbly Certify that the sayd George Warburton did in the yeare 1646 Enter into and take possession of all the lands Conveyed unto him for default of Issue of his Elder brother (by his aforesaid great Unckle Peter Warburton) since which tyme to the death of the pretended Lord Byron wee heare not whether or noe any Dower or Joynture was demaunded or payd. Wee desyre your Consideration of the premises and your speedey directions to us, w^{t} you will haue us to doe as to either the Arreares of the Joynture or dower due from 1646 when the sd George Warburton entered upon the Lands afores^{d} untill the death of the sayd pretended Lord Byron, or for w^{t} is nowe claimed as aboue in Case noethinge p'ue demaunded by her of Arreares by reason of some Clanculer dealeing that may haue been betwixt her and the said George Warburton beinge as wee suppose Affectionately both of one syde, or as Concerninge her mariage portion in Case it bee Repayable, wee humbly Conceiue that if the Case were fully debated before you some thinge will appeare due to the state. In all which queres w^{t} you shall please to direct shalbee Carefully observed by

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* To one of this family probably belonged a book in possession of the writer, bearing the contemporary autograph *Tho. Warburton*, being a copy of Henry Ainsworth's *Communion of Saincts*, 8vo, printed at Amsterdam in 1640.

Your^{r} ho^{rs} most humble Seruants

Henry Cockson
Tho: Robinson
William Barrett.

Mr. Warburton became a baronet in 1660. He acquired the honour not so much for his political services as for an advance of upwards of £1,000 towards arming and supporting thirty foot soldiers for the defence of Ulster. It was under his orders that "a ground room" in the hall was converted into a chapel. He died in 1676, and was buried at Budworth under an inscription, which has been preserved in Cole's MSS. in the British Museum, for the lines were obliterated from the slab shortly after they were cut, being, perhaps, too warm and florid for some critic's taste. The inscription has, however, been replaced. Cole was staying with the Rev. John Allen, M.A., Rector of Tarporley, in Cheshire, in August, 1757, when the latter received a copy of the verses from Lady Margaret Stanley, sister to Sir Peter Warburton's lady:—

Underneath this tomb doth lye the body of Sir George Warburton, of Arley, in the county of Chester, Baronet, who died May 18, anno dom. 1676, being the fifty-first year of his age, and was interred the 26th of the same month: who had to his first wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirck in yᵉ county of Denbigh, Knt.; by whom he had issue two sons and four daughters; and had to his second wife Diana, second daughter of Sir Edward Bishop of Parham, in the county of Sussex, Knt. and Baronet, by whom he had issue five sons and eight daughters; by which Diana this was erected.

Dearest of husbands! whose fair life records
What honour, love, or virtue best affords!
To me, beyond compare, dearest of dears!
Sleeps in this tomb! his soul above the spheres
Is wing'd aloft: whilst I in sables sit
Sighing, till mine also consort with it.
But ah! what rhetoric can supply my loss?
Thou wear'st the crown! thy *Di* must bear the cross!
Only thy presence can afford relief
To this sad heart, opressed thus with grief!
That were a sovereign cordial: but thy *Die*
Must rest contented with thy memory.
Nay! Death itself shall us two never part!
For my dear *George* still lives in *Di's* chaste heart.
Vain world, farewell! dead to delight am I,
Till my dear *George* embrace his own dear *Di*,
In those Elysian Fields whose purest bliss
And *Sharon's* rose sweet *Jesus* ever is,
Rest, precious soul! whilst I do weep and pray,
And wait, and long for that thrice glorious day.
Love no delay admits! Let me expire!
I live in patience, but dye in desire!
D. W.

This Lady Diana and her daughters were on visiting terms with Bishop Cartwright of Chester, 1687-8.

Then followed another Sir Peter, then Sir George, second and third baronets. The death of the latter is announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1743 as having occurred on 30 June: "An estate of upwards of £2,000 per annum and the title descend to his nephew, Peter Warburton." In Sir George's time Dick Turpin, the highwayman, who died 1739, favoured the neighbourhood with his presence, and his deeds have been chronicled in *Rookwood* by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, who, in the preface to that novel, asks his readers for further particulars of Turpin's residence in Cheshire, or "even the exact date of his appearance in the county." The memory of his presence here has been perpetuated by Mr. Egerton-Warburton in an epigram in his *Poems*, written on seeing on the same bookshelf Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* and Johnson's *Lives of Highwaymen*:—

> See British bards and British cut-throats made
> Alike immortal by a Johnson's aid!
> The neck with hemp, the brow with laurel bound,
> The pen, the pistol, equally renown'd!
> Fame's temple reaching by a different track,
> Dryden on wings, or Turpin on a hack!

Sir Peter (fourth baronet) made some large alterations in the old hall of Wise Piers. A wise moralist has said: "He that alters an old house is tied as a translator to the original, and is confined to the fancy of the first builder. Such a man were unwise to pluck down good old building to erect (perchance) worse new. But those that raise a new house from the ground are blameworthy if they make it not handsome, seing to them method and confusion are both at a rate." Sir Peter cased the wood-and-plaster building with brick. During the progress of the modern alterations in the front of the hall, four of the foundation-stones of Sir Peter's erection were dug up, upon which there was found to be inscribed the following verse from Virgil, with the date 1758, embodying the wish that the star of the house might never set:—

Stet fortuna domus et avi numerentur avorum!

May Fortune e'er this house uphold
And long ancestral lines be told.

On 1 March, 1746, he married Lady Elizabeth Stanley, eldest daughter of Edward, eleventh Earl of Derby. Portraits of this lady and her father are amongst the family portraits at Arley. She was better known as Lady Betty Warburton, and John Byrom, the Manchester poet, a frequent visitor in her neighbourhood, addressed a poem to her on the occasion of her presenting him with the moiety of a lottery ticket (*Poems*, i. 60, ed. 1814), beginning:

"This ticket is to be divided;"—well,
To Lady Betty let these presents tell
How much I value, chances all apart,
This gentle token of her friendly heart.
Without regard to prizes or to blanks
My obligation is immediate thanks;
And here they come, as hearty and as free
As this unlook'd for favour came to me.

She patronised another of our local notabilities in the person of Elizabeth Raffald (née Whitaker), the authoress of the well known cookery book called *The Experienced English Housekeeper* and of the first Manchester Directory. It was on 3rd March, 1763, that this excellent person, who is said to have made the first Eccles cakes, was married at Great Budworth to John Raffald, who is thought to have been the head gardener at Arley Hall. The first edition of the cookery book, which appeared in 1769, when the writer kept a confectioner's shop at the corner of Exchange Alley, in Manchester, was dedicated "To the Honourable Lady Elizabeth Warburton, whom the author lately served as Housekeeper;" and it went through a large number of editions. Mrs. Raffald instructed the ladies of Manchester in the art of cooking—taught classes, in fact—long before it was thought that such institutions as schools of cookery would be beneficial.

Sir Peter died at Arley in 1774; but his wife survived until 1780, dying at Knutsford on 24 August.

Sir Peter, the fifth and last baronet (born 1754, died 1813), was favourably introduced into the satiric *Characteristic Strictures* of the Rev. Thomas Seddon, curate of Stretford (4to, 1779), under the figure of a supposed picture of "Disinterested Friendship" (page 38), as follows:

> This noble principle is shewn in the countenance of a figure presenting an independency to one whose virtues are his only recommendation; and the scene is perfected by a group of characters that greatly interest themselves to direct this donation to an imperious character whose consequential attitude seems to claim it as a right. The various *shades* of their faces intimate different means of endeavouring to accomplish their design: some seem to use arguments of obligation, and others are imprudent enough to use threats; but the persuasive eloquence of a modest diffidence, and a most grateful temper in the patronized figure, confine the patron to his generous purpose. The design of the piece is incomparable, and the execution lauds the design; every figure is in proper colours, and every sentiment proclaims the understanding of the artist.

Portraits of Sir Peter and his lady, painted by Beechey, are amongst the Arley pictures, and there is a second of Lady Warburton by Hoppner.

This Sir Peter was the last heir male of his ancient family. Under his will the estates were vested in trustees for the use of his great-nephew, the present Mr. R. E. Egerton-Warburton, the eldest son of the Rev. Rowland Egerton by a grand-daughter of Sir Peter, the fourth baronet. Mr. Egerton-Warburton (who assumed the surname Warburton by royal licence in 1813) was of Eton College, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He has devoted himself with great ardour to his duties as a landlord as well as to the public business of the county. He is a man of considerable culture, and is the possessor of a library which has been formed with great taste. His collection comprises numerous choice volumes, and amongst the MSS. are many letters of the celebrated men of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Among these autograph letters, &c., is a tailor's bill to Sir Philip Sidney; a receipt by Thomas Dekker, 1599; a congratulatory letter from Waller to Evelyn, on the birth of his son, 1652; with specimens of the epistolary correspondence of Dryden, Addison, Pope, Cowper, &c. A letter from Thomas Hobbes, dated Chatsworth, 24th October, 1668, discusses wit: "A jester may have it; a man in drink may have it—be fluent over night, and be wise and dry in the morning." A letter of Coleridge dated 1830, relates to the authorship of "The Devil's Walk," written by himself and Southey. The fine series of the Warburton charters, extending from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, have been admirably calendared by W. Beamont, Esq., in a privately printed volume.

Mr. Egerton-Warburton is the author of the Cheshire *Hunting Songs*.* The first edition appeared in 1834, and, having passed through no less than six editions, they are now well known far beyond his own country side. One of the most entertaining of these songs is that of "Farmer Dobbin," which, by Mr. Warburton's kind permission, is introduced at the end of this paper. It contains a large number of words from the Cheshire vernacular, and is quoted by Latham in his work, *The English Language*, 5th edition, 1862, page 370.

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* These songs appeared as follows:

Hunting Songs, Ballads, &c. By R. E. E. W— Esq. With Illustrations.

Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.—HOR.

[Vignette of a fox's head.] Chester: printed for J. Seacome, Bridge-st. Row; and Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row, London. MDCCCXXXIV.

8vo, pp. iv. 48. The Illustrations are by W. Crane, Chester (lithographed by T. & W. Crane, Chester), and are twenty-two in number.

Hunting Songs and Ballads. London: Pickering. 1846. 4to. 21s.

Three Hunting Songs. 1855. Oblong 8vo.

Four New Songs. By R. E. Egerton Warburton. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. Manchester: George Simms. 1859.

8vo, pp. 16, and cover containing the title. The contents are: Count Warnoff; Le Gros-veneur; a Railway Accident with the Cheshire, 5 Feb. 1859; Thompson's Trip to Epsom.

The prefaces to the later editions of the *Songs* contain a history of the celebrated Tarporley Hunt, founded in the year 1762 by the local gentry and clergy, members of the Warburton family being its most enthusiastic patrons. Many of the *Songs* are connected with this Hunt. Much of its former glory has now departed. Writing in 1873,

Hunting Songs and Miscellaneous Verses, by R. E. Egerton Warburton. "For honest hunting never was accounted sinne, Nor never shall for me."—*Old Song*, temp. *James I.* London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. Manchester: George Simms. 1859

8vo, pp. x. 204.

Hunting Songs, &c. [Second Edition.] London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1860.

8vo, pp. xvi. 254. Contains the *Four New Songs* above-named, and others.

Hunting Songs. [Fifth Edition.] By R. E. Egerton Warburton. [Vignette of Arley Hall, signed P. E. W.] London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1873.

8vo, pp. xxx. 224. The Poems in this edition are re-arranged.

Hunting Songs. [Sixth Edition.] By R. E. Egerton Warburton. London: Basil Montagu Pickering, 196, Piccadilly. 1877. 8vo, pp. xl. 240.

Mr. Egerton-Warburton is also author of the following kindred volumes:

Epigrams and Humourous Verses by Rambling Richard.

Insalata
Molt' ogliata,
Poc' acetata.

London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. viij. 74.

A Sermon to Cottagers. (This is advertised on the cover of the following.)

A Looking-glass for Landlords. By R. E. Egerton-Warburton. [Pickering's Device.] Basil M. Pickering, London. Minshull and Hughes, Chester. 1875.

8vo, pp. ij. 24. This is included in the *Poems.*

Poems, Epigrams, and Sonnets. By R. E. Egerton-Warburton. [Pickering's Device.] London: Basil Montagu Pickering, 196, Piccadilly. 1877. 8vo, pp. viij. 152.

Songs and Verses on Sporting Subjects. London: Pickering. 1879. 12mo.

Arley in Idleness. 1879. 8vo. (Only 25 copies privately printed.)

Mr. Egerton-Warburton acknowledges the great difficulties which fox-hunting has to contend with. "My best wishes," says he, "are for its lasting prosperity; and whatever be the obstacles against which it may have to struggle, my earnest hope is that the youth of many generations to come may continue to find as much enjoyment in the noble sport as their forefathers have done." In the spirit of a true fox-hunter the author, in an early poem, finds in the discipline of the kennel a remedy for the unruly proceedings of the House of Commons in 1834:

> Ye gods! in that house were our discipline known,
> Where they snarl at the altar and growl at the throne,
> A lash for the back of that hound who runs riot!
> One cut and O'Connell should keep his tongue quiet!

Mr. Warburton has also been an advocate of other country sports. A sportive poem celebrates an archery gathering at Arley in 1851. He established or revived the celebrations of May-day on the fine piece of turf near the present school-house. Like Sir Peter Leycester, and many other Cheshire gentlemen since his day, he is an accomplished antiquary, and is a vice-president of the Harleian Society.

It was about 1840 that the present mansion was erected from the designs of Mr. Latham, in imitation of a Cheshire house of the period of James I. A view of it is given in the Cheshire portion of *The Mansions of England and Wales*, 1850, vol. ii., p. 61. Over the entrance door in the stone porch is carved the following inscription:

> This gate is free to all good men and true,
> Right welcome thou if worthy to pass through.

A prominent feature of the building is the central turret and projecting oriel, enriched with sculptured armorial bearings from the designs of Mr. Willement. In the interior of the turret, which is octagonal in shape, the following lines, dated 1844, are painted over the windows, beginning at the north-eastern window:

1.
This casement ope at midnight hour
And fancy shall thy heart o'er-power
With voice of song from Loui's bower.

2.
Alas! with grief we gaze on *Mere*,
Where friends and neighbours held so dear
And lost so early claim a tear.

3.
The sun o'er *Tabley* mounts on high
And steals to deck the Eastern sky;
His brightest beams from Nina's eye.

4.
Old *Oulton* distant many a mile
Reminds thee still of Anna's smile
Whose sweetness shall thy heart beguile.

5.
While *Budworth* bells are ringing free
May every peal the echo be
Of joy and mirth at *Marbury*.

6.
Of daughters four is *Norton* reft:
How blest who bent on further theft
Shall win the only daughter left.

7.
May every bliss on *Bank* descend
And still through life that love extend
Long cherished for an early friend.

8.
If thou would'st a form behold
Cast in beauty's rarest mould,
Every virtue there enshrined
Which a husband's heart can bind,
All confess who Mary know:
Such is she that dwells below.

The Hall of the former timbered mansion was retained in the present building, and the ceiling raised; and it now forms a handsome dining-room. The following lines are on the chimney-pieces, under the arms of Warburton:

IF PROUD THOU BE OF ANCESTORS FOR WORTH AND WISDOM FAMED
SO LIVE THAT THEY IF NOW ALIVE WOULD NOT OF THEE BE SHAMED.

And under the arms of Egerton—

SINCE DAYS OF OLDEN CHIVALRY BEQUEATHED FROM SIRE TO SON
MAY HONOUR KEEP UNTARNISHED STILL THE SHIELD WHICH VALOUR WON.

On the north side adjoining the house stands the Domestic Chapel, dedicated to St. Mary, built of Runcorn stone, from the designs of Mr. Salvin. It was enlarged by the addition of a north aisle in 1857, and is now capable of containing above two hundred persons. The Hall and the Chapel have given rise to an epigram and a sonnet respectively. Over the mantel-piece in the gallery are these lines:

By the tall tower the Builder's pride is shewn,
His humble stature by this chimney stone:
His height who reared this stately pile of bricks,
Plus half an inch was only five feet six.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

Before my Hall I stood ; with sated eye
And heavy heart upon the pile I gaz'd,
Which care and cost, and years of toil had rais'd
From turret's base to glittering vane on high.
Cold critics came, well pleased its faults to spy—
Those very faults which smooth-tongued flattery prais'd,
While country folks stood silent and amaz'd :
"All," my heart whisper'd, "all is vanity !"
Hark ! yonder bell bespeaks the hour of prayer;
Far down the vale its gentle echoes steal,
Bid youth from sport and age from toil abstain.
Won by that sound, if but one sinner kneel
With humble heart and contrite spirit there—
Glory to God !—not all, not all is vain.

Traces of Mr. Warburton's elegant taste are to be found throughout the estate both in the restoration of old cottages, and in those that have been rebuilt. Here also fragments of verses, etc., meet the eye. In the village of Arley, on a finger-post at the cross roads are these lines:

No cartway, save on sufferance, here:
For horse and foot the road is clear
To Lymm, High Legh, Hoo Green, and Mere.

The principal inn of the village of Great Budworth bears the sign of the "George and Dragon," and a spirited representation of that old combat, by Mr. Bateman, cut out of a piece of metal and carefully coloured, projects from the corner of the building. Within the porch of the new portion of this hostelry Mr. Warburton has placed the following words, dated 1875, in which the moral of the legend is thus turned upon tippling Barnabies :

As Saint George in armed array
Doth the fiery dragon slay,
So mayest thou, with might no less,
Slay that dragon Drunkenness.

Over the door of the hinder or older portion of the house are the words "Nil nimium cupito," which may thus be rendered,—

Be not like such
As want o'er much.

Over the ancient hostelry of "Appleton Thorn," on the same gentleman's property near Warrington, there is inscribed over the door, in spirit akin to the "St. George and Dragon" lines :

You may safely while sober sit under the Thorn,
But if drunk over night it will prick you next morn.

On a House at Great Budworth, on the way to the "Cock,"

Take thy calling thankfullie.
Love thy neighbor neighborlie,
Shun the path to beggarie.
1868.

FARMER DOBBIN.

A DAY WI' THE CHESHUR FOX DUGS.

(From *Hunting Songs*, 6th ed., 1877, pp. 88-94.)

"Ould mon, it's welly milkin' toim, wherever 'ast 'ee bin ?
Thear's slutch upo' thoi coat, oi see, an blood upo' thoi chin."
"Oiv been to see the gentlefolk o' Cheshur roid a run ;
Owd wench ! oiv been a-hunting, an' oiv seen some rattling fun.

"Th' owd mare was i' the smithy when the huntsman he trots through,
Black Bill agate o' ammerin' the last nail in her shoe;
The cuvver laid so wheamloik, and so jovial foin the day,
Says I, 'Owd mare, we'll tak a fling and see 'em go away.'

"When up, an oi'd got shut ov aw the hackney pads and traps,
Orse dealers and orse jockey lads, and such loik swaggering chaps,
Then what a power o' gentlefolk did I set oies upon!
A-reining in their hunters—aw blood orses, every one!

"They'd aw got bookskin leathers on, a-fitten 'em so toight,
As roind and plump as turmits be, an just about as whoit;
Their spurs wor maid o' siller, an their buttons maid o' brass,
Their coats wor red as carrots, and their collurs green as grass.

"A varment-looking gemman on a woiry tit I seed,
An another close besoid him, sitting noble on his steed;
They ca' them both owd codgers, but as fresh as paint they look,
John Glegg, Esquoir, o' Withington, an bowd Sir Richard Brooke.

"I seed Squoir Geffrey Shakerley, the best un o' that breed,
His smoiling feace tould plainly how the sport wi' him agreed;
I seed the 'Arl ov Grosvenor, a loikly lad to roid,
I seed a soight worth aw the rest, his farencly young broid.

"Zur Umferry de Trafford, an the Squoir ov Arley Haw,
His pocket full o' rigmarole, a-rhoiming on 'em aw;
Two members for the Cointy, both aloik ca'd Egerton—
Squoir Henry Brooks and Tummus Brooks, they'd aw green collurs on.

"Eh! what a mon be Dixon John, ov Astle Haw, Esquoir,
You wudna foind, and measure him, his marrow in the shoir;
Squoir Wilbraham o' the Forest, death and danger he defoies,
When his coat be toightly buttoned up, and shut be both his oies.

"The Honerable Lazzles, who from forrin parts he cum,
An a chip of owd Lord Delamere, the Honerable Tum;
Squoir Fox an Booth an Worthington, Squoir Massey and Squoir Harne,
An many more big sportsmen, but their neames I didna' larn.

"I seed that great commander in the saddle, Captain Whoit,
An the pack as thrung'd about him was indeed a gradely soight;
The dugs look'd foin as satin, an himsel look'd hard as nails;
An he giv the swells a caution not to roid upo' their tails.

"Says he—'Young men o' Monchester and Liverpoo', cum near,
Oiv just a word, a warning word, to whisper in your ear:
When, starting from the cuvver soid, ye see bowd Reynard burst,
We canna 'ave no 'unting if the gemmen go it first.'

"Tom Rance has got a single oie, wurth many another's two,
He held his cap abuv his yed to show he'd had a view,

Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's when he skroiked out 'Tally-ho!'
For when the fox had seen Tom's feace he tho'ght it toim to go.

"Eh, moy! a pratty jingle then went ringin through the skoy,
Furst Victory, then Villager begun the merry croy;
Then every maith was open from the oud'un to the pup,
An aw the pack together took the swellin chorus up.

"Eh, moy! a pratty skouver then was kick'd up in the vale,
They skim'd across the running brook, they topp'd the post an rail;
They didna stop for razzur cop, but play'd at touch an go,
An them as miss'd a footin there lay doubled up below.

"I seed the 'ounds a crossing Farmer Flareup's boundary loin,
Whose daughter plays the peany and drinks whoit sherry woin,
Gowd rings upon her finger, and silk stockings on her feet;
Says I, 'It won't do him no harm, to roid across his wheat.'

"So, toightly houdin on by 'th yed, I hits th' owd mare a whop,
Hoo plumps into the middle o' the wheatfield neck an crop;
An when hoo floindered out on it, I catch'd another spin,
An, missis, that's the cagion o' the blood upo' my chin.

"I never oss'd another lep, but kep the lane, an' then
In twenty minutes' toim about they turn'd toart me agen;
The fox was foinly daggled, an the tits aw out o' breath,
When they kilt him in the open, an owd Dobbin seed the death.

"Loik danglin of a babby, then the Huntsman hove him up,
The dugs a bayin roind him, while the gemman croid 'Whoo-hup!'
As doesome cawves lick fleetings out o' th' piggin in the shed,
They worried every inch of him, aw but his tail an yed.

"Now, missis, sin the markets be a-doing moderate well,
Oiv welly maid my moind up just to buoy a nag mysel;
For to keep a farmer's spirits up 'gen things be gettin low,
Theer's nothing loik Fox-huntin' and a rattling Tally-ho!"

Proceedings.

EXCURSION TO HAYFIELD AND KINDER SCOUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.—The first excursion of the season was on Saturday, May 29, when upwards of fifty members and friends visited Hayfield for Kinder Scout, under the guidance of Mr. William Walker. After a pleasant walk from Hayfield, in the direction of Kinder, and a rest on the high moorland, the party returned to Hayfield, where tea was served at the hotel. The weather was beautifully fine. A description of the district, with illustrations by Mr. Walker, has appeared in a previous volume.

EXCURSION TO ARLEY.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.—The second excursion was to Arley Hall, which was visited by about sixty members and friends, including many ladies. Starting at ten in the morning by 'bus from Albert Square, they drove through Bowdon, Dunham, Rostherne, Great Budworth, to their destination. The rain which fell incessantly until Mere Hall was passed, failed to damp the ebullient spirits of the party. At Arley Hall the party were received by Mr. George Warburton, the nephew of the owner, Mr. R. E. Egerton-Warburton. The various rooms of the house were successively visited. A superb view was obtained from the roof. After a stroll through the gardens and park, the party returned to Hoo Green. After tea Mr. J. E. Bailey read a paper on Arley Hall and the Warburton Family. This will be found at page 292. Afterwards Mr. George Evans recited Squire Warburton's famous hunting song of "Farmer Dobbin," Mr. Edwin Waugh sang The Grindlestone, and Mr. William Percy sang his poacher's ballad. Manchester was reached at 10-30 p.m.

THE OWENS COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Saturday, July 24, 1880.—The members and friends visited the library of the Owens College, and were welcomed by Mr. J. Holme Nicholson, the Registrar. A selection of the more important books and MSS. had been arranged for inspection by Mr. J. Taylor Kay, the Librarian, who read a paper on the "Book Rarities of Owens College Library." The special collections, he said, included MSS. and missals in use before the invention of printing; *incunabula*, or books printed before 1500; the Polyglots, including the Complutensian; a large collection of New Testaments, including that of Erasmus, the first published. Of codices there were Alexandrinus, Sinaiticus, Vaticanus, and others; a nearly complete collection of the Greek and Latin Fathers; a large collection of early Bibles; early editions of the classics; Aldine and Elzevir editions. There are also the long series of books and MSS. relating to local history collected by the late Bishop Lee; the books on art and archæology brought together by the same prelate; 148 volumes of Oriental works presented by Mr. Samuel Robinson, of Wilmslow; a small collection of Chinese books given by Sir E. Watkin; the British Museum publications, the Rolls Office publications, many works on natural history, and perhaps the largest collection of scientific periodicals in Manchester. Amongst the earliest MSS. may be named certain smaller works of St. Augustine, in a MS. of the twelfth century, and forming a fine specimen of caligraphy. To the same century belongs a copy of the Pandects of Justinian, with illuminated headings to each book. It is a magnificent copy, most elaborately ornamented. The numerical figures are all written according to the old Roman style. There is a MS. of the Vulgate, of the fourteenth century, beautifully written in a minute character, with capitals illuminated in gold and colours. The initial to Genesis contains eight representations of Christ, concluding with the crucifixion. There are several books of Hours of the English, French, and Dutch uses, ranging between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. There is a small folio of the seventeenth century, containing prayers for the Sundays and feasts throughout the year, with musical notations for the commencement of the hymns. After a description of the Scriptoria, in which the mediæval MSS. were produced, Mr. Kay said that the most important of the printed books were the Complutensian Polyglot, prepared by the great Cardinal Ximenes, at a cost of about £11,250. It was begun in 1502, the edition of six hundred copies was printed off in 1517, and in 1522 it was published. The interest of the work is not merely that it is a superb example of the then recent art of printing, but because it is the first polyglot and the first printed edition of the New

Testament in the original tongue. All preceding polyglots were eclipsed by that of Brian Walton, issued in 1657. After naming the Bibles produced by the authority of Pope Sixtus V., and the Genevan, or "breeches" version, Mr. Kay turned to the *incunabula*. Of these he mentioned a Vulgate Bible printed at Venice in 1480; the rare edition of Horace, printed at Florence in 1482; Durandus Rationale Divinorum Officiorum (Bâle, 1488); the "Prognosticatio" of Lichtenperger, with curious woodcuts in the style of the block books. This book, issued in 1488, was thought to have foretold the misfortunes of the Church of Rome. Then there were the *Editiones Principes* of Apollonius Rhodius (1496), and of Aristophanes (1498). There were several specimens of the fine printing of the presses of Aldus, Stephens, Plantin, and the Elzevirs. Amongst the earlier English books was a copy of the useful French Grammar of 1532, "Compyled for the use of the Lady Mary of England, daughter of Kyng Henry the Eyghte." Billingsley's translation of Euclid, "with a fruitfull preface made by Dr. John Dee," was printed by Day in 1570. Fabyan's Chronicle (1533) and the Shakspere edition of Raphael Hollinshed's Chronicle are both of interest. These, though only a small portion of the book rarities that were at command, were enough to show that the books of the past were worthy of some consideration, and may be valuable to those who had more time than librarians. For the sake of contrast with these relics of the past, there were a number of present day books, conspicuous amongst them being Audubon's immense work on the "Birds of America." Lastly, Mr. Kay called attention to the twelve volumes in double folio bequeathed by the late Bishop of Manchester, and containing many hundreds of illustrations, drawings, paintings in water colours and oil, photographs, engravings on wood and steel, plans, maps, architectural designs for new churches, plans of old churches, being an accumulation arranged in perfect order of all he could collect relating to his diocese. At the close of Mr. Kay's address, the company assembled examined the books placed on the tables. Many not named in his paper were thus displayed, including some curious Ethiopic amulets of modern date.—Messrs. George Milner, John Plant, W. E. A. Axon, Edwin Waugh, and the Rev. W. A. O'Conor having addressed the meeting, a vote of thanks to the authorities brought the proceedings to a close.

OPENING CONVERSAZIONE.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1880.—The session was opened on Monday, 4th October, 1880, by a conversazione in the rooms of the Club at the Palatine Hotel, which attracted a large gathering of the members and their friends. Among the visitors present were Mr. Robert Crozier, Mr. H. M. Acton, Mr. E. J. Broadfield, and Mr. James Croston. The principal feature of interest was an exhibition of works of artist members of the Club, lent for the occasion, and contributed by Messrs. William Percy, F. J. Shields, William Morton, H. H. Hadfield, Walter Tomlinson, H. Gannon, H. Watkinson, and Christopher Blacklock. Mr. Percy sent a fine portrait of Mrs. John Eglington Bailey, two charming drawings of the children of Mr. Thomas Barlow, and two unfinished portraits, one of Mr. Richard Smith, the other of Mr. J. Hook. Mr. Walter Tomlinson contributed clever portraits of Mr. John Page and Mr. J. Taylor. Mr. Shields sent a series of the cartoons for stained glass windows which he is executing for the Duke of Westminster; and Mr. William Morton sent five drawings, views in Derbyshire, where he has recently been working. Mr. H. H. Hadfield and Mr. C. Blacklock sent characteristic works, both in oil and water-colour; Mr. H. Watkinson, specimens of reproductions of some of Mr. Randolph Caldecott's sketches. A suggestive sketch of Thirlmere, by Mr. Albert Nicholson, with a series of local and Welsh sketches by Mr. H. Gannon, made up an attractive exhibition. Refreshments were served on the arrival of the guests, and afterwards the proceedings were opened by a short address from Mr. George Milner, the president. Mr. Milner called attention to the varied character of the subjects which appeared on the syllabus for the new session. Amongst those he named were "A Criticism of Berkeley's Theory of the Non-existence of Matter," "On the Principles of Art Criticism," "Memoranda on the Restoration of St. Mark's, Venice," by an unprofessional visitor, "Charles Dickens and the Giles Family," "George Combe, the Social Reformer," and "The Prometheus Vinctus." There were two papers relating to the drama, three to art, one to German and one to Greek literature, one to education, and six that were difficult to classify. One of these, written of course in the interests of truth, was a paper "showing that travellers have to be liars in order to be believed." It might also be of interest to name the books by members of the Club which had been published during its summer vacation. Since the close of last session a most important book had been published by Mr. Chancellor Christie, *Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance.* Mr. John Evans had brought out an excellent edition of Parkinson's *Old Church Clock*, which was an admirable specimen of Manchester printing. Mr. Perceval Graves's *Irish Songs* had been produced by a local publisher. Mr. Graves had also edited the *Purcell Papers* of the late J. Sheridan Lefanu, to which he had prefaced a biography of that charming novelist. Mr. Mandley had published an essay, on *Woman Outside Christendom.* Of the work done in periodical literature and journalism he would not then speak, though it was considerable. The artist members had brightened up the place with the result of their summer holidays. The remainder of the evening was devoted to conversation, varied by music and readings.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1880.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected ordinary members, viz.: Messrs. William A. Royle, Robert J. Bennett, Nathaniel Cartwright, A. H. Davies-Colley, F. C. Roscow, W. G. Baxter, Joseph Fox, E. O. Bleackley, Alfred Darbyshire, John Bradbury, T. C. Olney, and Frank Scouloudi.

Mr. HENRY H. HOWORTH, F.S.A., read a paper on Berkeley's Theory of the Non-existence of Matter, otherwise known as Absolute Idealism. A discussion followed, which was shared in by Dr. Samelson, Mr. John Angell, Mr. Walter Hughes, and the chairman.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1880.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected members of the Club, viz.: Messrs. C. P. Bahin, Ph.D., and H. D. Ledward.

Mr. Robert Langton presented for the library of the Club an album containing upwards of one hundred and sixty fine proof impressions of engravings executed by himself during the last thirty years, all, with the exception of the views of Rochester, engraved from the drawings of the late William Hull, of local interest.

THE ALTAR AT PERGAMUS.

Dr. A. SAMELSON read a paper on the Pergamenian Marbles now in the Museum at Berlin, of which the following is an abstract:—My movements last Whitsuntide brought me face to face, at the Royal Museum of Berlin, with an array of sculptures just then presented for public view by order of the Prussian Government, for whom they had been obtained, under the Sultan's firman, from the Acropolis of ancient Pergamus, now called Bergama, in Minor Asia. Those among the recovered fragments, for the most part very massive alto-relievos, which it had so far been found possible to re-compose into coherent groups, were placed flat on the floor in some of the halls devoted to sculpture. About a dozen of extemporized wooden platforms, of some eight or nine inches in height, were disposed here and there, as so many points of vantage, from which to look at the marbles.

The injunction of sobriety ever present to the mind scarcely permits one to trust himself in relating what has produced upon him a most extraordinary effect, but in the appraisement of which so much depends upon individual taste and training. Suffice it to say that my feeling was almost throughout one of amazement at the sight of these undoubtedly original art creations of more than 2,000 years ago. Highly impressive by their very size, for the most part colossal, they, at the same time, charm and rivet the gazer by their possessing, in a high degree of perfection, all the characters of animation, grace, and beauty. The drawing of the multitudinous figures of gods and goddesses, giants, horses, and other animals, domestic or wild, weapons, &c., making up these profusely varied compositions, is throughout of an astonishing fidelity to nature, such as we look for in vain in many of the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon. (It is true, for all that, that there is, perhaps, nothing in these wondrous relics equal to such prodigies of the sculptor's art as the Ilissus, the Theseus, the horses of Hyperion, or some other universally-admired portions of the Elgin marbles.) In an early number of the *New American Art Magazine*, Mr. Thomas Davidson, when speaking of the head of the Olympian Hermes, says: "In trying to describe it, one feels how powerless language is, and how far it may be transcended by plastic art. The only words that suggest themselves are the vague tabooed ones, which signify only the speaker's incapacity, and not what he means to express."

Abundantly entitled as I am to the benefit of this plea, I pass on to that brief account of the recovery of the Pergamenian sculptures at Berlin, which is the sole object of this communication.

First, to acclimatize ourselves, as it were, let us recall a short passage from the history of ancient art. After the Periclean period of its prime, and its subsequent comparative decline, a second bloom appears to have been vouchsafed to Greek art. It was when the so-called Pergamenian and Rhodian schools flourished side by side, when the short-lived glory of the Attalides, the splendour-loving kings of Pergamus, culminated in the reigns of Attalus and of his son Eumenes II. While to the school of Rhodes are accredited such works as the Laocoön, the Farnese bull, the group of wrestlers, and the head of Alexander, to that of Pergamus are now by pretty common consent attributed ten sculptures of very high excellence, all, with the exception of two, considered to have formed part of King Attalus' great votive offering to the Acropolis of Athens after the defeat of the Gauls, the invaders of Mysia. They all represent combatants either dead or dying, and are these: the three Gauls in the Ducal Palace of Venice; the Persian, Amazon, Gaul, and "Giant" at Naples; the Persian of the Vatican; one in Castellani's collection in Rome; and, lastly, the Gaul of the Louvre. In the whole of these works what is generally called the pictorial element predominates. Most of these antiquities have by some means or other become widely known, and we are thus prepared for what is likely to be the general character of what may further be recovered from under the ground of Pergamus.

The Acropolis of Pergamus was one of the most noted and most extensive of old Greece, such as Acrocorinth and the far-famed Messenian Ithome. On its summit stood a temple, from numismatic testimony the emblem of Pergamus, the so-called Augusteum, dedicated to Augustus and Rome; this, from its scattered but numerously recovered remains it will be possible to reconstruct approximately in its original shape and its wealth of Corinthian columns. About 100 yards beneath that summit, and fully 800 feet above the level of the sea, was the place of a magnificent altar. And this altar, as we shall see, has formed the chief and central object of the whole search and exploration. Further down, the remnants of a gymnasium of Roman times have been laid bare; while, again, the resources of photography have been largely employed in the representation of a whole series of ruins, especially the walls of the city in their very varying configuration according to the different periods of history.

At the present day, whilst the Acropolis, generally, is a lonely waste, covered with turf, thorn, and broom, and the vanished structures of antiquity are either level with or buried in the ground, there are long projecting lines of walls, successively erected as means of defence, and now themselves decaying, which attract the gaze of the observer. Among those walls there is one almost 18ft. thick, called the Byzantine Wall, commanding an eastern slope and depression, and evidently dating from a much later period than the rest. It appears one of those mighty barriers against the overwhelming flood of nations, raised by the Eastern and Western Roman Emperors in their last necessity. At the time of its erection the grand monumental sculptures of a sinking world, though no longer entire, were yet for the most part standing. The masons employed in the building of the wall were saved the labour of quarrying and shaping their material. Seizing hold of the blocks of marble so ready at hand, they used portions of columns, statues, reliefs, inscribed slabs and the like, placed tambours side by side, on their edges, joined them by means of iron clamps, and cemented the whole with a mortar hardening to the consistency of stone, and in the making of which many a precious piece of sculpture or architectural member may have found its way into the furnace. Thus, this fortification, whether or not it did adequately answer its real purpose, has at least been able to resist not only decay, but, in a great measure, also the onslaught of the stone-breakers of ensuing generations.

But now for the pathfinder, the originator, and prime mover in the notable enterprise to which I have been desirous to invite your attention.

Mr. Karl Humann, a civil engineer, while pursuing his studies at the Berlin Academy of Architecture, had, in his own words, spent half of his time in drawing from the antique at the Royal Museum of that city. In the autumn of 1861 he had to betake himself to the South for the sake of his health. He first went to Samos. From his own very tempting narrative, as copious as it is succinct, I must forbear borrowing more than appears strictly indispensable. Although his health seems never to have become quite strong, he shows himself throughout the energetic man of knowledge, skill, and fertility of resource. His must have been a most busy life spent in travelling, exploring, drawing, map-making, surveying, road-constructing, and, as it were by the way, excavating (*e.g.*, the temple of Hera) and discovering (*e.g.*, the temple of Æsculapius, and what he calls "the second Sesostris relief"). Withal, he never allowed the native spark of enthusiasm to become extinct; and when after many years of smouldering the fire was at length permitted to break forth, its glow sustained him bravely through all the various difficulties that came to beset his path. But his account throughout is an almost unbroken one of great goodwill and hearty co-operation on the part of all, from the Grand Vizier, the princely ambassador, the consuls and naval officers of all grades, the savants and artists, his collaborators, down to the very labourers whom he employed. Taking all in all, a rare good fortune, barring his illness, of which he makes, however, light enough, favoured the enterprise, when once started, from beginning to end. The Sultan's firman was obtained, its prolongation secured, the original one-third of the marbles that was to have been the share of the Prussians early increased to two-thirds, whilst, in good time, even the last third was by the Turkish Government allowed to go by way of purchase.

Mr. Humann, having made his first visit to Pergamus in the autumn of 1864, came again in 1866; and in 1869, while engaged in road-making, he took up his head-quarters there. In 1871 he conducted Dr. Edw. Curtius and in 1874 Dr. Hirschfeld, both of Olympian fame, to the Acropolis. Through the former communications were subsequently opened with Dr. Alexander Conze, who had then become the Director of the Berlin Museum of Sculpture, and it was through this *savant*, a man of no less modesty than merit, that the interest and support of the Prussian Government, and more especially of the Crown Prince, the Protector of the Royal Museums, were secured. It might have been stated before that some specimens of reliefs taken out of the Byzantine wall of the Acropolis and other marbles (*e.g.*, from Ephesus), extracted or purchased by Mr. Humann, had previously reached the Museum at various times, mostly as presents of his. At length, in the summer of 1878, he was by the Prussian Ministry of Education entrusted with the execution of his cherished design. And this came to be singularly favoured by the following piece of information which had somehow been accruing in the interval, and could now be presented to him for his guidance:—An obscure scribe, of the name of Ampelius, the compiler, early in the second century of our era, of an opusculum on "Mirabilia Mundi," mentions in his omnium gatherum of wonders "a large marble altar at Pergamus, 40ft. high, with great sculptures, containing a gigantomachia."

Now, evidently, the Humann fragments already at the Museum did belong to a gigantomachia, and moreover their dimensions attested that, rather than in a temple, they must have had their places on the outer aspect of a colossal altar, not unlike the altar of Zeus at Olympia, in describing which Pausanias specially refers to that of Pergamus as a similar one.

It was on Monday, the 9th September, 1878, when Mr. Humann started with the demolition of the wall which had yielded him his first samples. His sound judgment showed him that such powerful blocks would scarcely have been carried up from below when so much was at easier reach above, and that a shallow elevation of the ground at the foot of a slope, which ascends from the wall, was very probably the spot once occupied by the altar. As early as the evening of the second day there were taken out of the wall two slabs with reliefs, each about 6ft. high; they had been placed on edge at the inner aspect of the wall, their sculptured surfaces turned into the wall itself. Other and similar pieces were met with immediately after. Within the same short compass of time the workmen employed in digging at the bottom of the slope just mentioned came upon a solid foundation. In the evening of the 12th September, that is the third day from the commencement of operations, the following telegram was sent to Berlin: "Eleven large reliefs, mostly with figures; thirty fragments, and the altar itself." By the end of the year, thirty-nine reliefs of the gigantomachia, from three hundred to four hundred fragments of smaller reliefs (the "Telephos" series), ten statues, and thirty inscriptions had been discovered. And in like manner did the progress prove enduring in the further demolition of the wall, and exploration of the ground for upwards of a year. The discoverer's joy reached its climax when, in May, 1879, the Athena fighting group, and again on the 21st July, when the awe-inspiring figure of Zeus hurling the lightning against three giants, were rising out of the ground. It was towards the north-east of the foundation that these slabs were dug out near to each other, just as they had been torn from their original places, and for some mean building purposes placed on edge. For not only within the wall, but under ground almost in all directions near that foundation, were fragments of the high reliefs met with, as well as other pieces belonging partly, perhaps, to the altar, but partly also to other monuments, such as architecture, statues, and inscriptions.

Of the whole of the marble structures of the altar there remains nothing in its original place except two—say two—steps on the eastern side. Hence it may be imagined what must be the difficulty to re-construct from the scattered and for ever to be imperfect and incomplete fragments the picture of the original monument. That work, however, at the hands of one of the collaborators, Mr. Richard Bohn, an architect, gave promise already some time ago to be carried to a very successful issue. The following is offered as a provisional sketch in Dr. Conze's address on the subject to the Berlin Academy of Arts :—

From a shallow and projecting base arose the substructure of the altar, the chief constituent of the edifice, at one of whose sides an internal staircase gave access to the platform on which the altar itself was erected. All around the upper portion of the outer aspect of that substructure ran a colossal alto-relievo, seven feet high, representing the battle of the gods with the giants. Of that composition, apart from very numerous small fragments, awaiting further scrutiny, ninety-eight larger portions have been recovered; six of which are so far the highest number which it has been possible to co-adapt to coherent groups. Projecting above this relief there lay a massive cornice, on the moulding of which were recorded the names of the gods represented: Athena, Heracles, Poseidon, Amphitrite and Triton, Aphrodite and Dione, Ares and Enyo, Themis, Leto. The figure of Ge (*i.e.*, the mother of the giants) has her name written close to it on the slab itself; she is represented with her long curling hair, her hands lifted up in token of lament, and the cornucopia, her emblem, at her side, as she rises out of the ground, where Athena is dragging along by his hair her four-winged giant-foe irretrievably entwined by the serpent of the goddess. Again where the names are not forthcoming, we recognize among the fighting gods Apollo, Dionysos, Helios upon his quadriga, and, riding before him, Eos; chiefly, however, Zeus, and, probably, Heracles, to whom the myths assign a prominent part in the struggle with the giants. When, by degrees, the experts engaged in the task had succeeded in making out the names of the gods on the frieze of the cornice, not one of the names of the giants had met their eyes. It was only when upon one of the small architectural members the name Chtonophylos, well known as that of a giant, presented itself that other names on pieces of similar profile were recognized as those of giants (*i.e.*, Erysichthon, Palleneus). The member bearing these names had its place immediately below the relief. In one case, where on account of the stairs that member was necessarily discontinued, a giant has his name written aside of him on the slab itself. Their own names the artists had modestly recorded beneath those of the giants; from what remains of the former, however, no restoration has as yet been accomplished. Above the cornice, again, there was to be seen, like an attica on a small scale, a colonnade of the Ionian order, parts of which have been secured in so complete a state of preservation that a segment of three columns was going to be re-erected in the Museum. The upper surface of this colonnade, as faint vestiges have enabled Mr. Bohn to demonstrate, served to accommodate minute sculptural ornaments, mostly, it appears, in the shape of small bridled horses. But, further, there had their places upon that platform many colossal statues, nearly all female, a considerable number of which were on their way to the Museum. And, finally, there must have been, surrounding and facing the altar, a second series of smaller reliefs, only about 4½ ft. high, of which thirty large pieces have been recovered. Some of the subjects of this series, which is clearly not concerned with the myths of the gods, are derived from the myth of Telephos, the mythical ancestor of the Pergamenes. Pertaining to a totally different order of poetry these smaller reliefs of quite idyllic character and full of homely grace, in close proximity as they stood to the majestic gigantomachia in one and the same monument, give testimony of an extraordinary versatility of artistic power.

Of the sacrificial altar itself, the crowning centre of the whole edifice, all that is known by the notice of Pausanias, is that it was built up from the ashes of the victims, a structure of the same kind as the one recently discovered at Olympia.

A large inscription, extending over three slabs, and pointing to a king, a son of Attalus, as the founder of a temple to Zeus and Athena Nikephoros, warrants the assumption, apart from other evidence, that Eumenes II. (197-159 B.C.), the Solomon of the Attalides, as he has been called, the conqueror of the Gauls, and preserver, for a space, of Hellenic culture in Asia Minor, was the builder of the monument.

The altar appears to have been dedicated jointly to Athena, the principal deity of the place, and to Zeus. It is prized as a special fortune that the two chief groups of the gigantomachia have been secured, since they must have been the two dominant centres of the whole composition: the artist has obviously treated them as counterparts. Athena appears as the Athena Nikephoros, since Nike, the goddess of Victory, is represented as floating towards and crowning her.

Almost the whole of what has been recovered belongs to the times of the kings of Pergamus; very few are the relics of the Roman dominion. At this latter period, as is testified to by the coins of Pergamus, the worship of Zeus and Athena had to give way to that of the emperors and Asclepios. Great importance is ascribed to the recovered altar, not merely as the most brilliant memento of the sway of the Attalides, but as a corrective of the prevailing notions regarding the later period of Hellenic art. In this respect its value is thought not to be inferior to that of the Parthenon and the Mausoleum in their bearing, respectively, on the fourth and fifth centuries of the ante-Christian era.

Of those grandly conceived and wonderfully finished ephemeral creations, the pyre of Hephæstion and that of Dionysos, the hearse of Alexander, and the ship of Hiero, nothing but the description remains. Here, however, a work of a kindred character presents itself bodily before us in so excellent preservation of many of its portions that the hope of at least an approximate reconstruction appears warranted. The current idea of a time of decay unequal to the production of work of the highest excellence, the too narrow conception of a Rhodian as contrasted with a Pergamenian school, and, lastly, the contracted views of antique as fundamentally differing from modern art, are considered to be seriously shaken by the teachings of the recovered monument. Besides the Venetian Gauls, also the Medusa Ludovisi and the Grinder were once believed to be modern works; of such it will be an easier task to fix the date of origin by the light of this new discovery. In the solid gain thus accruing to an entire and important domain of research lies the chief merit of Mr. Humann's work.

The patriotic wish of the persevering discoverer is fulfilled. The originals belong to the German metropolis. The distribution of the works of Greek art over the centres of the civilized world is thought to secure for them a more powerful influence than if the Greeks of to-day were to have their wish to keep them at home as family property, or that the idea of the first Napoleon had prevailed to secure all the best of them for one metropolis alone, or if England retained the exclusive privilege of such discoveries and acquisitions. It is, in two ways at least, instructive to learn that since the days of Frederick the Great, who took a great personal interest in securing the bronze statue of the Praying Youth, or Thanksgiving Athlete, no acquisition of sculptures of the first rank was made for Prussia up to this period of the reign of the Emperor William, whose son, the Crown Prince, as we have seen, has promoted the enterprise by the most devoted co-operation.

This valuable accession, from its suddenness, has almost the appearance of a windfall. But the phenomenon thus called, whenever it occurs, invariably obeys the law of storms; and in the present instance it might be easy enough to trace a connection with the blast of Sedan. A case in point is that of the Elgin marbles. In the small model catalogue of the Sculpture Gallery in the Royal Institution of Edinburgh, we meet with this significant statement in the introduction to the casts from the

Elgin collection: "A chain of fortunate events disposed the Turkish Government of that period to listen with favour to any request preferred by Great Britain." Again it appears that history but repeats itself.

P.S.—A full and illustrated account of the discovery is to be found at the Manchester Free Reference Library in *Die Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen zu Pergamon*, Berlin, 1880.

TRADITIONAL ACTING.

Mr. Charles Rowley, jun., read the paper of the evening on "Traditional Acting: the Evil and the Remedy." He advocated a more natural system of acting—abandonment of the old stage traditions, which had been handed down, sometimes, as in the case of Shaksperian actors, from past centuries. He considered that the theatre must come to the best art to be helped, and that art would gain by the abolition of unnatural mannerisms. A long quotation from "an accomplished living actress" (name not mentioned) was given to enforce this view and show the difficulties which lie in the path of any artistic attempt at natural delineation of character, arising sometimes from subjection to stage traditions on the part of managers, sometimes from the ignorance and bad taste of audiences. Dealing with the subject of foreign plays, Mr. Rowley said the drama could never be at its best in a country where foreign work was presented, perforce in a second-rate literary style. No country could boast of a finer group of living actors than England could, and while we should protest against our own staginess and conventionalities, more or less stupid, we should as resolutely avoid those of France, America, or Germany.

This paper was also read at the Social Science Congress in Edinburgh, and is printed at full length in the *Journal of the Dramatic Reform Association*, February, 1881.

An animated conversation followed, the speakers almost all demurring to the arguments and conclusions of the essayist. Among the speakers were Messrs. Richard Smith, Joseph Fox, Henry Franks, Dr. Samelson, E.O. Bleackley, Henry H. Howorth, and John Page. Mr. Fox said the best acting the English stage had known was based upon tradition. How could it be otherwise? As a rule, the authors of plays, from Shakspere downwards, read their pieces to the actors, expounded their intentions and ideas in the depicting of characters, and superintended the general production of their pieces, even going so far as to direct the "business" of the stage. The line of Shaksperian actors, comprising Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Macready, had no doubt handed down from one to the other the traditions of the acting of Shakspere's colleague, Burbage, who "created" the parts under the direction of Shakspere himself. The "tea-cup and saucer" style of acting of the present day, which some people thought was the natural style, was wholly unsuited and inapplicable to the Shaksperian drama. Charles Mathews, the originator of the "tea-cup and saucer" style, was an admirable actor—perhaps the best of recent times—but put him in a Roman toga, and where would he be? (Laughter.)

In the course of the conversation, the Honorary Secretary (Mr. George Evans) read the following letter, which he had received from a correspondent—a gentleman unknown to him—who had seen the advertisement of Mr. Rowley's paper.—"Stockport, Oct. 18, 1880.—Dear sir,—Surely to read a paper at this time of day on traditional acting is a needless task. The thing has clean vanished, and with it has disappeared most that is of value in the acting art. Go now to the theatre, say to witness one of Shakspere's plays, and what do you find? A company of young men who know not the rudiments of their art; who have not seen acting nor studied acting; who are likely enough playing their parts for the first time; who speak very badly, and have no idea of how to deliver blank verse; who have little business or by-play; who show no earnestness or energy, possess no pathos, and who, in short, walk through their parts in the tamest and most perfunctory style. How can it be otherwise? These men have neither seen acting nor studied it. Only the other day I was told of a new beginner about opening in the gravedigger in *Hamlet* who had never seen the play. And my old friend B. Lee, to whom I lately spoke about getting performed *Henry IV.*, Part the First, as we used to have it done by the old stock companies at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, said if actors were asked about this play now they would want to know who had written it. We old playgoers know that a lot of rubbish is now talked about the exaggeration of the old school of acting. Not, however, that we mean to deny that such exaggeration often took place, for we have seen Charles Pitt in Sir Giles Overreach, M'Kean Buchanan in Pescara, and John Coleman in Ethelwold, and well remember what performances these were. But all this over-acting was no inseparable part of the old school of playing. And of course the obvious thing required was to throw away or subdue this faultiness and this exaggeration, and retain the mellowness, the vigour, the finish, the completeness shown us so well by the old players. Read only the criticisms on the acting of Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Cooke, Young, Kean, Macready, Vandenhoff, Phelps, and then tell us, if you please, if you have any such acting now. We say these criticisms alone, written, be it remembered, by men thoroughly masters of their subject and knowing well the whole history of the drama, indisputably show this greatness, and tell us by contrast how this noble art has degenerated. Bear in mind that these men were seconded by others little their inferiors, and then imagine what their performances must have been in our glorious old comedies and tragedies. There can be no question about this, for we have seen some of the last of these giants—Macready, Vandenhoff, Phelps—and we know how entirely different, how immensely superior these men were to their puny successors of the present day. To come down later. Don't we well remember the old Haymarket Company, and how excellently they used to play some of the good old comedies? And even this company, good as it was in many respects, was greatly inferior to that organized some time previously by Mr. Macready when he gave *As You Like It* with a cast including himself, Phelps, Elton, Ryder, James Anderson (a fine fellow then), Hudson, Bennett, Bartley, Keeley, Compton, Sims Reeves, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mrs. Keeley. It would be utterly impossible to get up such a performance as this at the present day, even if the actors were engaged from all the theatres utterly regardless of outlay. There used to be much railing at Mr. John Knowles's companies at the Theatre Royal, Manchester; but I wonder if this manager of the old school would ever have insulted his audiences by allowing on his stage so utterly weak, colourless, and miserable a performance as Mr. Charles Kelly's Shylock. Not only is it the case now, however, that anybody is allowed to play anything, but managers, forsooth, must cut down and mutilate Shakspere in every possible way, and give us just what they like. They do, however, agree wonderfully in some things, notably, that no matter what the acting is like, the 'get up' is always most important. Are we likely to have anything different soon? I think not, for there seems to be earnestness neither before nor behind the curtain, neither in actors nor audiences. Audiences now are pleased with anything, and will pay any sums to see the veriest rubbish of all kinds, where formerly you could not drag them to the theatre to see plays well performed at a small charge. The press, too, is most lazy and supine, and seems in no way inclined to help us out of the mire; while as to managers, they tell you most plainly they care not one jot for art, that they deal in 'ladies' legs, short skirts, and French adaptations;' in short, they are prepared to present any and every possible abomination not actually prohibited by law, and which will draw money.—Yours respectfully,

"ISAAC HADFIELD."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1880.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.—Mr. Frank Scouloudi exhibited specimens of a new process of photography in colours, invented by M. Léon Vidal, of Marseilles.

PRINCIPLES OF ART CRITICISM.

Mr. Richard Smith, B.A., read a paper on the "Principles of Art Criticism," in which he said painters were continually crying out against the judgments of the press on their exhibited works. They complain that the award of praise and blame in their art is made by persons who are ignorant of its rudiments and unacquainted with elementary principles. Their objection is not without foundation in fact, though it is not entirely reasonable. To estimate the success or failure of the artist in the task he essays, the critic does not require to produce work of better or even equal quality, neither would the power to produce necessarily involve that of correct judgment. It would be as reasonable to say that you could not judge of a coat without being a tailor, or of a carpet without being a manufacturer. To decide aright, however, in any case requires the experience of use and observation, an insight into the motive of the work, a sympathy with its purpose, and the degree of special taste, or culture, general among the class for whom it is intended. Mr. Smith then described certain classes of art-critics—the writer of fair literary ability, who, ignoring for the most part the execution of the work, addresses himself without the least misgiving to the subject treated; the man with a small vocabulary of technical terms, who confuses his reader with such phrases as chiaro-oscuro, impasto, and technique; the studio-trained writer who attaches himself to some particular artist, and wages war against all who do not conform to the maxims of his master. The principles of art which the critic is bound to know are those on which the painter must proceed in settling the plan and scheme of his picture, and which may be found by analysis in his finished work. The man who knows these, and has familiarized himself by experience with the masterpieces of the various schools, is equipped for his task. He can guide the public taste aright, and may by the application of self-evident rules and maxims, based simply on common sense, produce critiques which will be of service to all. The present state of art criticism is such that it seemed worth while to endeavour to formulate the evident dictates of common sense, not because they are new, but because they are daily disregarded. The first canon of criticism is that every work of art must be judged as art in the first place; the second, that pictures must be judged from the standpoint of the artists' aim; the third, that minor blemishes must not prevent the praise of great merits; the fourth, that established reputation should not shield bad work from censure; and lastly, that affectation is to be condemned. Mr. Smith illustrated these points at length, remarking that though they might be regarded as truisms, some or other, in some cases all of them, are disregarded in the press. It would be hard to name a newspaper or review on which the reader can depend for able, impartial, liberal, conscientious guidance on art. The provincial press is behind the London, and in Liverpool a newspaper critic remarked that a small picture, marked in the catalogue £200, was evidently much better than the next to it at £20, "as would be seen from a comparison of the prices!" This was the lowest depth of absurdity. The Manchester Literary Club was capable of exerting a wide influence on the press, and if the members exerted themselves to obtain an improvement in the state of art criticism they would deserve the thanks of all true artists and of every lover of art.

In the conversation which followed the speakers were Messrs. H. H. Howorth and John Mortimer, the Rev. W. A. O'Conor, Messrs. J. H. Nodal, Charles Rowley, Henry Franks, Joseph Fox, H. H. Hadfield, and George Milner, the chairman.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1880.—Mr. J. H. NODAL in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Club, viz.: Dr. R. H. Robinson (Crescent, Salford) and Mr. Henry Hughes, Heaton Chapel.

Mr. HENRY FRANKS read a paper "Showing that travellers have to be liars in order to be believed."

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1880.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.—Mr. J. H. Nodal made a short communication respecting the progress of the Dictionary of the Philological Society, and invited assistance in reading books for quotations to be supplied to the editor, Dr. J. H. A. Murray.

PRESENT CONDITION OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

Mr. HARRY RAWSON read a paper on the restoration and present condition of St. Mark's, Venice, in which he said that when in that city in April last the central object of attraction was the great historic edifice of the Cathedral, which, by its hoar antiquity and bizarre beauty, would assuredly kindle the curiosity and inspire the veneration of even the most stolid. The church, according to Mr. Ruskin, may be broadly stated to be of the eleventh century, the Gothic editions of the fourteenth, some of the altars and embellishments of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and the restored mosaics of the seventeenth century. After alluding to the "discovery" of the body of St. Mark at the consecration of the building, Mr. Rawson quoted from the *Stones of Venice* the glowing description of the great western front and interior of the church. There was a theory that the undulating pavement of the church was intended as a symbol of the sea waves, but waves were by no means characteristic of the lagoons. In numerous places the pavement tiles were cracked and some of the pieces missing. These fractures and other irregularities must proceed from the sinking of the foundations, which were largely composed of beams of wood driven hundreds of years ago into the shallows and mud over which the city is built. The spaces between the islets now covered over with streets and squares, palaces and churches, were undoubtedly first filled with artificial foundations placed on countless thousands of piles. Such is the substructure of the railway which now carries the traveller into Venice, stretching for more than three miles over the lagoons. In confirmation of this it should be mentioned that the pavements of other Venetian churches are as far from being level as that of St. Mark's. Looking towards the apse, there is a perceptible declination towards the south, the slope of the wall being unmistakable. On the left hand the exquisite little pentagonal chapel clearly leans towards the east. On its summit is the ball of agate, a foot in circumference, between the fourth and fifth of the beautifully arcaded pillars, and in the wall at the back of the first arch are palpable indications of cracking, both in the mosaics and in the frescoes below it. Whilst listening in the church to a celebrated preacher, it was delightful to watch the sunshine steal through the painted windows and illume the magnificent marbles and mosaics, bringing out their brilliant but subtle and harmonious colouring. These mosaics cover the whole of five large domes, and extend nearly half way down the sides of the building. Resuming the examination of the exterior, it is at once seen that the marble slabs that form the walls behind the columns are in many places fractured, and not a few are falling. In some of them the ruin is complete, and portions of the marble have altogether disappeared. The brick walls where thus exposed are also cracked in several places. At the west end several pillars are obviously out of perpendicular; and the whole of the fine arch at that angle leans in a threatening manner, and is sustained only by a number of inartistic-looking tie-rods. Slabs or thin planks of wood are also placed behind the pillars in several portions of the façade. St. Mark's is by no means the only church in Venice thus disturbed by a decaying and treacherous foundation. In view of these facts it appeared extraordinary that such vigorous denunciation should be directed against the authorities of Venice for their effort to repair and restore their wonderful Cathedral. This abuse seems, however, a natural corollary of the opinions laid down by some "authorities" that restoration is a radically vicious and indefensible proceeding. It is surely absurd to talk of "desecration" in making the crooked columns straight, the arches true, and the rough pavement plain, of a building that has for a thousand years been exposed to the deteriorating influences of wind and weather, and to the disturbances arising from an artificial and decaying foundation. Critics may denounce, but common sense decides that one of two things must happen—the destruction or the restoration of the structure. At the north and south ends, where the restoration appeared to be complete, the effect was perfectly delightful.

Mr. A. H. Davies-Colley exhibited an enlargement of a sketch he had taken from the roof, together with some coloured drawings of the mosaics forming the pavement; and Mr. Selim Rothwell showed several fine photographic views of the church. In the discussion which followed Messrs. Davies-Colley, Rowley, Axon, and others took part, and some dissent was expressed.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1880.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. W. ST. CHAD BOSCAWEN gave a brief account of the explorations in Asia Minor and of the discoveries that had been made there. He showed tracings from the sculptures of the ruined cities and of the inscriptions, drawings of the antiquities found at Carchemish, a plan of the principal excavation and a sketch plan of the ruins. Mr. H. H. Howorth said that he hoped when the time came for further explorations the influence and help of Manchester would be forthcoming.

In the absence of the author, Mr. A. HEYWOOD, jun., read a paper on "William Lithgow, the eccentric Scottish traveller," by Dr. R. A. Douglas Lithgow, which will be found at p. 146.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1880.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.—Mr. Selim Rothwell was elected a member.

Mr. W. E. A. AXON read a short communication on the Dictionaries of Littré and Dr. Murray, explaining the respective methods of work of these lexicographers.

Dr. A. SAMELSON gave some account of a recent work by Devrient on the Oberammergau Passion Play. In the discussion which ensued Messrs. T. R. Wilkinson, Richard Smith, A. H. Davies-Colley, Joseph Fox, and the chairman took part.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1880.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. CHARLES ROWLEY, jun., read a short communication on the restoration of St. Mark's.

Mr. **Richard Wade** read a description of a visit to the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp.

Mr. **John Mortimer** read a paper "Concerning a Sonnet of Wordsworth," which will be found at p. 85.

Mr. **J. C. Lockhart** read some "Humorous Reminiscences."

Mr. **George Milner** gave a brief critical description of the new volume of Tennyson: "Ballads and Poems," and read some extracts from it.

Monday, December 6, 1880.—Mr. **George Milner** in the chair.—Mr. Elias Bancroft was elected a member.

Mr. **William Oates** read a reply to Mr. Mortimer's paper "Concerning a Sonnet of Wordsworth." After an explanatory rejoinder from Mr. Mortimer,

Mr. **A. Heywood**, jun., read a paper on "Autumn and Winter Days in North Wales," which will be found at p. 166.

Mr. **John Angell** read a paper on "George Combe," which will be found at p. 216.

Monday, December 13, 1880.—Mr. **George Milner** in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected members:—Mr. W. S. Adams and Mr. William Robinson.

Mr. **John Evans** read a short communication on "Charles Dickens and the Giles Family in Manchester."

The Rev. **W. A. O'Conor** read a paper on the "Prometheus Vinctus," which will be found at page 1. In the discussion which followed, the views set forth in the paper were endorsed by the Rev. T. H. L. Leary, D.C.L.

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL PARTY.

Monday, December 20, 1880.—The first half of the session was brought to a close by the usual Christmas celebration. Supper was served in the Clubroom at the Palatine Hotel, and a very large company of the members and their friends assembled to do honour to the occasion. The guest of the evening was Mr. Edwin Waugh, and amongst the other gentlemen invited were Mr. J. A. Picton, F.S.A., of Liverpool; Mr. E. R. Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post* and president of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society; Mr. Alexander Ireland, Mr. E. J. Broadfield, Mr. John Mitchell (ex-mayor of Clitheroe), and Alderman James Greenhalgh (ex-mayor of Bolton). The chair was occupied by Mr. George Milner, the president, who regretted that Mr. Nodal and several other gentlemen were unavoidably absent owing to previous engagements. Letters of apology were read from Mr. James Crossley and Mr. Ben Brierley. The Club-room had been tastefully decorated, under the active superintendence of Mr. John Page, and presented a very brilliant and thoroughly seasonable festive appearance. Supper being concluded, the usual time-honoured customs were observed. Father Christmas (in the person of Mr. John Page) and his attendant band were again welcomed by Mr. Charles Hardwick in lyric strain, and the wassail bowl having been duly quaffed,

The PRESIDENT, in proposing the toast of the evening, said that on an occasion like the present, and amongst representatives of literature, it was fitting to do honour to the name of Edwin Waugh, of whom they were all proud as a member and one of the founders of the Club. After paying an eloquent tribute to Mr. Waugh's poetic genius, love of nature, and sympathy for the poor, he said that all would share in his regret that Mr. Waugh's health was not so good even as it appeared to be, and that he was only present that night at considerable sacrifice. He trusted, however, that the genial, kindly, hearty way in which his better health would be drunk, and the sight of so large a gathering of his old friends, might give him strength, and he hoped that they might be able to welcome him for many years to come.

Mr. Waugh's health was drunk most enthusiastically, with every demonstration of sincere regard.

Mr. WAUGH said he did not know how to reply to this kind and unexpected expression of good-will. He knew he was to be the guest of the evening, but he had little dreamed of such a reception. He would have been glad to sit still, but this was not the place to do it. He could not do less than express his earnest thanks, however feebly, both to the chairman and his audience. He could remember the Club from the first days, when six men—four of them only now remain—one had gone away but a little while ago. Page, Hardwick, and himself were left—three of the first six founders of the Club. In the early days they had many struggles. Still they struggled on and never dissolved. In those days they were but a handful, glad to have a corner in a little room to meet in. He wished it length of days; it had grown from that small beginning to what they saw it. He saw many old faces round him. He was glad to see Mr. Picton's. He thanked them heartily; at the same time he asked indulgence for his absence lately. The reason was that he had found it necessary, if he was to be under the moon much longer, to avoid all excitement. To his nature such a meeting as this was very congenial. He could not, however, complain. He had had his share of the jollities of mankind, of cakes and ale and junkettings. He was glad to be amongst them once more, and again thanked them for their kind reception.

The PRESIDENT said that an old member of the Club was present from the neighbouring city of Liverpool, and he would, therefore, call upon them to drink to the City of Liverpool, and couple with it the names of Mr. J. A. Picton, F.S.A., the Chairman of the Liverpool Free Libraries, author of *The History of Liverpool*, and many other works, and his friend Mr. E. R. Russell, the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, and President of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

Mr. PICTON, in reply, expressed his pleasure at being present, and said that in Liverpool they could not get up a meeting like the present, and that in this respect he had discovered that Manchester men were superior to Liverpool gentlemen. He was glad to be permitted to pay his tribute of admiration to Mr. Edwin Waugh, to whose works he recurred again and again, for their wit and humour and their purity. He earnestly hoped that Mr. Waugh might live long to feel reflected the pleasure he had given to his countrymen.

After a few words from Mr. Russell expressive of the pleasure he had experienced in being present,

The PRESIDENT proposed "The Guests," coupling with the toast the names of Mr. Alexander Ireland and Mr. E. J. Broadfield. Mr. Broadfield having responded for Mr. Ireland and himself, the President asked the company to drink to "Clitheroe and Bolton," the late Mayors of which ancient boroughs, he was glad to say, were present that evening in the persons of their old and respected members Mr. John Mitchell and Mr. James Greenhalgh. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Greenhalgh having briefly replied, the President proposed "The Church," which was acknowledged by the Rev. W. A. O'Conor. Mr. Waugh then proposed the health of the President, and Mr. Milner's reply brought the proceedings, which were characterised throughout with great heartiness, to a successful close.

The speaking was interspersed with songs from Messrs. J. H. E. Partington, F. R. Hollins, H. Gannon, and Edwin Waugh.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1881.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.—Mr. Robert Robson was elected a member of the Club.

Mr. ROBERT LANGTON read some particulars relative to the Christmas number of the *Graphic*, of which half a million copies were issued. He described it as by far the largest "coloured job" ever attempted, as every copy involved thirty-two separate workings. The number of persons employed to produce the work was 450, many of them being so employed for six months. The amount paid to authors, artists, and engravers was £3,000; for paper, £5,000; the cost of printing and electrotyping, including a large amount of very delicately-coloured ink, was £6,000; total cost, £14,000. Gross weight of paper, 120 tons.

Mr. H. H. Howorth, F.S.A., called attention to a recent important discovery by Mr. T. G. Pinches, amongst the cuneiform literature in the British Museum. It is a tablet containing a new fragment of the synchronous history of Babylon and Nineveh, and embodies some important historical statements, chiefly relating to the period when the two nations came into contact. The last paragraph records the submission of the Babylonian king to Ramanunirari III. in the year 812 B.C., and is important as it fixes the date of the document. Another discovery is of an early list of kings.

Mr. Joseph C. Lockhart read a short communication on the treatment of their sheep dogs by the Welsh farmers and shepherds.

Mr. J. A. Picton read a paper on "Falstaff and his Followers," which will be found on p. 37.

A brief conversation followed, in which the Chairman, Mr. Howorth, and Dr. Samelson took part.

Monday, January 17, 1881.—Mr. George Milner in the chair.—The Rev. Ernest Frederick Letts, M.A., was elected a member.

Mr. John Evans read a paper on "John Byrom's Christmas Hymns," which will be found on p. 186.

Mr. W. E. A. Axon read a short paper on the "Story of the Three Black Crows." This has been printed in the *Palatine Note-Book* for February, 1881. A conversation followed, which was shared in by Mr. J. E. Bailey, Mr. H. P. Biden, Mr. Robert Langton, Mr. J. C. Lockhart, and Mr. George Milner.

Monday, January 24, 1881.—Mr. George Milner in the chair.—Mr. Thomas Kay was elected a member of the Club.

The evening was devoted to short papers by various members on George Eliot. Mr. C. W. Sutton gave a bibliographical account of George Eliot's writings, Mr. John Mortimer dealt with her as a novelist, and Mr. George Milner as a poet; Mr. W. E. A. Axon examined her use of dialect; and Mr. James S. Dawson read two sonnets on George Eliott. These papers will be found pp. 97—137.

Monday, January 31, 1881.—Mr. Geo. Milner in the chair.

Mr. Edward Kirk read a short communication on the word "Web," which elicited remarks from John Evans, Joseph Ramsbottom, and George Milner.

THE INFLUENCE OF ACADEMIES AND SCHOOLS OF DESIGN ON ART.

Mr. Charles Hardwick read a paper on the "Influence of Academies and Schools of Design on Art, in which he said that, notwithstanding some more favourable appearances at the present time, distinguished critics, both British and foreign, have from time to time fallen foul of academies and schools of design, and rated them soundly as the prolific source of nearly all the errors, positive and negative, which, they assert, have disfigured, more or less, the fairest features of modern art, and stunted its intellectual growth. He cited passages from the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons by Dr. Waagen, the director of the Berlin Gallery, the Rev. J. T. James's *History of the Flemish and Dutch Schools*, the writings of Hogarth and others, who in the main agree in regarding academic influence injurious to fine art culture. In the words of Dr. Waagen, they contend that in academies "the cold general rule" is substituted for the "mode of feeling" of a distinguished master, "which the young man is strictly bound to follow, according to the infallible direction of the professors, as the only correct method." Instead of the "natural talent" of the student being fostered, he expressed his conviction that it is deadened by the influence of academic teaching, which professes to manipulate all the intellectual material submitted to its operation according to one uniform method. Mr. Hardwick entered into considerable detail in controverting several of the propositions of this school of thought. He contended that Dr. Waagen's recommendation to return to the "old method" of private tuition under some distinguished master, would not remedy the evils complained of. It appeared rather that the distinguished professor had confounded the form of an acknowledged evil with one special locality of its exhibition. Mr. Hardwick contended that the method of instruction may be either good, bad, or indifferent in any academy, public school, or artist's private studio. If the genius of a pupil is liable to contamination from contact with the general uniformity of a public seminary, is it not likewise equally injuriously subjected to the influence of the individual mannerism of the proprietor of the select private studio, to whom he may, from mere deference to capricious authority, have confided the direction of his artistic studies? Insipidity and conventionalism have flourished in them all. The nature of the instruction imparted, and the method of study enforced, are the prime elements of success or failure in either one or the other. After citing the more favourable views of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fuseli, Lanzi, Sir William Hamilton, Goethe, Ruskin, and others, and discussing at some length the nature of education generally, the necessity for a more enlarged distribution of our gained knowledge amongst the general public, and defining the power and attributes of genius and mediocrity, Mr. Hardwick concluded by saying: "I have insisted upon patient labour and submission to recognized authority in the outset of a student's career, but it is equally important that this unqualified submission should be gradually relaxed. It should never be forgotten that every apprentice is studying with a view of one day himself becoming a master. If he prove to be more than ordinarily gifted with genius or original power, it may be his mission to throw new light into hitherto dark recesses, to snap some conventional fetters, or, with iconoclastic hatchet, to hack to pieces more than one false object of the fashionable idolatry of the hour. What I contend for is, that the emancipated student must look at Nature with his own eyes, and examine past reputations by the light of his own untrammelled intellect; in fact, that he is free to commit the deadly sin of Socrates, without fear of the hemlock bowl, and 'question established opinion' or established tastes, if the insight of his own genius gives to him a different translation of Nature's laws. To the building of an arch of stone, the aid of a temporary wooden or other structure is absolutely necessary; but this must not remain to be depended upon as a means of support after the keystone has been inserted. All true education of every class is not effected by mere 'cramming.' It is the vice of sects and cliques to rest satisfied with merely infusing into the minds of youth their own prejudices and convictions. Nay, they frequently repress and often sternly resent any appearance of doubt, or tendency to original thought or research. Nevertheless, 'educo' means to lead forth, to bring out; and if this most important element is ignored or repressed, I am willing to allow such academic training has its great drawback which counterbalances many of its numerous advantages. It is in this direction that the true path of reform and future progress lies, and not in the suppression of academies and schools of design or educational establishments of any class. I am fully aware of the danger of running into extremes, and of the undesirability of encouraging what one of the Oxford essayists very properly denounces as 'the vagaries of professors ambitious of originality.' Imperfect humanity must, nevertheless, in art as in other things, be content with something a little short of perfection. It may, however, be relied on as a rule that a general freedom of thought and action, after previously acquired knowledge of past efforts, will rather serve to expose the weakness of frivolous pretenders, or mere idolatrous worshipper of some defunct artistic saint, than give lengthy encouragement to it. It is in this freedom, mainly, as a guiding principle that we must look if we wish to develop to its fullest extent what amount of fine art genius we, as a nation, possess or may ultimately exhibit, and confine mannered imitation and commonplace reproduction to the domain of the mechanical, where it in its turn becomes useful to mankind."

An interesting discussion followed, which was shared in by Mr. Geo. Milner, Mr. H. H. Hadfield, Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. David Fielden, Mr. Christopher Blacklock, Mr. Robert Pollitt, Mr. Elias Bancroft, and Mr. J. H. E. Partington.

Mr. PARTINGTON said he looked upon academies as being responsible to a large extent for the well-doing of the work of the fine arts in the cities where they are established. This in fact was their raison d'être. Their business was to realize the ideal in art, which Plato sketches in the *Republic*. How were academies to help in doing this? In three ways chiefly. First, by the education of their members. In connection with every academy of fine arts the following classes and lectureships should be established:—(1) A life class for study from the nude model; (2) A class for study from the antique; (3) A lectureship on Æsthetics, or the Science of Beauty; (4) A lectureship on Literature in its connection with Art; (5) A lectureship on History in connection with Art; (6) A lectureship on Anatomy; (7) A lectureship on Architecture; and (8) A lectureship on the practice of Painting. Secondly, by the exhibition of good pictures, statuary, and architectural and decorative designs. Thirdly, by jealously guarding and strenuously guiding the public taste on all public matters of art. If public buildings are to be erected, academies of fine arts should be strong enough to demand from municipal governments that, in the interests of the higher education of the public, the plans chosen shall be artistically the noblest. If public buildings are to be decorated, academies should be in a position to claim from corporation committees, not only a hearing, but an authoritative interference in such matters. If schools of art are to be established, academies should exercise a jealous supervision over their constitution and the nature and methods of their teaching; should insist, in fact, upon the closest connection between those institutions and themselves, that thus our youthful artists may be trained to do graceful and noble work, may be taught to join in the struggle with the meanness and ugliness of the life in our city. Given a body of nobly-educated artists—men with such aims as these—and the influence of such an academy on art would be supreme.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1881.—Mr. GEO. MILNER in the chair.

Mr. H. H. HADFIELD read a short paper containing selections from a series of "Olympic Lyrics," being modernized versions of the sayings and doings of the Gods and Goddesses, treated in a humorous fashion.

Mr. J. H. E. PARTINGTON read a paper, "The Story of a Picture," which will be found at page 19.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1881.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.—Mr. John Stuart Browne was elected a member.

Mr. C. P. BAHIN, Ph.D., read a short communication on the "Legends of the Rhine."

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER read a paper on "Autumn Days in South Wales," which will be found at page 195.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1881.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. George Evans (Hon. Secretary) read a letter which he had received from the International Literary Association inviting signatures to an address to Victor Hugo on entering his eightieth year. The sheets were placed on the tables and received numerous signatures.

Mr. JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM read a short paper on "The Case for the Letter Y."

Mr. WILLIAM OATES read a short paper on Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and another on the same subject was contributed by the Rev. W. A. O'Conor.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1881.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

LANDSCAPE IN LITERATURE.

Mr. THOMAS HEIGHWAY read a paper, of which the following is an abstract, on "Landscape in Literature." There is, he said, a marked characteristic of modern fiction-writing that has not, it seems to us, received from critics generally the censure that it deserves. The habit that some prominent writers have recently developed of largely padding their books with elaborate scenic description has been treated by many reviewers with positive favour—passages of mere word-painting being quoted and singled out for special commendation. Now the indulgence in this special kind of word-painting must be weakening to the strength of any writer, and though admirers of it will probably refer to the classic example of Scott, we shall, if we think of those portions of Scotland which he has invested with interest, acknowledge that it was the individuality of his characters that enthralled our imagination, and not those long passages descriptive of scenery which, in spite of the efforts of this master of his art, require in truth to be seen to be appreciated. His novels did but serve as advertisements of the charming scenery of his native land; and whether in the Trosachs or in Midlothian our interest is in the deeds of his heroes, and not in the words by which he described the circumstances of their surroundings. Scott, notwithstanding then, we should have thought it against the best traditions of literature to allow the landscape—when it is not the professed theme of the author—to be other than subsidiary to the characters to whom it owes its introduction; but Mr. Wm. Black, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, and their imitators are praised and encouraged by their critics for so doing. We wonder that the press should deal so leniently with this pernicious practice of obscuring the interest of the plot, and hiding the poverty of the depictions of character; and would like to see a vigorous protest against this glorified guide-book style of writing that, successfully employed by Mr. Black in his *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, has reached its miserable climax in the wearisome pages of his *White Wings*.

Novelists nowadays do not seem to go about studying character as did Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens, but rather take notebook in hand and tour around for sketches of cloud, mountain, wood, or river with which to form material for those huge literary landscapes that they inflict upon a long-suffering public. It is doubtful whether the ordinary reader receives any impression whatever from these somewhat auctioneer-like catalogues of the excellences of natural scenery; they fail in their aim, and do not even give local colour to the picture which they desire to produce.

Inanimate nature is best treated of by the scientist or the painter; and just now while men of letters are inveighing against the tendency amongst artists to paint too many landscapes and too few figures, it is curious that authors should so frequently make their characters but pegs to hang some word-painted picture on. Thackeray was of opinion that the description of scenery was always more or less futile. Hear him at Powerscourt Waterfall, and generally throughout his *Irish Sketch Book*, evidently he sketched the Irish primarily and Ireland only incidentally. When landscape has to be described, as a necessary *mise-en-scène*, it should be done with a few strokes of the pen, and the reader should realize it at a glance—elaborate the details and the effect on the imagination is weakened. A poet alone can achieve true landscape in literature, and verse is his natural vehicle. Look at Tennyson's vivid canvas in the "Lotus Eaters"—

> Here are cool mosses deep,
> And through the moss the ivies creep;
> And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
> And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Two pages of prettily written prose could not produce so real a picture; but many writers, not content with the two pages of description, give us a third upon the moral aspect of the scene. Readers are cruelly injured by the prevailing cant about the ennobling study of Nature, and we should like to see the critics apply the pruning knife more freely than they do to the exuberant "Nature" of our modern novelists. Nature is often most beautiful—it is rarely or never ennobling. It should be sought and loved for its beauty—the less that is said about its expression or moral teaching the better for the sayer's honesty. There is apparently much confusion existing in the minds of many authors between the "association of ideas" and the "suggestion of ideas." It has become quite common to associate certain ideas with certain natural effects, but we protest against the practice of imbuing any given aspect of nature with the particular thoughts that may chance to occur to the person contemplating it. This gospel of "Nature-Morals" would be blasphemous if it were not silly. Nature can have no human ideas inherent in it, and if its teachings are divine surely a three-volume novel is not the proper means for their dissemination. Let us, then, return to the truer habit of our earlier novelists, and give to inanimate nature but a humble place in our depictions of that world in which

> The noblest study of mankind is man.

In the conversation which followed, there was a general concurrence in the wholesomeness and necessity of Mr. Heighway's protest.

MODERN DRAMA.

Mr. Joseph Fox read a paper on the "Modern Drama," in which he said that whenever a true dramatist has arisen he has fulfilled the requirement enunciated by Shakspere that the drama should be the reflex of the age, its purpose being to show "the body of the time its form and pressure." This was the case with Sophocles, Eschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes in ancient Greece; with Calderon and Lope de Vega in the palmy days of Spain; with Molière in France; and with Shakspere and his contemporaries, with Congreve, Wycherley, and Farquhar, and with Goldsmith and Sheridan, in their respective periods in England. In this view is there any worthy of the name of the drama at the present time? There are playwrights in profusion, but is there a dramatist? Does any one of them reflect the age and body of the time? The answer must be in the negative. Taking a very gloomy view of the stage as it is, Mr. Fox said much of its viciousness was due to the attitude of the clergy. A church alienated from the amusements of a people stands on an unsure basis, and a drama alienated from the affections of those who love decency and morality becomes a saturnalia of nonsense and frivolity. Another cause of the deterioration of the stage is to be found in the fact that the respectable middle-class merchants, professionals, and tradesmen who formerly lived in the heart of the town, and spent their evenings at the theatre and gave a tone to it, now live away in the suburbs. Again, the London playwrights were mostly theatrical critics, and the managers played into their hands, because the managers know that with them lay much of the success or failure of a piece. The dramatic author, on the other hand, tries to meet the ideas of the manager. In Dickens's account of the theatrical management of Vincent Crummles, Nicholas Nickleby, his acting and stage manager, author, leading actor, and factotum, had so to arrange his piece that a real pump, which the manager had bought, a bargain, should be the chief feature of the play. To a great extent this is the leading characteristic of the modern drama. Given a pump, human or otherwise, the modern playwright will build up a piece that will suit the managerial purpose, degrading alike his talents and the art; and, what is most to be deplored, so long as theatrical critics are playwrights, it is their interest to write down dramatic literature to the level of their own incapacity. Thus it comes to pass that some trashy adaptation or original farcical absurdity is noticed much more favourably than a five-act play, which is almost certain to be damned or injured by faint praise. Mr. Fox having dealt with the subject of blank verse as suited to the present age, and showed how it was handled successfully by Dr. Westland Marston in his *Patrician's Daughter*, compared passages from the extravaganza portion of the *Birds* of Aristophanes and from the masques of Ben Jonson and John Ford with the imbecile songs and dialogues of the pantomimes of to-day, and concluded by advocating the establishment of a national theatre.

An animated conversation followed, in which Mr. E. O. Bleackley, Dr. Samelson, the Rev. W. A. O'Conor, Mr. J. F. L. Crosland, Mr. John Mortimer, and others participated.

MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1881.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. C. W. SUTTON read a short communication from Mr. W. E. A. Axon on a Buddhist Analogue of the Myth of the Syrens. It has since been printed in the *Academy*.

Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD read a paper on "Uhland in English Dress." In it he contrasted Heine and Uhland as lyric poets, and gave several translations of the songs and ballads of Uhland.

At the call of the chairman, Mr. W. R. S. RALSTON, who was present on the invitation of the Council, made a few remarks introductory to the telling of one of his famous fairy stories, and the subsequent conversation was shared in by Mr. H. H. Howorth, Dr. Samelson, Mr. Richard Smith, and others.

JOINT CONVERSAZIONE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1881.—The members of the Manchester Literary Club and of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts held a joint conversazione at the Royal Institution, in the rooms occupied by the exhibition of the Academy. There was a large attendance of members and friends. At eight o'clock, Mr. George Milner took the chair in the Lecture Theatre, and Mr. W. E. A. Axon gave an address on the "Relation of Archæology to Art," which will be found at p. 174.—A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. C. Hardwick, seconded by Mr. R. Crozier (president of the Manchester Academy), and passed. The rest of the evening was spent in the examination of the pictures forming the Manchester Academy exhibition and in listening to music and recitals.

MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1881.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

MANCHESTER THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.—PART V.

Mr. JOHN EVANS read the fifth of a series of papers, consisting of his personal recollections of the Manchester Stage from the year 1841, which he proposes to continue down to the close of Mr. John Knowles's connection with the Theatre Royal in March, 1875—a period of undoubtedly the greatest dramatic successes in the history of the city. The present paper embraced most of the theatrical events in Manchester from the end of 1853 until the spring of 1856. The conclusion of the first-named year witnessed a very successful half-season at the Royal, under the management of the late Augustus Glossop Harris, father of the present lessee of Drury Lane; and poor old Frederick Bailey, otherwise "Barney," Egan taking what he would have called a "header" in the sea of managerial troubles, by entering upon the lesseeship of the old Queen's in Spring Gardens. Passing the "good old-fashioned" pantomime, *Little Red Riding Hood*, the libretto by Thomas Chambers, the music by Loder, the ballet by Payne, and the scenery from the brushes of Fred Holding, Bickerstaff, and Muir, with Mrs. John Wood in the title-rôle, Miss Isabel Adams as Allsirenia, and little John Wood trebling the parts of Schrumell, Baron Fitzlupus, and the Wolf, Mr. Evans noted, among other productions, *The Sea of Ice*, a piece adapted from the French expressly for the Royal, admirably performed by the then efficient stock company, which included Tom Swinbourne, Harker, John Wood, J. G. Shore, C. A. Clarke, Charles Horsman, Mrs. Horsman, Miss Adams, Miss Edith Aitkin, Miss Foote, and Mrs. John Wood. The breaking up of the ice at the end of the second act was a marvellous piece of stage mechanism, one of the most effective ever known on the boards of that theatre; and so great was the enthusiasm of the pit and gallery at the production that a very long and strong demand was made every night for—what was of course quite impracticable—its repetition. A marked falling off from the "legitimate" had characterised the last two seasons of the Royal, but with the summer season of 1854 there was an equally marked return to the old state of things with the production of the "illustrated revival" of *Macbeth*, which, after twelve months' preparation, took place on the Easter Monday of that year. Without the slightest desire to undervalue anything that Mr. Charles Calvert accomplished in Shaksperean "revivals" in Manchester, it should not be forgotten that the production in question was really the first step, and a very important one, in that now popular direction. From every point of view—mounting, costumes, devices, scenery, music, and acting—the piece was produced in a style of completeness never attained in the dramatic annals of Manchester. Not the least memorable feature in the revival was the introduction of Mr. Loder's arrangement of the fine vocal and instrumental music, usually attributed to Matthew Locke, but which Mr. Loder (then conductor of the music at the Royal) pretty conclusively proved to have been composed by Locke's son-in-law, John Eccles, leader of the orchestra at Drury Lane towards the close of the seventeenth century. The Lady Macbeth was Miss Glynn, Macbeth and Macduff being alternated by Swinbourne and Mead. The same year witnessed at the Royal undoubtedly the most important Opera season, running for sixty-six consecutive nights, ever known in Manchester. Such a season, during which were presented all the great productions of the Italian and German masters—rendered by some of the greatest artistes of the day, conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé and Mr. Loder, and with such leaders as Mr. C. A. Seymour and Mr. Shickle—formed a most unique passage in Manchester's history of the lyric drama. It was a great undertaking upon the part of Mr. Knowles, but, like some other of Mr. Knowles's great undertakings, it was only half appreciated. It was perhaps the best test, as Mr. Knowles said at the time, of "the high estimation in which musical art is held in Manchester and the neighbourhood"—and it signally failed. It was the first and only great effort made to establish a permanent annual operatic season in Manchester, and, to a great extent, notwithstanding the attractions, with a very moderate scale of charges, and subscription tickets to the circle or stalls (transferable) admitting to thirty performances, at £5, it came to grief. During the same year Mr. Egan had made many efforts to cater for his noisy customers at the Queen's, but with little success. In the summer, however, G. V. Brooke, who had just made an engagement with George Coppin to perform in Australia for 200 nights for the lump sum of £10,000, put in an appearance at the old place, and played a series of farewell performances. Some adverse comments from the critic of the leading local Conservative organ both upon Brooke's acting and

Egan's management of the house, in which the writer said he was "roasted alive" with the heat, led to a very pretty quarrel all round, which culminated in a comical scene being enacted, first in the lobby of the dress circle, and subsequently in "private"—as Egan termed it—such "privacy" being in the middle of York-street, in a spot flanked on one side by cabs and cabmen, and on another by people who had been in the theatre, between the critic and Egan, the latter being about twice the height and weight of the former. Returning to the Royal, which had passed into the management of Mr. H. J. Wallack, in succession to Mr. A. G. Harris, Mr. Evans noted the production of another of Mr. Knowles's admirable and well-remembered "annuals," *Jack and the Beanstalk.* The last night of its performance, February 28th, 1855, for the benefit of Mr. Chambers, was rendered memorable by the first appearance, as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, of one of the greatest favourites who has trod the Manchester boards in our time and generation, Miss Amy Sedgwick. With a bright and comely face, most expressive eyes, fine figure, and strong yet musical voice, Miss Sedgwick at once secured the suffrages of every Manchester playgoer, old and young. Her Pauline, notwithstanding some exaggerations of facial expression and a slight affectation in her elocution, was an unmistakable success. Miss Sedgwick's name, Mr. Evans remarked, would necessarily come under notice frequently again; but incidentally it might be mentioned that the gifted actress, after her partial retirement from the stage, came from London expressly to give her services in aid of the Cotton Relief Fund, and, as she said to a friend at the time, would "do it again and again, and as many more times as required, if it were to aid Manchester in such an hour of trial and adversity." In the midst of a storm of disapprobation, a series of equestrian performances were introduced at the Royal, in succession to the pantomime. In view of the tremendous pecuniary losses Mr. Knowles had sustained with the introduction of the legitimate drama and opera, this experiment of feats of horsemanship in the "home of the drama" rather smacked of a grim joke perpetrated by the proprietor of the Royal at the expense of the people of Manchester. Mr. Knowles had made a thoroughly practical experiment of dramatic reform—or, perhaps in his case, dramatic enterprise—and had failed, and reasonable people held that Mr. Knowles was perfectly justified in the course adopted by every other trader. So long as he could not dispose of one article he must perforce try another. After two months' equestrianism, however, a return took place to the regular dramatic performances, during which Charles Mathews, Barry Sullivan, Miss Vandenhoff, Webster, Madame Celeste, and Charles Dillon appeared in some of their most popular parts, supported by Miss

Sedgwick, H. J. Wallack, Swinbourne, Worboys, and other members of the stock company. During a short English opera season which followed, Mr. Loder produced, August 14th, 1855, for the first time on any stage, his opera of *Raymond and Agnes.* At the end of the summer season an amateur performance was given of *Hamlet* and *The Irish Lion*, in aid of a fund which was being raised for the benefit of Mr. John Bolton Rogerson. The tragedy went very fairly, but an unfortunate incident rather marred the performance. At the end of the fourth act, Mr. Wallack, the stage manager, came forward to announce that the gentleman who had enacted the King had been seized with a most horrible attack of "stage-fright." He begged, through Mr. Wallack, to be allowed to "read" the part, to which the audience at once assented. Shortly afterwards, however, Mr. Wallack a second time came to the front, and announced that the gentleman-amateur who had already appeared as Rosencrantz would undertake to read the part. The King number two duly appeared, in somewhat unkingly attire, and was received with much merriment by the audience. He walked through the last act, book in hand, in the most comical fashion; and, as was remarked at the time, "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," for on receiving Hamlet's fatal *coup-de-grace* he fell back in his chair, and his royal crown toppled off his head, amidst the loud shouts and laughter of the audience. After briefly noticing Mr. Egan's movements at the Queen's, Mr. Evans passed in review Mr. Knowles's winter campaign at the Royal (1855-56), which was chiefly memorable for the first appearance of another great favourite with the Manchester playgoer—Mr. Walter (Tomlinson) Montgomery, who made his first bow on the boards of the Royal, as Othello, October 5th, 1855.

An interesting conversation followed, in which Mr. John Page, Mr. E. O. Bleackley, Mr. George Milner, Dr. Samelson, and others took part.

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1881.—MR. CHARLES HARDWICK in the chair.

Six drawings by Mr. George Hayes of places near Manchester, executed thirty years ago, were exhibited. They included views of Lymm, Prestwich, Bowdon, and the country behind the present Grove Inn on the Bury New Road.

MR. WILLIAM HINDSHAW read a short note on Sepulture, in which he advocated the establishment of cemeteries on the vast scale common in the United States.

THE SATYR FROM PERGAMUS.

Dr. A. SAMELSON read a short paper in which he said:—The fortieth programme*—now before you—of the Berlin Archæological Society, recently issued, as usual in celebration of the anniversary of Winckelmann, under the title of "The Satyr from Pergamus," contains a description and engraving of a very characteristic bronze statuette lately found in a perfect state of preservation at Pergamus. The second plate is a photograph of a fine marble statue without head and arms, likewise a Satyr, and also a recent acquisition, from the Casa Alberti at Florence, of the Berlin Museum. The lithographed figures of the third sheet represent three marble statues of London and Naples, a bronze figure at Berlin, and two wall paintings at Pompeii. The whole of these figures appear as standing on tip-toe, in fact in a dancing attitude, and they are presented and commented upon as elucidatory of one another. A collateral object of the author's is to trace, from classical literature and the relics of ancient art, the gradual evolution of the shapes of Fauns, Sileni, Pans, and Satyrs, and to explain their mutual relations.

The Pergamus bronze is here given in its actual size. The figure, from its striking realism, speaks for itself and for the artistic conception of the school and epoch to which it belongs, *i.e.* the school of Pergamus in the third or second century B.C. It is stated that the figure, when found among the *dèbris* of a house to the south-east of the great altar, was without a base, and probably never had one, and that it bears evidence of having been attached to the straight surface of a box or some other object as its background. The adversary, obviously not a very dangerous one, whether a hissing snake or a yelping dog, whom the half-grinning fellow seems intent upon beating off with the staff or bludgeon, once fixed in his right hand, may, by the artist, perhaps altogether have been left to the beholder's imagination.

For the special character of the head, and the spirit of its conception, the work is likened to the lad extracting the thorn, in the British Museum. Both, however, are considered not to have been the original invention of the period to which they are jointly ascribed. To both as well as to the kindred group of Actæon attacked by his furious dogs, in the British Museum, is assigned a common source of origin, viz., the famous Marsyas of Myron, who, starting back before the menace of Athena, lifts his right hand above his head, whilst his covetous gaze is turned towards the pipes on the floor.

The beautiful torso in Parian marble, from the Casa Alberti, about three feet in height, which is represented by the photograph on the second plate, is thought to have been similar in his whole outfit to the marble figure of the satyr, No. 1 of the third plate, wielding the pedum in his right hand, and supporting, with his left, the fawn-hide filled with fruit, and at the far end of it the small boy Dionysos grasping at the fruit. The author remarks on the evident combination, or, as he has it, contamination of motives in this and a good many other figures of satyrs of similar composition. The figure No. 6, on the third sheet, holding up a bunch of grapes in his right hand, and the winged Dionysos boy in his left, is given as a less complicated case in point, and is presented as manifestly a replica, in satyr guise of the renowned Hermes of Praxiteles.

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* To be seen at the Manchester Free Reference Library.

Apart from the illustrations thus presented, a very large number of sculptural and pictorial works in various places and collections are referred to as so many evidences in support of the author's views. This, of course, does not prevent the latter from remaining open to doubt on various points.

An interesting discussion on the growth of a distinction in shape between the crowds of Sileni, on the one hand, and the anciently known individual Silenus or Papposilenus, on the other, that is the mentor or tutor of Bacchos Dionysos, concludes in some such way as this: "From the end of the fifth century Papposilenus appears occasionally in a shaggy and light woolly dress, and then there are many transitions to be noticed. But in the fourth century the new type became fixed, and furnished with a novel zoological attribute; the formerly equine ears are exchanged for the porcine type, and the whole body appears as a fat and pulpy mass. One cannot help, by this description, being reminded of Sir John Falstaff."

Dr. Samelson, in conclusion, read from the prefatory memoir of Mr. A. Lang's Theocritus (Macmillan, 1880) the remarkable description, by Athenæus, of the revel of Dionysos at the coronation feast of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

EFFECTIVE READING.

Mr. E. O. Bleackley read a paper on Effective Reading, which was intended, he said, to be a chatty recollection of odd ideas on the various kinds of reading which may be embraced under the adjective "effective," whether the term be applied in a recreative or mental sense, as helping to fill the storehouse of the mind with knowledge—or whether it be considered in an elocutionary sense, in order to aid those who are anxious to read and speak in a natural, vigorous, and effective manner—translating melodiously the music of poetry, or declaiming with power and emphasis the denunciations of oratory.

With the rules of elocution, with articulation, pronunciation, modulation, accent, emphasis, pause, inflection, gesture, he did not propose to deal; for these he referred his hearers to the successor of Sheridan and the undoubted father of English elocution, Mr. Walker, from whom all subsequent writers had pilfered their rules, and adopted not only his virtues but his errors. Attention, the power of concentration of idea, was the great secret of profitable reading; in fact, the great secret of success in anything. The habit may be cultivated in an adult, but observation may be made a child's second nature, if his parents would only take the trouble to cross-question him on everything he hears and sees. The sermon at church, the public speech, the school lecture, the change of seasons, the exigencies of agriculture, and a thousand other subjects afford facilities for observation; and the chance of being questioned about them serves to impress them indelibly on the mind. A knowledge of elocution enhances the value of all education, and transforms the driest subject into one of brilliant attractiveness.

Elocution or the art of speaking harmoniously and correctly, he believed, could not be taught, in which idea he was confirmed by Archbishop Whately, but by its rules a poor speaker could be made a more effective one; he might learn to control his voice, to save his breath for the more arduous and powerful passages, and thus cause his delivery to be impressive and commanding.

When the late Mr. W. Romaine Callender, M.P., first began speaking in public it was painful to listen to his thin cracked voice, pitched in a high shrill key which it was impossible for him to sustain. He (Mr. Bleackley) ventured to tell him that he had no knowledge as to how to regulate and manage his voice, and that if he continued to strain it often he would lose it altogether. On Mr. Callender replying that he was afraid the people could not catch what he said if he did not scream, he (Mr. B.) told him to articulate slowly, talk to the furthest face, and nature would pitch the right key for him. He did so, and the Manchester people ever afterwards thought him an understandable and improving speaker.

Nothing can be more wearying to the audience than a false artificial style of delivery, producing, as it does, somewhat the same effect upon the hearers as would be created by the continual repetition of the same note upon a musical instrument. It is a mistake for anyone to imagine that by raising their voice to a high pitch they can render themselves heard by a large assembly. In fact, the very opposite has been invariably the case where it has been duly tried. By this mode of proceeding articulation is at once and inevitably destroyed. The unnatural strain put upon the voice deprives the organs which perform this delicate office of all their natural power and pliability, so that they are unable to shape the words with any degree of propriety, and the same are consequently borne away and dispersed in a mass or cluster of extraneous and unconnected syllables. The folly of beginning an oration at the top of the voice is easily demonstrable, from the fact that when the increasing force and vehemence of the language requires a corresponding degree of elevation in the voice of the speaker he finds that he has attained the climax of his powers, and is consequently incapable of giving fitting expression to the gradually developing emotions depicted in the matter of his discourse. One of the great secrets of the art of reading is simplicity—an entire absence of the desire to make a point where none could possibly exist—a calm and natural mode of saying a commonplace thing in a commonplace manner; not, however, indifferent to the excitement of passion, the pathos of love, or the dignity of command; avoiding on the one hand the tiring monotony of the schoolboy, and on the other eschewing the inflated pomposity of the would-be tragedian. *Identify* yourself with the language you may be uttering—feel what you say; if you entreat, adopt the trembling notes of supplication; if you command, use the dignified deep-toned calmness of conscious power.

One vocal example of forcible pronunciation was worth a volume of explanatory rule as to how it was to be done. Study graceful orators—great actors—and the acquisition of elocutionary knowledge at once becomes the most agreeable of sciences. But, as in singing, nature alone can give the harmonious tones, the tender pathos, the impassioned fire, of the finished elocutionist. Above all, remember Mrs. Siddons' first direction to her pupils, "Take time." The then Bishop of London once asked Garrick why it was that actors in representing mere fiction should move a whole assembly even to tears, while ministers of the gospel in representing the most solemn facts could scarcely obtain a hearing. "My lord," replied Garrick, "it is because we represent fiction as fact, whilst you represent fact as fiction." The name of Betterton is sometimes connected with this anecdote, who replied, "My lord, it is because we are in earnest."

He (Mr. Bleackley) remembered the late Mr. Vandenhoff giving a clerical elocutionary entertainment in the then well-hole lecture room of the Athenæum. The place was crowded with clergymen, and the way Mr. Vandenhoff read the first chapter of Genesis rather astonished those who up to that time had only regarded it as a somewhat dry record of the creation of the world. It is very singular that amongst so large a body of educated men so few seem to be at all impressed with the grand language they are called upon to utter, or endeavour to pronounce it with solemnity and dignity. They gabble through the ten mandates of the Deity like a schoolboy reading a paragraph from a newspaper, and rattle off the Lord's Prayer as if it were a command instead of an intercession. They ramble through the beautiful liturgy in tones of declamation instead of supplication, leaving little or no good impression behind, reading all that comes in their way with an indifferent air and a monotonous mediocrity. The sooner professorships of elocution are established at our universities and seats of learning the better, so that those students whose duty in after life will require them frequently to address their fellow-men may be compelled to learn how to speak with force and energy. Mr. Bleackley dealt afterwards with public reading, showing how it may convey delight to large masses of people, and treated of other departments of his subject, enlivening his remarks with a number of anecdotes. He concluded by giving a series of illustrative passages from Byron and other authors, and imitations of deceased actors, including Charles Kean, Charles Pitt, Fechter, G. V. Brooke, and J. B. Buckstone.

The conversation which followed was shared in by Mr. William Hindshaw, the Rev. E. F. Letts, and the Rev. W. A. O'Conor.

MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1881.—Rev. W. A. O'CONOR in the chair.

Mr. WARD HEYS read a paper on a Visit to Honister Crag, which will be found at p. 138.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER read a paper on the Literature and Scenery of the Lake District, which will be found at p. 243. The tables were covered with illustrated and other works relating to the district, and drawings of lake scenery were exhibited by Mr. William Robinson, Mr. Albert Nicholson, and Mr. Gannon. A brief conversation followed the reading of the papers.

ANNUAL MEETING.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1881.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. GEORGE EVANS (Hon. Sec.) read the following

ANNUAL REPORT.

THE Council have again to congratulate the members on the satisfactory condition of the Club. The session which closes to-night, although not perhaps marked by any special features of importance, has been of an interesting character throughout. The attendance at the meetings has been uniformly good, to which the suitability of the Clubroom and the attention paid to the comfort and convenience of the members have no doubt greatly contributed.

Twenty-three ordinary meetings have been held, at which thirty-three papers have been read and twenty-one short communications made. The papers and other communications may be roughly classified as follows:—Art, six; Architecture, two; Archæology, three; Bibliography, two; Biography, four; Criticism, three; Drama, four; Humour, two; Literature, five; Philology, six; Philosophy, one; Poetry, six; Topography, one; Travel, four; Miscellaneous, five.

The following is a list of the short communications:—

1880.		
Oct. 18.	On the Pergamenian Marbles at Berlin	A. Samelson.
,, 25.	On a New Process of Photography in Colours	Frank Scouloudi.
Nov. 8.	On Dr. Murray's Universal Dictionary	J. H. Nodal.
,, 22.	On two Great Dictionary Makers—Littré and Murray	W. E. A. Axon.
,, 22.	The Oberammergau Passion Play	A. Samelson.
,, 29.	On the Restoration of St. Mark's, Venice	C. Rowley, jun.
,, 29.	A Visit to the Plantin Museum at Antwerp	R. Wade.
,, 29.	Notes on Tennyson's New Volume	G. Milner.
Dec. 6.	On a Sonnet of Wordsworth (a reply)	W. Oates.
,, 13.	On Charles Dickens and the Giles Family in Manchester	John Evans.
1881.		
Jan. 10.	Particulars Relating to the Christmas Number of the *Graphic*	R. Langton.
,, 10.	On a Recent Discovery amongst the Cuneiform Literature in the British Museum	H. H. Howorth.
,, 10.	A Note on Welsh Sheep Dogs	J. C. Lockhart.
,, 17.	On John Byrom's Christmas Hymns	John Evans.
,, 17.	On Byrom's Three Black Crows	W. E. A. Axon.
,, 31.	On the Word "Web"	E. Kirk.
Feb. 7.	Olympic Lyrics	H. H. Hadfield.
,, 14.	Legends of the Rhine	C. P. Bahin.
,, 21.	The Case for the Letter Y	J. Ramsbottom.
Mar. 7.	A Buddhist Version of the Syren Myth	W. E. A. Axon.
,, 21.	On Sepulture	W. Hindshaw.

The papers read are as follows:—

1880.		
July 3.	On Arley Hall and the Records of the Warburton Family	J. E. Bailey.
Oct. 11.	On Berkeley's Theory of the Non-existence of Matter, otherwise known as Absolute Idealism	H. H. Howorth.
,, 18.	On Traditional Acting, the Evil and the Remedy	C. Rowley, jun.
,, 25.	The Principles of Art Criticism	Richard Smith.
Nov. 1.	Showing that Travellers have to be Liars in order to be Believed	H. Franks.
,, 8.	On the Restoration of St. Mark's, Venice	Harry Rawson.
,, 15.	William Lithgow, the Eccentric Scottish Traveller (A.D. 1585-1645)	R. A. Douglas Lithgow.
,, 29.	On a Sonnet of Wordsworth's	John Mortimer.
,, 29.	Some Reminiscences	J. C. Lockhart.
Dec. 6.	Autumn and Winter Days in North Wales	A. Heywood, jun.
,, 6.	George Combe, the Social Reformer and Founder of the System of Modern Education now in course of development	John Angell.
,, 13.	On the Prometheus Vinctus	W. A. O'Conor.

1881.			
Jan. 10.	Falstaff and his Followers—A Shaksperean Inquiry		J. A. Picton.
,, 24.	On George Eliot	Bibliography	C. W. Sutton.
		As Novelist	J Mortimer.
		As Poet	G. Milner.
		Her Use of Dialect	W. E. A. Axon.
		Two Sonnets	J. S. Dawson.
,, 31.	The Influence of Academies and Schools of Design on Art		C. Hardwick.
Feb. 7.	The Story of a Picture		J. H. E. Partington.
,, 14.	Autumn Days in South Wales		J. Mortimer.
,, 21.	On Shelley's Prometheus Unbound		W. Oates and W. A. O'Conor.
,, 28.	Landscape in Literature		T. Heighway.
,, 28.	The Modern Drama		Joseph Fox.
Mar. 7.	Uhland in English Dress		A. Stansfield.
,, 8.	Relation of Art to Archæology		W. E. A. Axon.
,, 14.	Manchester Theatrical Reminiscences, Part V.		John Evans.
,, 21.	On Effective Reading		E. O. Bleackley.
,, 28.	The Literature and Scenery of the English Lake District		G. Milner.
,, 28.	A Visit to Honister Crag		Ward Heys.
April 11.	The Principles of Art in Monochrome		Richard Smith.
,, 11.	Manchester Bibliography, 1880		C. W. Sutton.

Library. The Honorary Librarian reports that twenty-five volumes and twenty-one pamphlets have been presented to the Club library during the year. Two volumes (dictionaries) and two scrap-books have been purchased. The library now contains seven hundred and thirty volumes and pamphlets, as follows:—

Books by members	231
Other local books	366
Books of reference	32
Albums and scrap-books	15
Miscellaneous	86
	730

The additions include an album of one hundred and sixty India-proof and brilliant press proofs of wood engravings by Mr. Robert Langton, carefully arranged by the engraver; *Bennett Street Memorials*, edited by Mr. George Milner; *The Sacred Books of the East*, vols. iv., v., vi., vii., and ix., presented by the Secretary of State for India; *Scraps from an Artist's Sketch Book*, by Selim Rothwell; *Transactions and Proceedings of the Meeting of the Library Association at Manchester in 1879*, presented by Mr. Axon; Parkinson's *Old Church Clock*, edited by John Evans, presented by the editor; *Woman Outside Christendom*, by J. G. Mandley, presented by the author; *Report of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A.*, from the institution; *A Genealogical History of the English Sovereigns from William I. to George III.*, by Wm. Toplis, presented by Mr. J. C. Heaviside; *History of Public Speaking in England*, and *Treatise on Iron and Steel*, presented by Mr. J. A. Picton, F.S.A.; and *Bradbury's Guide Books*, ten volumes, presented by the author.

Publications. Editorship.

The only publication during the year has been the annual volume, again issued under the editorial control of Mr. J. H. Nodal.

The Council have great regret in announcing that, in consequence of his numerous engagements, Mr. Nodal has been compelled to decline the responsibility of editing the forthcoming volume.

The careful and able manner in which the six volumes of "papers" have been edited by Mr. Nodal places the Club under a deep obligation to that gentleman, which the Council have sincere pleasure in acknowledging.

At the unanimous request of the Council, Mr. Axon has consented to undertake the editorship of the next volume.

International Literary Association.

The third conference of this Association (with which, it will be remembered, the Club is associated) was held at Lisbon in June last, and appears to have been a large gathering of literary men from all nations, and to have obtained important results with reference to copyright and other matters relating to the rights of authors. The next conference is to be held either at Rome, Berlin, or in London, the actual place being not yet fixed. Among the communications received from the Society from time to time the following is deemed worthy of preservation :—

Paris, 16 *février* 1881.

Monsieur et cher Confrère,

Le 27 de ce mois aura lieu à Paris une imposante manifestation en l'honneur de Victor Hugo, qui entre dans sa quatre-vingtième année. L'Association littéraire internationale a le devoir de se joindre à cet élan universel de respect pour le travail et l'intelligence. Nous sommes convaincus que, dans tous les pays du monde, chacun, sans distinction de nationalité, sera heureux de saluer le grand homme qui appartient non pas à la France, mais à l'univers tout entier. Nous vous envoyons en conséquence des feuilles d'hommage à Victor Hugo que nous vous prions de faire signer (avec nom et adresse) par tous les admirateurs du poète, qu'ils soient ou non membres de l'Association. Ceux qui voudront joindre à leur signature quelques lignes personnelles y sont autorisés. Toutes ces feuilles seront reliées en un magnifique volume qui sera remis, le 27 février, à Victor Hugo. C'est vous dire qu'il faut agir avec la plus grande promptitude. Il faut que nous les recevions au plus tard le 24 février, au matin. On peut inscrire sur chaque feuille une ou plusieurs signatures, selon les nécessités. Nous comptons sur votre activité et sur la respectueuse sympathie que nous inspire à tous notre Président d'honneur. Veuillez renvoyer les feuilles signées—comme *papiers d'affaires*—à M. Jules Lermina, secrétaire général, 14, rue Lepic, Paris.

Veuillez agréer nos salutations confraternelles,

Les Présidents de l'Association, J.-M. Torrès Caicedo (Amérique latine); Chodskiewicz (Pologne); Louis Ulbach (France).

Les Vice-Présidents, Dr. Louis Kalisch (Allemagne); Calzado (Espagne); Alphonse Pagès (France).

Le Secrétaire général, Jules Lermina (France).

Les Secrétaires, Baetzmann (Norvège); Lyon-Caen (France); King (Etats-Unis).

A translation was forwarded to each of the Manchester papers, with an intimation that persons desiring to do so could attach their names on calling at the Clubroom. The sheets referred to were accordingly placed on the table at the meeting held on the 21st February, and signed by the members present, and a number of other persons, who called for the purpose of adding their names to this universal tribute of respect, and were forwarded at once to Paris.

Dates of Books. The attention of the Council has been directed to the omission of the date of issue from many of the works recently published—an omission which is the cause of much inconvenience to librarians, booksellers, and readers, and otherwise detracts from the value of the volumes. The bibliographical importance of attaching the date of publication to a work is so evident that it is not easy to discern any sufficient reason for the neglect of the practice which now, to some extent, prevails. A communication has been made on the subject to certain publishers which it is hoped may wholly remove, or at all events lessen, the evil of which frequent complaints have been made by reviewers in the *Athenæum* and by correspondents in the *Academy*.

Copyright Bill. A letter has been received from the Council of the Law Amendment Society of London, in reference to the Copyright Bill of Lord John Manners, M.P., of 1879, and the intention of Mr. Hastings, M.P., to introduce an amended Bill dealing with the whole question of home and colonial copyright, and enclosing copy report containing the Society's recommendations on the subject, and inviting subscriptions towards the cost of drafting and promoting a Bill in accordance with such report. The Council have forwarded a subscription towards the fund, and, in generally supporting the proposed amendments, have called attention to the injustice to authors and others in being required by the existing law to deposit copies of their works at five public libraries, and intimated their opinion that the British Museum should be the only library entitled to receive copies gratuitously.

Excursions, &c. Following the pleasant custom now in use, excursions were arranged to take place during the recess to Hayfield, for Kinder Scout, on Saturday, May 29; to Arley Hall and Great Budworth on Saturday, July 3; and a visit to the library of the Owens College on Saturday July 24.

At Arley a paper was read by Mr. J. E. Bailey, on the House and Records of the Warburton Family; and at Owens College Mr. J. T. Kay, the librarian, kindly arranged a selection of the most interesting books and manuscripts for inspection, and read a descriptive paper on the rarities in the library.

Conversazioni. The winter session was opened with a conversazione in the Club-rooms, at the Palatine Hotel, which was numerously attended. A further joint conversazione of the Manchester Academy of Fine Art and the Club took place on Tuesday, March 8, at the rooms of the Royal Manchester Institution, when Mr. W. E. A. Axon read a paper on the Relation of Archæology to Art.

Membership and Finance. The Council regretfully record the decease of Mr. Samuel Bradley and of Dr. J. C. Peatson. During the year the Club has lost, by death, removal, resignation, and other causes, eleven members. Twenty-four new members have been elected. The total number now on the books is one hundred and ninety-eight, being the largest it has hitherto reached.

The financial position of the Club is also satisfactory. The income for the year, including the balance in hand brought forward last year, amounts to £323. 8s. 6½d. The expenditure for the year is £205. 5s. 2½d., leaving a balance in hand amounting to £118. 3s. 4d. There are also arrears of subscription and entrance fees, £52. 10s. 0d.; stock of publications estimated at £72. 8s. 3d. The other assets of the Club—books, pictures, and furniture—are taken at £140.

Mr. J. C. LOCKHART (the Treasurer) submitted the following balance-sheet:—

JOSEPH C. LOCKHART, Treasurer, in Account with the Manchester Literary Club.

Dr. **Cr.**

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, April 3, 1880	90	10	1½
,, Subscriptions, April 4, 1881	188	9	6
,, Entrance Fees	22	1	0
,, Sale of Publications	19	18	10
,, Bank Interest	2	9	1
	£323	8	6½

Cr.	£	s.	d.
By ADMINISTRATION :—			
Rent	15	0	0
Postage and Stationery	14	1	3
Printing Circulars	19	5	8
Advertising	5	8	9
Expenses :—			
Conversazioni	22	10	8½
Excursions and Owens College	5	14	9
Christmas Dinner	5	19	6
Sundries, Auditing expenses	0	2	0
Deficit, Bibliographical Section	0	5	0
Subscription, Waugh Copyright	2	2	0
LIBRARY :—			
Books, Binding, and Black-board	9	11	6
PUBLICATIONS :—			
Papers, vol. vi.	95	1	0
Engravings	3	14	6
Bibliography of Rochdale	4	15	0
Bank Commission and Cheque Books	1	13	7
Balance in hand, April 4, 1881	118	3	4
	£323	8	6½

THOS. BARLOW, } Auditors.
JOHN BRADBURY, }

ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	118	3	4
Subscriptions and Entrance Fees due	52	10	0
Publications in Stock, estimated value	71	0	0
Accounts owing for Publications by Members	1	8	3
Account owing by Rochdale Free Lib'y for *Bibliography*	5	0	0
	£248	1	7

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.
Accounts	1	10	0
Balance in favour of Club	246	11	7
	£248	1	7

Other Assets—Books, Pictures, and Furniture—£140.

The report was adopted unanimously, and the election of officers followed with the following result:—President, Mr. George Milner; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. E. A. Axon, Charles Hardwick, J. H. Nodal, Rev. W. A. O'Conor, John Page, Edwin Waugh; Treasurer, J. C. Lockhart; Hon. Librarian, C. W. Sutton; Hon. Secretary, George Evans; Council, Messrs. Ward Heys, Abel Heywood, jun., W. Hindshaw, H. H. Howorth, J. Mortimer.

MONDAY, 11TH APRIL, 1881.—The closing conversazione was held at the usual meeting rooms at the Palatine Hotel. Mr. GEO. MILNER, the president, who occupied the chair, briefly described the recent literary work done by the members both in and out of the Club, and gave extracts from a paper on Manchester Bibliography, 1880, prepared by Mr. C. W. Sutton, and printed at p. 264.

ART IN MONOCHROME.

Mr. RICHARD SMITH, B.A., then gave an address on the "Principles of Art in Monochrome." This lecture was illustrated by Mr. George Sheffield, who, without previous notification, worked out the suggestions of the speaker in a series of powerful drawings in black and white, the production of which occupied three, three-and-a-half, four, and four-and a-half minutes respectively. This remarkable exhibition of force and facility elicited loud and continued applause. Mr. Smith then, on behalf of the artist, presented to the Club an elaborate specimen of Mr. Sheffield's skill in monochrome.

Mr. Milner accepted the gift on behalf of the Club, and expressed the gratitude of the members to their fellow-member, Mr. Sheffield. A vote of thanks to the lecturer and artist was then adopted. The remainder of the evening was passed in an agreeable fashion in listening to music and readings by members and friends.

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